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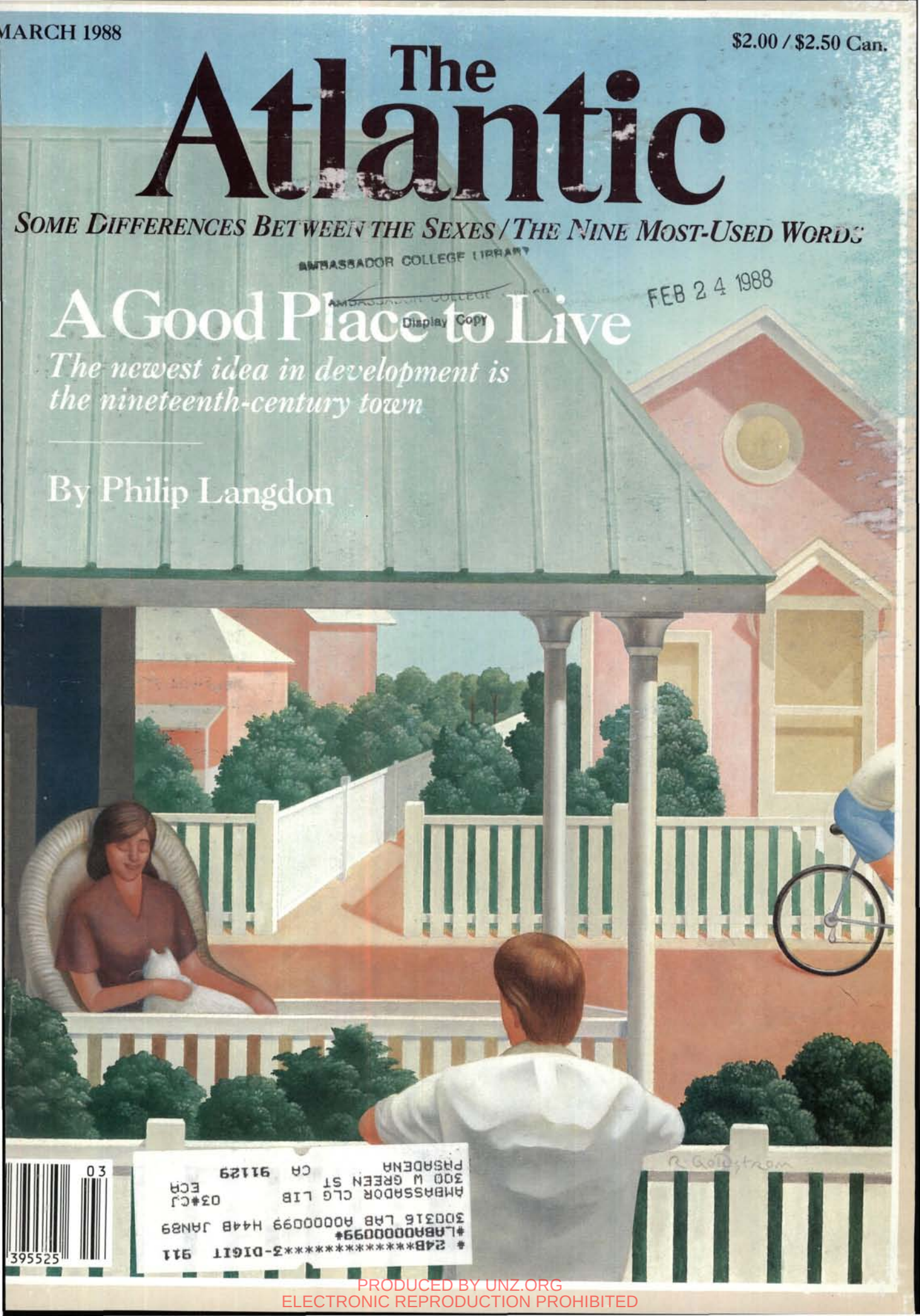
By Philip Langdon



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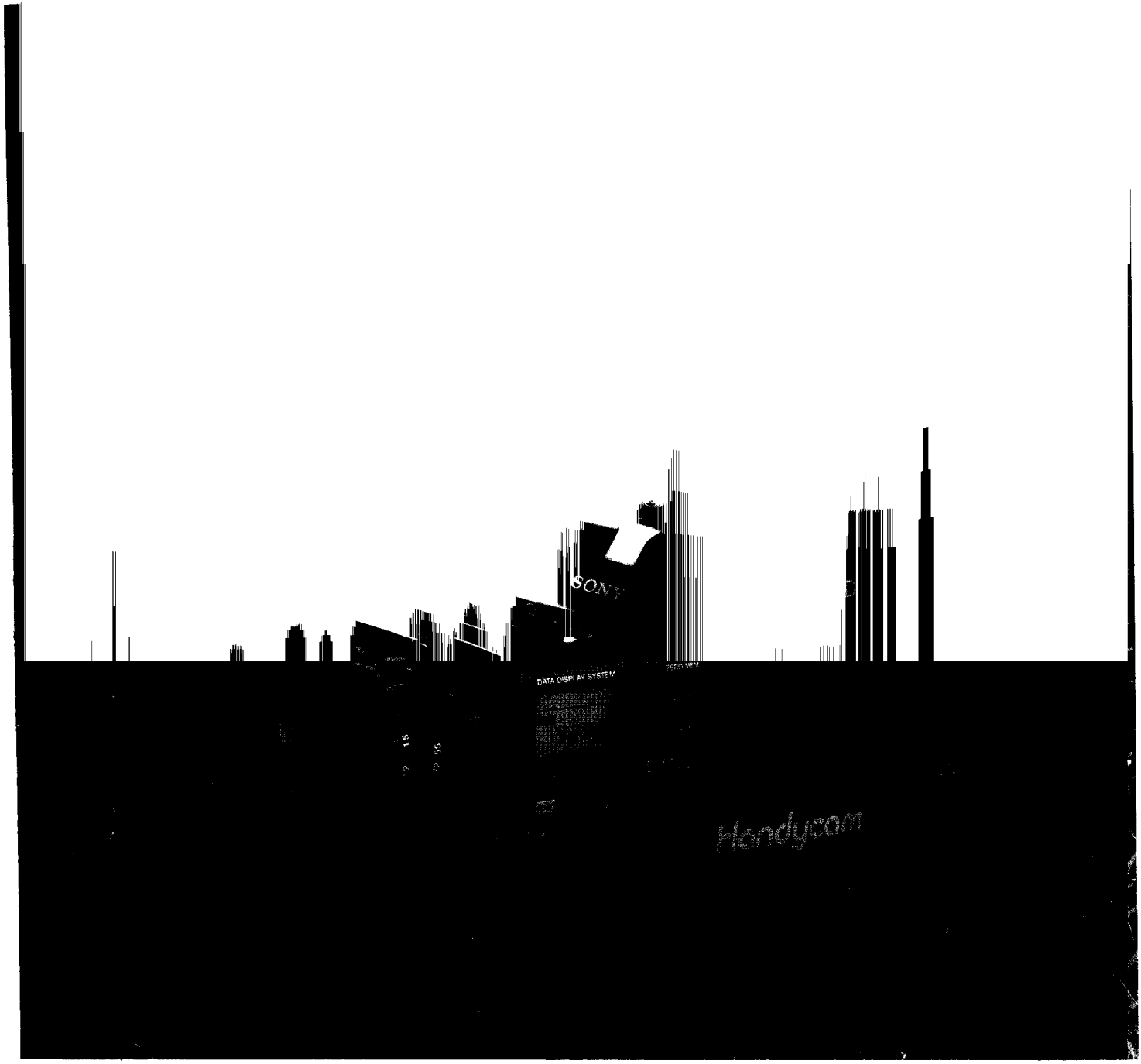

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VOLUME 261 NO. 3

The Atlantic

MARCH 1988

ARTICLES

39 A GOOD PLACE TO LIVE — **PHILIP LANGDON**
How can a new community foster a friendly, stimulating atmosphere? How can it make its streets and public areas so inviting that people will want to spend time in them? Increasingly, today's planners are turning to the nineteenth-century town for guidance.

71 SOME DIFFERENCES BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN
I. THE PASSIONATE QUEST — **ETHEL S. PERSON**
II. SEX AND HORMONES — **WINIFRED GALLAGHER**
The sexes are more alike than different in the ways they think and behave, but many of the differences that do exist can be traced to factors one cannot change.

REPORTS & COMMENT

18 NOTES: THE BIG NINE — **CULLEN MURPHY**

20 THE FAR EAST: ASIAN JOURNAL — **JAMES FALLOWS**

26 WASHINGTON: JUSTICE IN THE MIDDLE — **GENE SPERLING**

HUMOR AND FICTION

34 STRANGE TALES — **JOHN HARRIS**

62 1-800-YOUR BOY — **CHARLES DICKINSON**

69 SILLY SPORTS — **ROBERT GROSSMAN**

POETRY

66 LILIES — **MARY OLIVER**

80 SIXTY — **PHILIP BOOTH**

BOOKS

94 INSIDE THE BELTWAY — **LARRY K SMITH**
The Power Game by Hedrick Smith

96 WHAT POPPA KNEW — **JACK BEATTY**
Mario Cuomo by Robert McElvaine

100 BRIEF REVIEWS — **PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS**

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

4 CONTRIBUTORS

8 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

16 THE MARCH ALMANAC

61 FIRST ENCOUNTERS — **EDWARD SOREL AND NANCY CALDWELL SOREL**

88 FOOD: MAKING STOCK — **CORBY KUMMER**

92 MUSIC: POLLINI'S BEETHOVEN — **WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN**

101 ACROSTIC NO. 32 — **DOROTHY OSBORN**

103 THE PUZZLER — **EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON**

104 WORD WATCH — **ANNE H. SOUKHANOV**

Cover illustration by Robert Goldstrom

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DAMAGED CULTURE

James Fallows's article on the Philippines, "A Damaged Culture" (November *Atlantic*), is a disappointing deviation from his usually fine and insightful work. As a development economist specializing in the Asian newly industrialized countries and Southeast Asia, I seriously question the validity of Fallows's central premise—that culture is a primary determinant of economic success or failure.

Fallows misunderstands what constitutes Philippine culture. The indigenous (pre-Spanish) "Malay culture" of the Filipinos (and Malaysians and Indonesians), he says, has left them "deferential to their leaders, passive rather than rebellious." He cites this, moreover, as a possible reason for the fact that "the Philippines has not overthrown its clergy or its landed elite . . . the way most Latin American countries have tried to do," with their "Aztec and other Indian cultures."

Fallows is apparently—and incredibly, for someone attempting such a bold and controversial thesis—unaware of the considerable history of Malay peasant revolt in Southeast Asia, especially in this century. Malay culture did not inhibit the Indonesians, for example, from establishing in the early 1900s the first Communist Party in the world, whose long struggle was suppressed only in the 1960s. In Malaysia, Malays constituted one third of the guerrillas in the Communist insurgency there in the 1950s and 1960s; in southern Thailand they have sustained a long, though weakening, separatist movement with some Communist linkages. The Philippines itself has been plagued by a whole series of tenacious peasant-based revolts, from the Hukbalahup uprising of the 1950s, through the continuing Moro rebellion, to the burgeoning struggle of the Communist New People's Army today.

In short, Malay culture is no constraint on peasant rebellion or economic progress, and Fallows's article reveals a damaged journalistic sensibility much more than it does a "damaged culture" in the Philippines.

LINDA LIM
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mich.

James Fallows's article on the Philippines was a sad travesty. Perhaps, like so many visitors before him, Fallows was beguiled by the openness of Philippine society into imagining that he could grasp its essential meaning in six weeks.

While correctly pointing out that Philippine problems have causes deeper than Marcos, Fallows reaches the astonishing conclusion that these causes can all be summed up in the concept "culture." Aside from the fact that cultural determinism was discredited in North America twenty years ago among those making a serious attempt to understand Third World societies, he has not begun to comprehend the culture to which he assigns so much explanatory power, nor the history that formed it.

The article is clogged with factual error—for example, that Manila daily newspapers have no circulation outside the metropolitan area; that the United States never "permitted" Philippine protectionism (whereas the IMF and the World Bank now blame Philippine problems on *excessive* protectionism since the late 1940s); that the Spaniards "refused to consecrate" Filipino priests, who in fact played a major role in the Philippine Revolution (an upheaval of which Fallows is also apparently ignorant).

Furthermore, despite the sweeping condemnation of "culture," no specific dimension of Philippine culture, except weak nationalism, is related to political or economic failure, while several aspects of economic history—for example, "overzealous" trade unions and concentrated land ownership—are so linked. The major attention given to economic inequality also contradicts the central theme. And insofar as culture does influence economic prospects—and it cannot be ruled out as *one* causal factor—the social pressure, especially in rural areas for the individual to share gains with family and friends could be said to inhibit both entrepreneurial initiative and savings. Fallows seems unaware of such phenomena.

DAVID WURFEL
University of Windsor
Windsor, Ont.

James Fallows concludes from a limited set of experiences that the Philippines is the economic basket case of Asia be

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cause of a "damaged" culture that has created a nation without nationalism. This simplistic appraisal harks back to early "modernization theory" in the sociology of development which argued that somehow a society could be "developed" (to meet the Western criteria of prosperity) if it possessed a different set of values and norms.

However, any analysis of "why capitalism is so different everywhere else in the region" must refer to the role of the United States as colonial power in shaping the Philippine economy. Our economic and political interests helped to make the Philippines a "dependent" Third World country with a tremendous foreign debt, a weak and ineffective state apparatus, and an underdeveloped domestic economy that was unable to compete in the ever-changing world market. Taiwan and Korea had different points of entry into the world economy. They came to possess strong states and received different levels of foreign and political aid from the United States. Now that the U.S. bases on Philippine soil may be threatened by Filipino nationalists, U.S. congressmen have begun arguing for a new Marshall Plan for the Philippines, something desired by Filipinos who felt that the United States reneged on its economic responsibilities after the Second World War.

Culture is not unimportant to the development of kleptocracy, or crony capitalism, which helped to create underdevelopment. But the "good cheer" and "spiritual resilience" Fallows observes may say something positive about the ability of strong kinship, family, and community ties (I refer him to the Filipino tradition of *bayanihan*, the mutual help given to community members during rice harvests and house raisings, which I repeatedly saw operating within trade unions and community organizations) to maintain cultural cohesion in times of severe economic deprivation.

Fallows's article does a disservice to the Philippines by ignoring cultural aspects that enable Filipinos to organize for social change and by ignoring the role of the United States in helping to create the current conditions. There *is* political, ideological, and class fragmentation in the Philippines, which may lead to civil war. But this will happen not because of something inherent to the habits of Filipinos but because the strong industrial countries could not figure out a productive way to work with the Third World in alleviating conditions of mass suffering and poverty. Let us take our share of the responsibility.

LOIS A. WEST
University of California
Berkeley, Calif.

James Fallows's article on the Philippines gets to the root of most of the problems of underdevelopment throughout the Third World: values and attitudes that obstruct economic growth, social justice, and political pluralism. But the title of his article erroneously implies that Philippine culture was once healthy, and he makes a mistake in blaming the United States for the "damage."

The problems of the Philippines are strikingly similar to those of several Latin American countries: inequitable distribution of wealth, land, income, and social services; fragile political institutions and susceptibility to caudillos; and high levels of corruption in institutions, including the judicial system. Fallows's diagnosis of the cultural roots of these problems—"total devotion to those within the [narrow] circle, total war on those outside"; "a feeble sense of nationalism and a contempt for the public good"—closely parallels the analysis in my book, *Underdevelopment Is a State of Mind: The Latin American Case*. He even observes that "in the stuffiest reaches of the upper class . . . the residual Spanish influence is so strong that it is a sign of greater refinement to speak perfect Castilian Spanish."

Yet when it comes time to place blame, Fallows holds true to our national penchant for guilt and places it on the United States, principally because "American rule seemed only to intensify the Filipino sense of dependence." That is a variation on the theme of *dependencia*, the increasingly discredited theory still heard in Latin American and U.S. academic circles which holds the United States responsible for Latin America's ills.

Fallows speaks of "the every-man-for-himself principle on which our society is based." That is just one strand in the fabric of American culture. Other strands are a sense of community and a sense of fair play.

I believe that the net effect of the U.S. presence in the Philippines has been positive and that the Cory Aquino popular uprising would not have happened had it not been for the inculcation of democratic principles during the U.S. colonial period. The democratic evolution of Puerto Rico, which acquired U.S. colonial status at the same time as the Philippines, adds credibility to this assertion.

LAWRENCE E. HARRISON
Alexandria, Va.

James Fallows's article was honest, direct, and painfully accurate.

We Filipinos are indeed a nation of people badly in need of personal discipline, and whose genuine concern for the common good is never fulfilled in an atmosphere of pervasive provincial mentality. Our yearnings, particularly those with philistine motivations, are dismally wedged between two very strong but diametrically opposed influences.

CESAR V. MADERAZO
Phoenix, Ariz.

As the author of a book about the Philippines (*Waltzing With a Dictator: The Marcoses and the Making of American Policy*), I found "A Damaged Culture" to be one of the best pieces about the archipelago written by anyone at any time. As does Lawrence Harrison in his book *Underdevelopment Is a State of Mind: The Latin American Case*, Fallows examines the role of culture in development—or, more accurately, underdevelopment—an examination all too often neglected, particularly by journalists. The Fallows piece and the Harrison book are must reading for anyone, in or out of government, trying to fashion a foreign policy for America in the Third World.

The United States has, as Fallows says, been "the major outside influence on the modern Philippines." Much of that influence has been positive. We did, I believe, set the basis for democracy in the Philippines, though we didn't always act in accordance with our democratic teachings: witness U.S. support for Marcos for two decades and the CIA's covert activities in the Philippine elections before that. And our colonial record in the Philippines may not be quite as glowing as our civics books suggest. Robert Pringle, a career foreign-service officer, wrote in *Indonesia and the Philippines: American Interests in Island Southeast Asia* (another superb book, which foreign-policy makers and analysts ought to read) that American rule in the Philippines during the colonial period "bolstered a preexisting landed elite, encouraging it to express itself through representative forms. The result was perhaps as 'democratic' as Mississippi in 1900."

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Whatever the past, and whoever is to blame, unless the Filipinos take steps to change some of their cultural attitudes there may be little the United States can do, no matter how much money we pour in, to preserve the Aquino government.

RAYMOND T. BONNER
New York, N.Y.

James Fallows replies:

First the "facts." In several cases these scholars have taken a point I made, exaggerated or distorted it, and then rebutted the resulting version. Has "Malay culture" spawned rebels in the Philippines and elsewhere? Yes. Do historical and political analysts nonetheless generally emphasize its deference to leaders? To the best of my knowledge, yes. (One example is Lucian Pye, in *Asian Power and Politics: The Cultural Dimensions of Authority*.) Did the Spanish ordain some native priests? Yes, but belatedly and in a climate of deep racial discrimination. Is Philippine industry now weakened by crony protectionism? Yes, but that's only half the story. Many of the independence-era disputes concerned American companies' right to operate freely in the Philippines, as they had done during the colonial era. The result was a classic worst-of-both-worlds bind, yielding protectionism that was sufficient to distort the economy but not of a kind that (as in Japan, Korea, or Taiwan) enabled new industries to develop. I said that the Manila papers had virtually" no circulation outside the capital, which my observation on the islands of Mindanao and Cebu convinces me is true.

Now about the "cultural" approach itself. No one would say that habits, values, ideals, and so on tell the full story about economic development, or that cultural analysis always explains events rather than rationalizing them. People weren't selling apples during the Great Depression just because they were too lazy to do anything else. But I can't understand how anyone can reflect on the modern histories of, say, Japan, Korea, the Philippines, and Latin America and not conclude that culture is very, very important. Is "culture" some crazy notion I pulled out of my hat? I'm not that inventive. Over the years I've found this theme in the works of the most prominent economists. To give just one example: Sir W. Arthur Lewis, who was himself from the West Indies, wrote in his influential *Theory of Economic Growth*: "Economic growth depends on attitudes to work, to wealth, to thrift, to having children, to invention, to strangers, to adventure, and so on, and all these attitudes flow from deep springs in the human mind."

Most people would view a statement like Lewis's as obvious common sense. Why are these professors so outraged at a comparable approach to the Philippines? One reason, I believe, is that when someone says "culture," others hear "race." Culture is different from race. "Racial determinism" is both obnoxious and disprovable. (If race were destiny, why would Filipino emigrants be so much more successful than their cousins and siblings in the Philippines? Why, as Lawrence Harrison asks in his book *Underdevelopment Is a State of Mind*, would the societies of the British West Indies be so much more progressive than Haiti, whose people have the same racial background but are shaped by a different religion and culture?) Talking about culture is not determinism of any sort, because culture, unlike race, changes. Colonial history has changed it; laws can change it (Japan's land reform, America's civil-rights bills); powerful leaders can change it; political systems can change it; individuals can change their own culture through education or religious conversion or physical relocation.

Another objection to the cultural approach, apparent in these letters, is the idea that it amounts to "blaming the victim." Obviously, no one should be criticized for being poor or weak. America can be charged with conquering the Philippines in the first place, a step inconsistent with our stated ideals and our self-interest, and with pandering to Marcos for so long. But the knee-jerk resort to "don't blame the victim" thinking is destructive and fatalistic. It implies that no one can be saved except by relief from above—let's all hold our breath for a New Marshall Plan. The United States "helped" Japan and South Korea, after bombing both of them into oblivion (defeating Japan and defending Korea had similar effects on the landscape), but if either country were now floundering, it would be easy to find dozens of reasons why America was to

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blame. Japan and Korea are succeeding mainly because of what they, not we, have done.

Lawrence Harrison's admirable book defends the cultural approach more thoroughly than I can do here. Maybe after answering his own critics he has developed an itchy trigger finger and is ready to gun down suspected America-bashers first and ask questions later. I can suggest some more-promising targets.

On Risk Studies

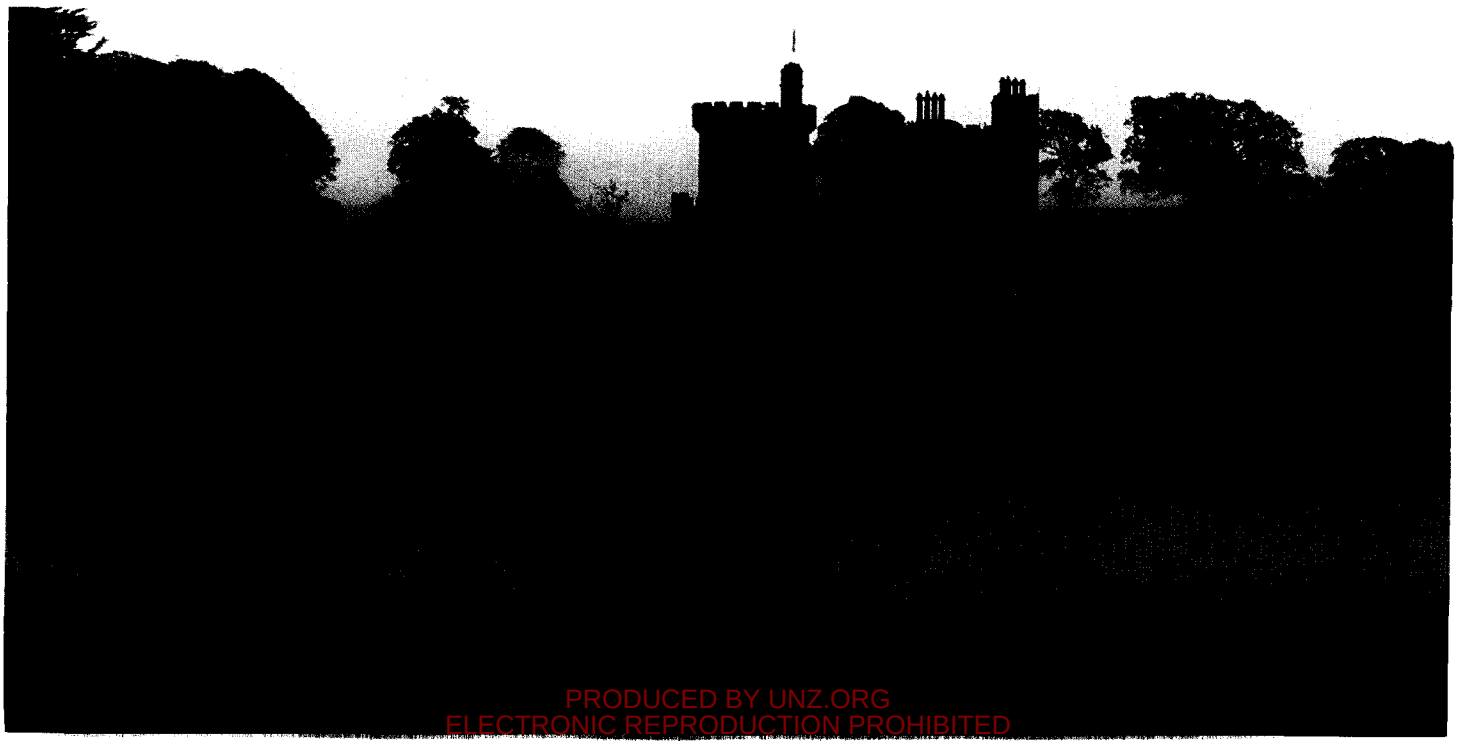
Ellen Ruppel Shell argues, in her article "The Risks of Risk Studies" (November *Atlantic*), that the findings on alcohol and breast cancer by our group and by the team at the National Cancer Institute were misleading and overinterpreted. She states that even if the association were causal, alcohol would account for only about one or two percent of breast cancers in this country. Her authority for this statement was a comment by an anonymous statistical consultant in a health newsletter that is not subject to peer review. The data presented in the second table of our paper can be used to calculate that 14 percent of breast cancers in that population could be attributed to alcohol consumption greater than 4.9 grams (about half a drink) per day. We chose not to present such a calculation because we believed it to be premature to assume that the association of alcohol with breast cancer is one of cause and effect.

Since the study population was relatively young (up to sixty-three years) and since the risk for alcohol use tended to be stronger for younger women in the NCI study, the anonymous consultant apparently chose to assume that any effect of alcohol ceased abruptly at about age fifty. This arbitrary assumption is not supported by any substantial body of data. Indeed, in one recent prospective study the effect of alcohol was strongest among postmenopausal women. In calculating the risk attributable to alcohol, it would be far more logical to assume that the overall observed risk applied to the total study population (up to age eighty-five in the case of the NCI study).

The conclusion that alcohol potentially accounts for only one or two percent of breast-cancer cases thus appears inappropriate. The most direct interpretation of our study, which included women up to age sixty-three, suggests that 14 percent of breast-cancer cases might be attributable to alcohol. Even if one assumes that any effect of alcohol stops suddenly by this age, nearly half of the lifetime incidences of breast cancer would have occurred, so that the overall contribution would still be about seven percent. Any such calculation, however, assumes the cause-and-effect relationship. The possibility remains that some unmeasured variable accounts for the observed associations. Such a possibility becomes increasingly unlikely, however, as further evidence accumulates and no more plausible explanation for the association has been advanced.

Walter Willett, M.D.
Meir Stampfer, M.D.
Graham Colditz, M.D.
Bernard Rosner, Ph.D.
Charles Hennekens, M.D.
Frank Speizer, M.D.
Harvard Medical School
Boston, Mass.

The Vikings fought for 300 y
castles. All you have to do is ca



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Ellen Ruppel Shell replies:

Every article in the *Harvard Medical School Health Letter*, from which I quoted the statistic Dr. Willett et al. refer to, is reviewed before publication by members of the Harvard Medical School faculty. The anonymous statistical consultant is a statistician at the Sidney Farber Cancer Institute who specializes in the study of breast cancer.

My purpose was not to argue the merits of any particular statistical analysis, however, but to point out that preliminary epidemiologic evidence should not be used by anyone as the basis for conclusions about the etiology of disease. It remains uncertain whether alcohol consumption, in and of itself, is responsible for any proportion of the incidence of breast cancer.

Cold War

"Change a name and you change the thing," Professor John Lewis Gaddis asserts ("How the Cold War Might End," November *Atlantic*). He invites us, accordingly, to feel better about Soviet-American nuclear rivalry by calling it the long peace instead of the cold war. Yet two can play the name-change game. Consider the last "long peace"—the nearly hundred years between the Congress of Vienna and the outbreak of the First World War. Toward the end of this period professors and other observers thought that Great Power war had been made impossible by the horror of advanced weaponry. In retrospect, we know that the hundred-year-long peace was actually a "long fuse," in the phrase of the historian Laurence Lafore. Let's consider whether the present period is similar before we abandon the evocative term "cold war."

EDWARD R. KANTOWICZ
Chicago, Ill.

John Lewis Gaddis replies:

Let's consider, indeed, whether we might not find ourselves in the same complacent position as those optimists of 1914 who thought that war between the Great Powers had become impossible. But doing so will require more than just warning each other, as we have these past four decades, that we stand on the edge of an abyss: we risk reaching complacency by that route as well, through the boredom that the constant reiteration of familiar alarms tends to induce. Sooner or later we will need to begin to think about why we haven't long since toppled over the edge. Such thinking need not reflect complacency so much as prudence, for we may want to reinforce whatever stabilizing mechanisms we find there. That strikes me as the best way to keep the peace—and the fuse—as long as possible.

Low Leak

What on earth are microwave companies doing? According to Corby Kummer ("Fast Fish," December *Atlantic*), the ovens' "interlock systems ensure leakage only at extremely low levels." Please tell me if I can buy one that doesn't ensure leakage. I can't imagine why they want to ensure leakage anyway. Does it all have something to do with planned obsolescence?

JOHN W. FIELD
Williamsburg, Va.

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our travel agent.

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Corby Kummer replies:

Mr. Field humorously points up my unintentional emphasis on the fact of leakage from all microwave ovens. The good news is that the Food and Drug Administration has been able to hold oven manufacturers to a quantifiable—and negligible—level of leakage. It is this successfully enforced standard, the only one on levels of non-ionizing radiation, that has given consumers justifiable confidence in microwave ovens. The bad news is that many other devices, including radio and television transmitters, video-display terminals, and machines used in various kinds of manufacturing, emit non-ionizing radiation in unregulated and often great quantity.

More on Numbers

"The Man Who Loves Only Numbers," by Paul Hoffman (November *Atlantic*), is an impressively written article about Paul Erdös, whom I have come to know and admire over the past fifteen years. Nevertheless, I am deeply troubled by the remarks in that article about Atle Selberg, which are slanderous in light of the facts as I know them.

In the late 1940s Selberg found a proof of a remarkable formula, relating primes and products of two primes. This result was not in the public domain at the time, and Selberg, still working on its implications, had privately discussed it with only one other mathematician, Paul Turán. Erdös heard of this breakthrough from his friend Turán and applied it to show that the ratios of successive primes tend to one. He showed this to Selberg. An idea in Erdös's application enabled Selberg to give a proof that his formula implied the Prime Number Theorem. Upon Erdös's suggestion, a joint lecture by Erdös and Selberg was held at the Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton (with many people present), delineating their respective contributions to the elementary proof of the Prime Number Theorem: Selberg spoke on his formula, Erdös on the application to ratios of successive primes, and then Selberg again on the final step. Shortly thereafter Selberg found a very simple direct proof of the final step which did not require Erdös's idea. Erdös suggested to Selberg that they publish a joint paper, but Selberg insisted that Erdös publish only his application, which Selberg would subsequently quote, and which he in fact did mention in his published work.

Finally, if one reads Harold Bohr's 1950 address to the International Congress of Mathematicians, in Cambridge, Massachusetts (Amer. Math. Soc. Publ., Providence, R.I., 1950, pp. 127–134), one sees that Selberg was awarded the Field Medal in large part for his work on sieves and the zeros of the Riemann zeta function, and not for the elementary proof of the Prime Number Theorem, as is suggested in Hoffman's article. In retrospect, Selberg's elementary proof of the Prime Number Theorem is one of his lesser contributions to mathematics, and today, in view of his fundamental work on trace formulae and discrete groups, he is considered one of the leading mathematicians of this century.

Dorian Goldfeld
Columbia University
New York, N.Y.

Fake Names

I found the two errors planted in Nicholas Lemann's article "Fake Masks" (November *Atlantic*)! First, the correct name of the people of Mali, referred to twice as Bambana, is Bambara. Second, Upper Volta has been called Burkina Faso for the past two years or so.

Anita Conrade
Paris, France

Nicholas Lemann replies:

I didn't use *Bambara* on the advice of Roy Seiber, of the Smithsonian Institution's new National Museum of African Art, who said the spelling *Bamana* is now more in favor. But then, because of a proofreading error, it was printed in the magazine as *Bambana*, so we were both wrong. Upper Volta is indeed now Burkina Faso, but I worried that few readers would recognize its new name.

Zoo Stories

Melissa Greene's "No Rms—Jungle Vu" (December *Atlantic*) reminded me why I never really enjoyed field trips to Lincoln Park Zoo, in Chicago. Even as a child I knew that something was very wrong with children mimicking Sinbad, the great ape, and taunting the magnificent polar bears, while never feeling the slightest hint of danger or chance for repercussions. My heart was saddened as I watched the lion, "the king of the jungle," pace nervously back and forth in his cage. I would actually come away from the zoo feeling sorry for those poor creatures and guilty for being part of the human race who had put them there.

Robert P. Fabian
Chicago, Ill.

I had always felt that zoos offered a numbing picture of nature in the process of destruction; I was happy to hear of a new movement in zoo design. While Melissa Greene rightly cites the perils of our decaying ecosystem, she also gives us some hope. We are just beginning to apply our commercial resources to the benefit of endangered species. We may be too late to save the condor, but when I read about the "salmon ladder" at the Seattle Aquarium, I cheered.

Lee S. Kessler
New York, N.Y.

Advice & Consent

I particularly enjoyed Philip Roth's "Joe College" (December *Atlantic*), since I was a student at Bucknell (B.A., 1948) in his era and helped found the nonsectarian, interracial fraternity, Phi Lambda Theta, to which he refers. It was interesting to speculate how his memories might have differed if he had joined our fraternity; certainly Roth is just the kind of person we were interested in recruiting. The organization is still there (it recently affiliated with a national fraternity, Chi Phi, but retains its local chapter name), providing students of diverse social backgrounds with the chance to live and grow together.

I was pleased to learn that we shared another valuable experience—taking classes from Mildred Martin. I still remember her criteria for evaluating any literary work: What is the author trying to say? Is it said well? Is it worth saying? Roth's piece passes all three tests.

Richard A. Watson
Columbia, Mo.

Regarding the word *skosh*, mentioned in Word Watch (January *Atlantic*):

To use "skōsh"
May not be gōsh,
Though I sé
'Twill soon be passé.
A dictionary entry's absurd
For many a nonce wurd.

Stephen R. Cohen
New York, N.Y.

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By Alvin Tresselt,
Dean of Faculty

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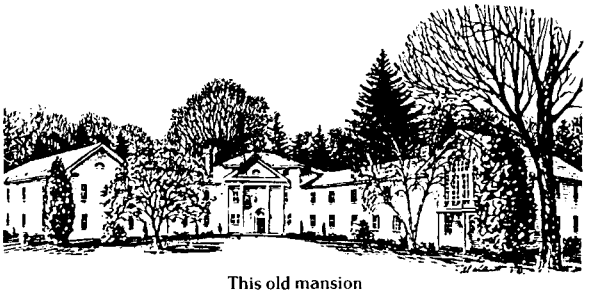

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Later on, you may get other checks from other publishers. But right now, the object is to begin—to break into print—to learn the feeling of writing and selling your work and seeing your name in type. After that, you can decide if you want your writing to take another direction.

But after 30 years of editing, publishing, and teaching—and 53 books of my own—I can tell you this: You'll go a long way before you discover anything as rewarding as writing for young readers.

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A surprisingly big market

But, that's not all. The financial rewards go far beyond most people's expectations because there's a big market out there for writers who are trained to crack it. More than 130 million young people's books are purchased each year. As many as 2,500 new titles appear annually and new authors account for up to half of them.

Our students learn where to sell their writing with our exclusive publishers' lists.

There are also 250 monthly magazines looking for material for young readers. You can imagine how much writing it takes just to keep them going! Yet two big questions bedevil nearly every would-be writer. "Am I really qualified?" and "How can I get started?"

"Am I really qualified?"

This is our definition of a "qualified person": It's someone with an aptitude for writing who can take constructive criticism, learn from it, and turn it into a professional performance. That's the only kind of person we're looking for. The reasons are simple: Our reputation is built on success, and if prospective students don't have the earmarks of success, we probably can't help them. And we tell them so. It's only fair to both of us.

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I've learned a lot about writing for children and I love it. Now I'm passing my knowledge on to my students so they can profit from it. When I'm not writing my own books, I spend my time at The Institute of Children's Literature, a workshop for new writers that does one thing and does it better than any other educational institution I know of: It trains qualified people to write for the young reader.

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When you're ready—at your own time and your own pace—you send your assignment to me and I read it and I reread it to get everything out of it you've put into it.

Then I edit your assignment with a red pencil just the way a publishing house editor would—if he had the time. I return it along with a detailed letter explaining my comments. I tell you what your strong points are, what your weaknesses are, and just what you can do to improve. It's a matter of push and pull with each assignment. You push and I pull and between us both, you learn to write.

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Della Domangue, of New Orleans, LA writes: "Having taken several writing courses, I can truthfully say yours was the best. My instructor's personal comments, suggestions and encouragement were invaluable. I also learned the joys of...editors answering you personally."

Marilyn Day of Marissa, IL says, "Now I'm no longer a housewife, I am a *writer!*"

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I have a file full of similar letters: People like yourself so full of pride they could easily convince you that it is a pity more people don't take up writing for children.

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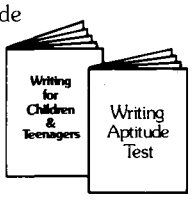

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Alvin Tresselt was Vice President and Executive Editor of Parents' Magazine Press, the first editor of *Humpty Dumpty's Magazine for Children*, and a board member of the Author's Guild. His 53 books for young readers have sold over two million copies.

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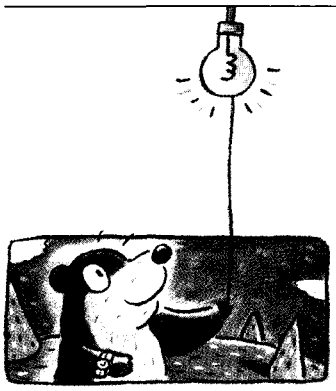
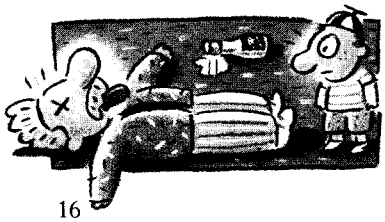


ENVIRONMENT

Minutes of new daylight are accruing faster now than they do at any other time of year. At about the latitude of Indianapolis the sun will be up 78 minutes longer at the end of March than it is at the beginning (versus 68 minutes during February and 72 during April). Change in the length of daylight, or photoperiod, rather than rising or falling temperatures, has been found to be the most important cue for such seasonal phenomena as bird migration, plant flowering, and bear hibernation. The lengthening photoperiod means that sufferers from seasonal affective disorder, a syndrome characterized by bouts of fiercely debilitating depression brought on by diminished sunlight, will now begin to feel much better.

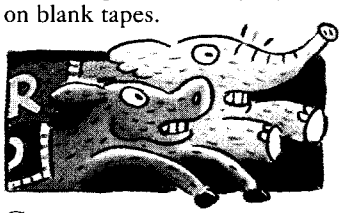
HEALTH & SAFETY

March **20**, National Poison Prevention Week begins. Two trends in fatal poisonings stand out. One is an abrupt decrease in the number of fatal poisonings of children (almost all of which are accidental). The fatality rate for Americans under age 5 has fallen by 82 percent over the past 3 decades, thanks largely to child-resistant closures and better and faster treatment. Over the same period, however, adult poisoning fatalities (many of which are intentional) have risen dramatically. A study by the American Association of Poison Control Centers suggests that such fatalities have increased by 333 percent for those aged 15–24 and by 225 percent for those aged 25–44.



ARTS & LETTERS

March **2**, the 30th annual Grammy Awards. At the first Grammy Awards there were only 28 awards categories, and the long-playing record was the only format in widespread use; now there are 73 categories and yet another new format, the digital audio tape (DAT). DAT recorders, which are manufactured mainly in Japan, use the same digital method of recording as compact discs do, but on a tape rather than a disc. Music lovers—or bootleggers—with DAT recorders can therefore make high-quality tapes from CDs. The music industry has split over DAT recorders: smaller companies, unable to use expensive CD technology, like them; bigger companies, fearing rip-offs, want a system called Copy Code on all DAT machines which will prevent the taping of CDs that have been specially recorded. (Supposedly inaudible gaps are inserted in the CD recording; these turn into 25-second voids when transferred to a DAT.) One possible compromise: a royalty tax on blank tapes.

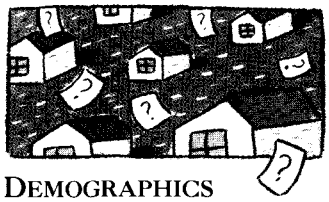


GOVERNMENT

This March is the busiest ever in a presidential election year. In 1972 only 2 state primaries were held before the ides; in 1988 half the states will hold primaries or caucuses before this date. March **1**, Vermont primary. **5**, South Carolina Republican primary and Kansas and Wyoming caucuses. **8**, Super Tuesday: primaries or caucuses will be held in 20 states, mostly in the South but also including Massachusetts, Hawaii, and Washington. **10**, Alaska caucuses. **14**, North Dakota Democratic caucus. **15**, Illinois primary. **20**, Puerto Rico primary. **26**, Michigan Democratic primary. **29**, Connecticut primary.

NEW STAMPS

March **4**, a 22-cent stamp honoring Knute Rockne to be issued at Notre Dame University. **29**, a 44-cent, a 3.40-krona, and a 3-mark stamp honoring the establishment, in 1638, of the colony of New Sweden, on the Delaware River, to be issued in Wilmington, Delaware; Växjö, Sweden; and Helsinki, Finland (Finland in 1638 was part of Sweden).

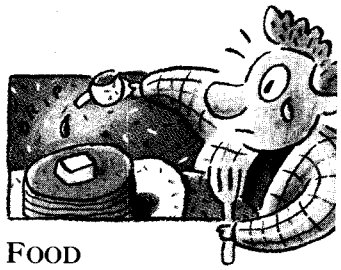


DEMOGRAPHICS

The U.S. Bureau of the Census this month will send out some 500,000 census forms to homes in Missouri and Washington as part of a "dress rehearsal" for the 1990 census. Respondents will be asked to answer questions about where, on March **20**, they are living, and with whom. Most of the sample households will receive a short form with only 10 questions; the remainder will get a 64-question form. To comply with the Paperwork Reduction Act of 1980, which requires federal agencies to strive for "practical utility" and "minimization of burden," the Census Bureau cut 2 questions from the old long form and moved 7 other questions from the old short form to the new long form. Among the relocated questions: "Do you have complete plumbing facilities in this house or apartment?" and "Is this house on 10 or more acres?"

THE SKIES

March **3**, Full Moon, also known this month as the Crow, Lenten, Sap, or Worm Moon. **17**, New Moon. **17-18**, a total eclipse of the Sun will be visible in the Indian Ocean; across the islands of Sumatra, Kalimantan, and Mindanao; and north across the Pacific Ocean. **20**, at 4:39 A.M. EST, the Vernal Equinox; spring begins in the Northern Hemisphere.



FOOD

In 11 states from Minnesota to Maine this is harvest month for maple syrup, and the nation's syrup producers are anxious. The 1987 yield, owing primarily to poor weather conditions, was disastrously low, and the average farm price for a gallon of syrup rose by 15 to 20 percent. Over 40 gallons of sap are needed to make one gallon of syrup. Without a combination of consistently cold nights and warm days the sap runs poorly. Shortages of maple syrup may soon become permanent, because a variety of factors—periodic droughts, acid rain, and the advancing age of the general stock of sugar maples—has sent the productive sugar-maple population into rapid decline. Pancake-eaters face a future of corn syrup and cellulose gum, which is what imitation maple syrups are made of.

25 YEARS AGO

Evelyn Waugh, writing in the March, 1963, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "I am now the father of three sons, two at school, and the eldest already embarked on the family trade of writing. I have very little knowledge, or curiosity, about what they think of me. They are always polite. I have tried to fulfill the same duties to them and provide the same amusements as my father did to me. I lack his gift of reading poetry and his liveliness. I think I am less good company to them than he was to me, but I think I am kinder than my grandfather. Perhaps host and guest is really the happiest relation for father and son."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GARY BASEMAN

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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

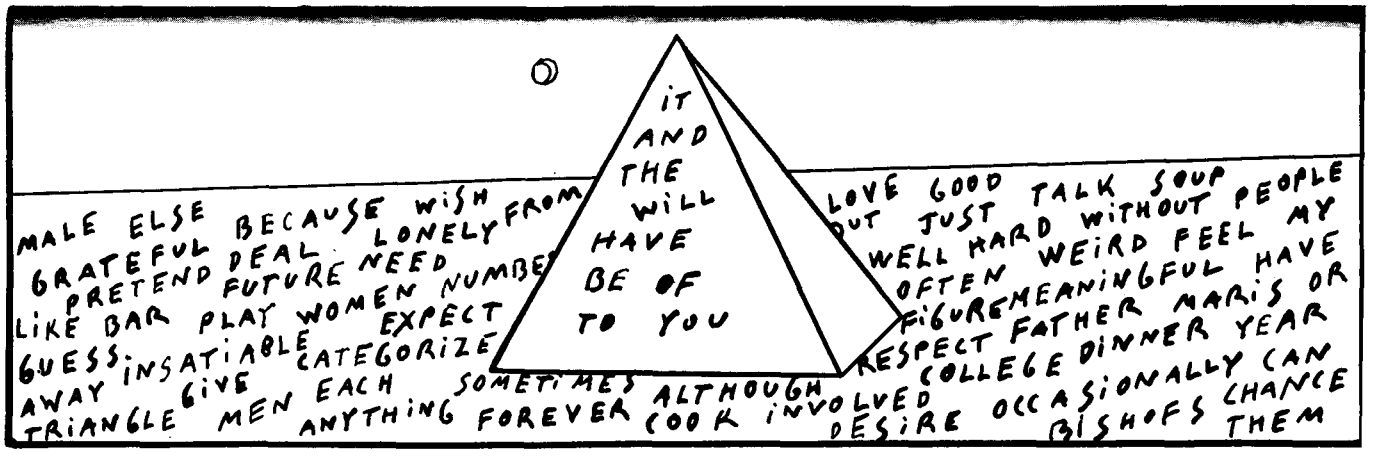
THE BIG NINE

A FOOTNOTE I CAME across not long ago in Robert Chapman's *New Dictionary of American Slang* contained a provocative reference to a study published in 1923 by the lexicographer G.H. McKnight. McKnight was interested in knowing which English words are used most commonly in conversation and how often the most commonly used English words occur. He eventually satisfied himself that out of some 600,000 living words in the language, and a few hundred thousand more on various kinds of life support, a mere forty-three account for half the words actually uttered and a mere nine account for fully a quarter of all spoken words. McKnight's Big Nine are *and*, *be*, *have*, *it*, *of*, *the*, *to*, *will*, and *you*, and the phenomenon he found at work in spoken English has been found, by other word-frequency studies, in the English used in telephone conversations and in written English of all kinds.

This is the kind of preposterous scientific claim that fairly cries out for independent scrutiny, and so I pulled down from the shelves and out of the drawers and off the refrigerator a selection of English-language texts: the Mayflower Compact, "Jabberwocky," Spiro Agnew's letter of resignation, the introduction to Internal Revenue Service Publication 920 ("Explanation of the Tax Reform Act of 1986 for Individuals"), the Boy Scout Oath, "The Marines' Hymn," the *Miranda* rights, which must be read to a suspect, the "Wizard of Id" comic strip that appeared last December 29, a section ("Flooded Engine") chosen at random from the owner's manual for a 1987 Colt Vista, a definition (for *egestion*) chosen at random from Samuel Johnson's *Dictionary*, a recipe (for Gratin de Homard et Pâtes aux Légumes) chosen at random from *The Ritz-Carlton Cookbook*, the first five verses of Saint Paul's epistle to the Galatians, Mikhail Gorbachev's remarks upon arriving at the White House, and the first question asked of the nominee by Edward Kennedy during the Senate Judiciary Committee's hearings in the matter of Robert Bork. These I subjected to an exhaustive and methodical investigation, in a spirit of cool skepticism, only to discover after many hours that McKnight's calculations are astonishingly accurate. To be specific, the percentages compiled by the Big Nine in the texts I examined are 29.7, 23.0, 33.3, 24.6, 25.0, 35.4, 32.1, 21.4, 25.0, 33.3, 26.9, 23.2, 24.6, and 25.7. The overall average is 27.4.

There are some unsurprising things about this group (the absence of *please* and *thank you*, for example) and some surprising and even heartening ones (the absence of *I*), but what has impressed me most about the Big Nine is how potent they are in the company of strangers and how helpless and insubstantial when left to themselves. To be sure, some of these words see each other socially—*to* and *be*, *of* and *the*—but if all nine were left alone in a room they wouldn't know what to make of the occasion. I tried composing a thought with only the Big Nine and using each word only once, and could not, unless you don't regard as cheating this possible colloquy from the Watergate transcripts:

N: "You will be [garbled] of [garbled]."
H: "It [expletive deleted]."
N: "And the . . . ?"
H: "Have to [laughter]."



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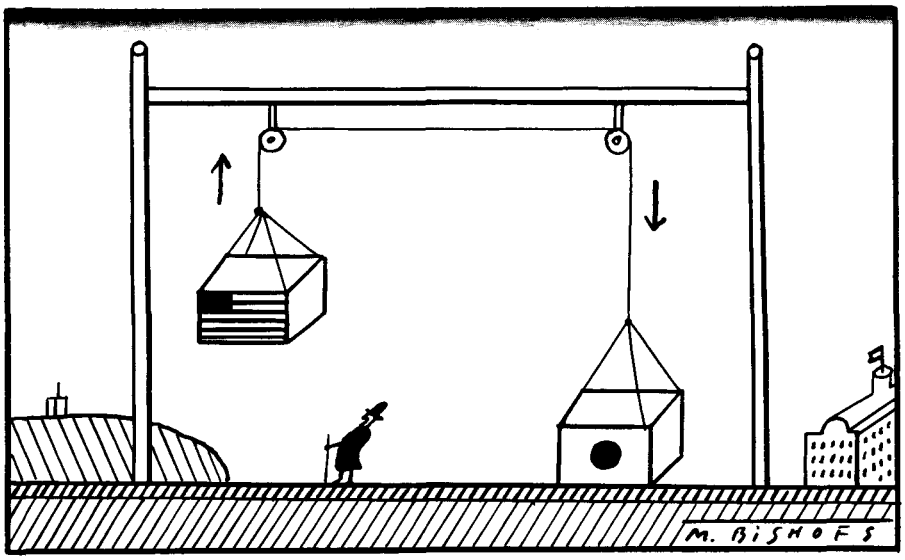
Yet even in the pained, awkward silence of their gathering the Big Nine cannot hide the potential for significant expression. Insubstantial they may be—there is not a noun among them—but they manage nonetheless to touch on a wide swath of reality: existence (*be*), things (*it*), others (*you*), possessions (*of*), the past (*have*), the future (*will*), and the urge to make lists (*and*). They are enabling words—cajolers, enhancers, connectors—willing to help keep a conversation going but unable to start one or to suggest a subject. It is possible to speak profoundly without them—"I think, therefore I am"—but not for any length of time.

I admire McKnight's Big Nine for their economy and efficiency, but I admire them more for their steadfastness. It is hard to imagine how the constitution of this select group could change substantially. On the surface of the language words are free to come and go. Changes in spelling and usage shape the terrain in ways both pleasant and malign. From time to time an especially noxious aberration will send shock waves deep into the mantle. But the Big Nine represent an unassailable core, a place where words will always be stable and pure, even if they are also mute.

—Cullen Murphy



THE FAR EAST

ASIAN JOURNAL

Scenes from a debate between Lee Kuan Yew and William Safire, and a look at the racial troubles of Malaysia

I SOMETIMES WONDER what it was like to be an American in Asia in the decade after the Second World War, when Douglas MacArthur was emperor. It must have been different from the way it feels now.

On a cold night this winter I was having dinner in a little *shabu-shabu* place in the Ginza with three Japanese friends. They were paying for the meal, of course. Before dinner I'd treated them to a round of beers in a hotel lobby, and then discovered that beers were $7.90 apiece. The previous day, when I'd changed money at the airport, my dollar had bought 126-point-something yen, half as many as in the fall of 1985. That morning the *Japan Times* reported that university students were collecting old clothing for relief donations to foreigners living in Japan.

When dinner was over, we stepped out of the restaurant into a twisting alleyway and were engulfed by a sea of prosperous-looking Japanese businessmen. They were red-faced from whiskey and sake, but they surged purposefully forward, breath steaming in the frosty air. As we turned a corner, I saw a bedraggled-looking vendor, with matted black hair, standing on the sidewalk, wearing a grimy ski jacket. He was selling cheap puppets, dogs and monkeys that did funny dances when you pulled the strings. This looks familiar, I thought—he was like the pathetic characters who come into American restaurants and try to shame you into buying flowers while you dine. He had been looking down while he worked the puppets, but as I passed by he happened to look up at me. I glanced back, and then stopped dead in my tracks. "Hi," he said. He was an American. Then he said, or maybe I just thought he did, "Buddy, you're next."

No doubt I'm taking this all too personally and irrationally. When my Japanese friends saw how (and why) the blood had drained from my face, they started laughing so hard they had to lean on one another to keep from toppling over into the gutter. I know perfectly well that having a strong currency is not the same thing as having a successful society, that the yen's stupendous rise is largely speculative and therefore not really a verdict of doom on America, and that even now there are places (Korea) where the dollar remains so mighty that the stores seem to be giving everything away free. There are other places (the Philippines) where the United States still seems too influential and all-competent, as it must have seemed everywhere forty years ago.

Still, in the twenty-one months I've spent so far in Asia, which have coincided with the dollar's collapse against the yen, I've often felt as if I were living through a dramatic shift in international power—or, more precisely, through what people on this side of the Pacific view as such a change. I've taken on enough of this attitude myself that sometimes I'm afraid to come home, for fear that I'll start lecturing strangers about the Japanese and the Koreans, or walking around in sackcloth with a placard saying, THE END IS NIGH.

THESE FEARS WERE reawakened by a conference late last year, sponsored by the *International Herald Tribune* and held in Singapore. The *Tribune* had planned it long in advance, as part of the paper's worldwide hundredth-anniversary celebration, but it ended up taking place a few weeks after the Black Monday stock-market crash. The official conference theme was stupefying—"Pacific 2000: Prospects and Challenges," or something of the sort—but the conference itself was engrossing, because most of the talks focused, seemingly without plan, on the theme of the historic shift of power from America to Japan.

The Thais and the Indonesians talked about how they would get their new investment capital from Tokyo, not New York. Economists from Hong Kong discussed whether or not it was "too soon" to start talking about the "post-Ameri

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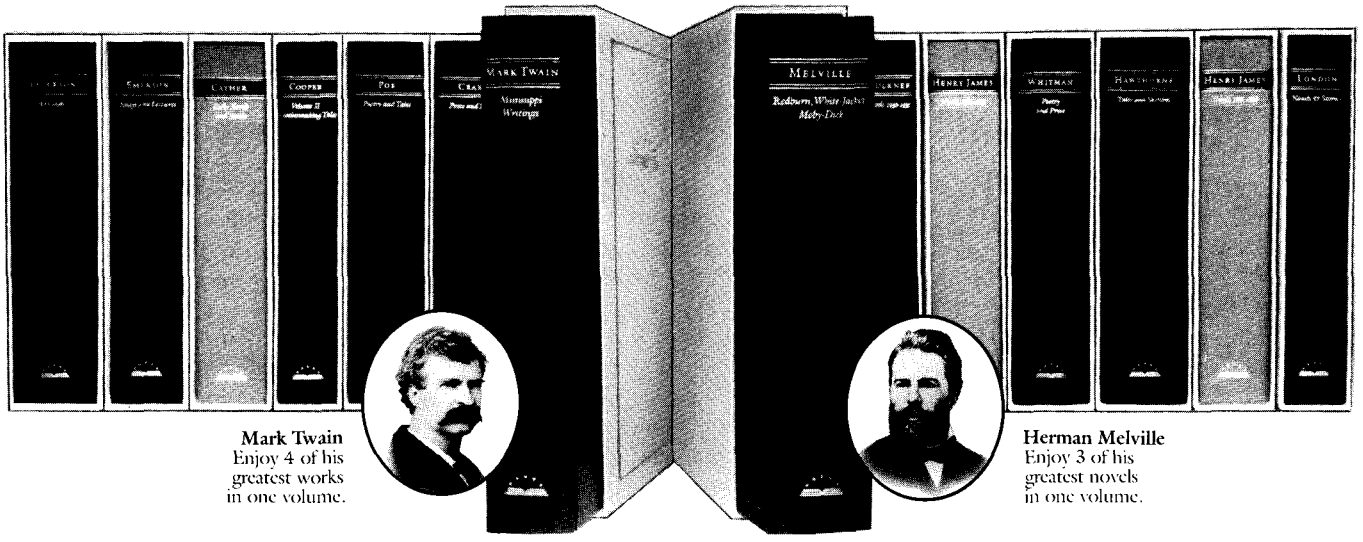

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can" era. The Japanese speakers shuffled their feet and talked about what they might do with their huge piles of money. Every other phrase out of the Asian speakers' mouths seemed to be "American decline."

The most polished of these performances was by the Prime Minister of Singapore, Lee Kuan Yew. He talked about what Britain's 150 years of technical-financial-military world leadership had in common with America's thirty-odd years. Its technical advances allowed Britain to build up trade and investment surpluses around the world; the surpluses financed its military and diplomatic presence; eventually the surpluses went away and the empire had to be scaled back; and so now with America. For a while after the Second World War the United States enjoyed a lead on the rest of the world in its commercial technology, Lee said; but that lead had been lost and would never be regained. American politicians might smash up Japanese radios with sledgehammers (the photograph of congressmen pulverizing Toshibas was published in every newspaper in Japan, and it instantly eliminated the public embarrassment about Toshiba's sales to the Russians, leaving bitter resentment instead), but "the skills, the knowledge, the capacity to dream up the next [product]—that cannot be broken with a sledgehammer." Japan, at least on paper, already had a higher per capita income than America, and the Japanese "will grow richer because they are more productive, because they have concentrated all their energies, all their R&D on where it would score on the marketplace," Lee said. "America is not the surplus country, it's Japan and Germany. It is New York with the expertise but Tokyo and Bonn with the actual cash." The greatest problem for Americans, he said, was facing up to this shift—accepting, in our guts, that "this is a permanent change in competitive position."

Now, Lee may have been right and he may have been wrong. Japan's overall position, relative to America's, is nowhere near as strong as America's was relative to Britain's when New York overtook London as a world financial center, seventy years ago. By that time the U.S. economy was already bigger than Britain's; the Japanese economy is still only about half the size of America's. And Japan, of course, has no military power and virtually no diplomatic influence to complement its heaps of cash. What we're seeing may not be a replacement of American power by Japanese so much as a merger, blend, or balance of the two. Moreover, if Lee wanted to get into a name-calling game about imperfect empires, he would have some foibles of his own to answer for. (Anthropologists love Singapore, because it's one of the few places on earth where you can see how Chinese society behaves when its members are rich and not subject to some other group's political control, as they are elsewhere in Southeast Asia.) "What we have here is a traditional Chinese empire," a non-Chinese Singaporean once told me. "We have our strong leader, whom we view more as emperor than as democratic leader, and we expect that his dynasty will continue as long as he enjoys the mandate of heaven." The day after Lee Kuan Yew's speech the conference heard from Lee Hsien Loong, who became Singapore's youngest brigadier general at age thirty-one and at thirty-six is a Cabinet member and the heir apparent. General Lee gave a speech on the importance of meritocracy. He is Lee Kuan Yew's eldest son. But Lee, like most of the other Asian speakers at the conference, had obviously spent a lot of time thinking about large-scale changes in national power, and he was trying his best to make an important, unsettling point.

The job of defending America's regenerative powers fell to William Safire, of *The New York Times*. I've always enjoyed Safire's columns, because of their comparative lack of pomposity, and on the platform he embodied the best of a relaxed, confident American style. The Asian speakers wore identical dark salaryman suits and read word for word from pre-released scripts. Safire showed up in a sports coat and light pants, and ad-libbed his way through a very funny lunchtime speech. But by the end of his talk his optimism didn't seem so reassuring or contagious. Like Ronald Reagan—and like America as a whole, in the Asians' view—he sounded confident only because he didn't understand the facts.

Safire told the Asians they should stop paying so much attention to America's tedious federal deficit and trade problems. Hey, those issues would scoot right out of the headlines once there was another good confirmation fight or primary election to cover. The stock-market crash? People would stop brooding about it once the Republicans got the normal election-year boom going—this, Safire said, was something the American government understood just how to do. And all this talk about "permanent" changes in competitive position was so much hogwash. Did Lee Kuan Yew think America would never again have a fifteen-year lead over the rest of the world? Just watch! All across America, Safire said, youngsters were tinkering with computers, preparing the way not just for new products but for whole new ways of buying, selling, distributing, living. Meanwhile, the Soviet Union couldn't possibly permit its people such freedom to experiment, since that would mean instant *samizdat*. Therefore, computers would make America's lead grow and grow.

Safire was clearly pleased with this smashing rebuttal to Lee Kuan Yew. But around the room people sat with jaws agape. The *Soviet* economy? Was this going to be America's new benchmark for competitive success? Everybody else in the room knew that also all across Japan, Korea, Singapore, and other points east youngsters were tinkering with computers. America's looseness, creativity, diversity, and so on may give the country a permanent edge in this field, but other countries have other advantages, beginning with Japan's limitless supply of capital. I'm a big believer in American resilience, and I keep warning Japanese and Chinese that they should not underestimate what the United States can do. (They *are* tempted to, because so many things that can mean vitality in America—immigration, rapid political change—look like chaos to them.) But the United States tends to show its resilience only when it suddenly realizes that it is in big trouble—remember Pearl Harbor—and if Safire's dumb complacency is any guide, the realization is going to take a while to arrive.

WHEN I'M ALL WORN out from carrying America's burdens on my shoulders, I shuck them off and pick up the woes of Malaysia, my current home.

In principle Malaysia is paradise, and in practice it can come close. The country is composed of the bottom half of the Malay peninsula—known in colonial times and in the first few years of independence as Malaya—and the top quarter of the island of Borneo, whose incorporation in 1963 turned the country into Malaysia. (Lee Kuan Yew's Singapore was incorporated at about the same time but split off as a tiny independent state two years later.) If you can live with perpet-

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ually hot, equatorial-jungle weather, you can think of it as Eden. "It is a place where there are no seasons to speak of, neither winter nor summer; no wet or dry season, and the sun rises and sets at practically the same time all the year round," a young pre–First World War Colonel Blimp type named Carveth Wells wrote in *Six Years in the Malay Jungle.*

> The mean shade temperature at sea level (about eighty degrees) has not varied more than about three degrees for a hundred years. . . . Rain falls about two hundred and seventy days in the year but there is scarcely ever a wet day. The weather may be perfectly fine all the morning, then rain nine inches between noon and three o'clock, and be fine again for the evening.

"Nine inches" may be stretching it—the annual rainfall is about a hundred inches—but the impression of timeless, placid lushness is correct.

Like Indonesia and the Philippines, Malaysia is packed with natural resources—tin, petroleum, the right terrain for growing rubber and palm-oil trees. Papayas, bananas, and mangosteens drop from trees in our back yard in Kuala Lumpur faster than we can eat them. But unlike Indonesia's central island, Java, or the Philippines, Malaysia is lightly populated, with only about 16 million people. Early in the 1980s the government was pushing a national-grandeur scheme to breed the population up to 70 million by the end of the century, but the plan has not been in evidence in the year or so my family has lived here. The schools are (relatively) well funded; the roads are modern and smooth. The east coast of peninsular Malaysia has some of the world's most beautiful white-sand beaches, and there are still large unlogged rain-forest stands. Many people live in primitive backwoods *kampungs*, or villages, but very few seem really destitute or hard-pressed. It's a nice country. The only unavoidable discontents of daily life come from the humidity and the inside-the-house wildlife. Our colonial-era whitewashed house, with unscreened, unglassed windows, teems with bugs and mosquitoes preying on people, lizards eating the bugs, rats eating whatever they can find, and snakes eating the lizards and rats. My children can now visualize the concept of the food chain. In this fecund atmosphere everything grows so fast that I need a haircut once a week and a shave about six times a day. Recently I threw out a hundred computer floppy disks I'd brought from America. Even they had spawned a coating of mold.

"The place isn't perfect, but all the big things are right," a man who I belatedly figured out was the CIA station chief told me soon after I arrived. "The military is professional and out of politics. The police too. The courts are independent. People are used to voting in regular, relatively fair elections. This is saying a lot."

Carveth Wells, who left the Malay jungle seventy years ago, would still recognize the topography and the climate, but my friend the CIA man, who departed more recently, might not recognize the political landscape anymore. In the past year Malaysia has gone through a depressing decline of its own.

At root all of Malaysia's problems are racial. In the middle of the nineteenth century, when tin mining had yet to begin in earnest, the Malay peninsula was even more lightly populated than it is today. Aboriginal tribes lived in the jungle interior, scattered groups of Malays lived in coastal settlements by the mouths of rivers, and traders from China, Portugal, and elsewhere operated out of the few famous seaports, such as Malacca and Penang. Then, within a few decades, British colonialism, the tin boom, and rubber planting created a totally different ethnic lineup. People poured in from all over—Malays from nearby Sumatra and Java, Chinese from Hunan and elsewhere in southern China, blue-black-skinned Indians from the southern Tamil regions. Malay culture is celebrated for its gentleness and languor, which can be either dignified or exasperating depending on whether you are attending a traditional ceremony or trying to get a check cashed in a Malaysian bank. The British colonialists were mainly exasperated and felt they needed to look beyond the Malays for the manpower to work the tin mines and staff the colonial sub-bureaucracy—thus the officially sponsored importation of Indians and Chinese. ("Work is about the last thing a Malay wants," the irrepressible Carveth Wells announced.) Although the interpretation of past migrations can be an extremely sensitive and politically weighted subject in Malaysia, the low pre-colonial population seems to indicate that most Malaysians are descended from people who came from someplace else during the past hundred

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years. As the Malays see it, however, only they are the original inhabitants, since their journey was the shortest and since Malay kingdoms had historically held sway over the peninsula. Malays call themselves *bumiputera*, or "sons of the soil." Everyone else is *pendatang*, "immigrant."

The mixture of races is potentially the most admirable thing about Malaysia. Officially the country believes in racial coexistence, and in many small ways the amalgamation looks successful. A typical row of shops will have signs in Bahasa Malaysia ("Language of Malaysia," or Malay), Chinese, English, and, less frequently, Tamil. We have a mosque and a small Chinese shrine near our house; our Indian landlord keeps talking about erecting a Hindu shrine in our yard. Each race's religious festivals are public holidays, which gives a constant festival feeling to local life. A heavy-handed "unity" campaign is now under way on TV, in which every commercial and public-service announcement is supposed to have the right mixture of Indian, Chinese, and Malay faces in smiling harmony.

Unofficially, and in large ways, things don't work out so well. No Asian society is truly enthusiastic about the melting-pot ideal, and many Malaysians, especially Malays, feel sorry for themselves because fate (plus the British) has placed other races in their midst. At a dinner last summer I asked the wife of a prominent official whether it might be more graceful for Malaysia to let some other country lead the "non-aligned" bloc's denunciations of South African apartheid. After all, a large number of Malaysian laws grant people different legal privileges on purely racial grounds. Malaysian discrimination is not remotely as vicious or unfair as South Africa's, but still, why give the South Africans this debating-point edge? The woman erupted: as a non-Malaysian I could not *possibly* understand how difficult the country's problems were, I had *no idea* what a challenge it was to have people from different cultures living in the same society.

The Indian Malaysians, who make up about 10 percent of the population, are on the sidelines of the main struggle, between the Malays and the Chinese. The "overseas Chinese," as the émigrés in Southeast Asia are known, make up the world's most skillful and aggressive merchant culture. (This may seem too sweeping an assertion, but see if you can find anyone who's lived in Asia who disagrees.) Wherever they've settled, they've encountered—or created, in the non-Chinese view—resentment from less aggressive local groups. Thailand, whose culture is generally sweet-tempered, seems to have absorbed them more successfully than any of its neighbors. In Indonesia, where there are only a handful of Chinese, they must adapt or be crushed. But in Malaysia the Chinese make up 35 to 40 percent of the population. This is enough to make them unignorable, but in the polarized racial politics of Malaysia it has not been enough to persuade the Malays, who make up about half the population, to give them even a tiny share of political power, which the Malays monopolize.

It is difficult to determine how much of Malaysia's racial problem arises from deep-seated person-to-person hostility and how much has been trumped up by political leaders. There is evidence on both sides. On the one hand, it takes the average Chinese Malaysian about five seconds to begin complaining about anti-Chinese discrimination and the anti-work ethic among Malays. On the other hand, the country's Prime Minister, Dr. Mahathir bin Mohamad, is a touchy, chip-on-the-shoulder character who first came to prominence with a racial-consciousness tract and seems to have a talent for setting groups against one another.

Mahathir's famous book, *The Malay Dilemma*, is an absolutely astonishing document. It was published in 1969, shortly after race riots occurred in which several hundred people, mostly Chinese, were slaughtered. It argued that Darwinian selection had made the Chinese fundamentally more capable than the Malays (remember, Mahathir is the *Malays'* champion), so in any fair competition between the groups the Chinese would win. Life in China had been hard for thousands of years, with famines and floods, so the Chinese who survived were the hardiest of all. Meanwhile, life in the lush Malayan jungle, with fruit dropping constantly from the trees, had been so easy that "even the weakest and the least diligent were able to live in comparative comfort, to marry and procreate." When these two groups came into contact, Mahathir said, the results were inevitable. "The Malays, whose own hereditary and environmental influence had been so debilitating, could do nothing but retreat before the onslaught of the Chinese immigrants. Whatever the Malays could do, the Chinese could do better." As a result of this inherent difference in fitness, Mahathir argued, "fair" competition couldn't be fair. In office he has resolutely supported the New Economic Policy, a sweeping, decades-long program of pro-*bumiputera* quotas and affirmative-action requirements. For instance, there are now about 20,000 Malaysians studying at American colleges, making up the second-largest bloc of foreign students in America, after Taiwanese. Those on Malaysian government scholarships are Malay; Chinese or Indians have to pay their own way. I've seen newspaper ads offering government-subsidized mortgages at one rate for *bumiputeras* and a higher rate for non-*bumis*.

Several factors other than the straightforward racial tension have contributed to the recent decline that I mentioned, and to the political crackdown, which began last winter, that is the visible evidence of this decline. The most important was a power struggle within Mahathir's own permanent ruling party, the United Malays National Organization (or UMNO), which left Mahathir imperiled and tempted him to make a preemptive strike against his opponents. The Chinese were alarmed by a school-system change that they thought threatened the future of Mandarin-language education. The continuing slump in tin and rubber prices kept the economy depressed. Politicians from both the Chinese and Malay camps struck combative poses. Everyone started talking about "another May 13," the date of the anti-Chinese riots in 1969—especially after an AWOL Malay soldier went amok and started machine-gunning people in downtown Kuala Lumpur. (Fortunately for everyone except the victims, they were all Malay.) Then Mahathir lowered the boom.

By the standards of, say, East Germany or Uganda, what has happened here is nothing to get worked up about. Mahathir threw about a hundred people in jail without trial, including most of the Chinese political leadership, a few nettlesome opponents from the Malay side, and several respected private and religious activists. By Christmastime he'd released fifty-five detainees but announced that thirty-three others, including most of the Chinese opposition leadership, would be held for a further two years, without trial. International human-rights groups began agitating about the conditions of their confinement—

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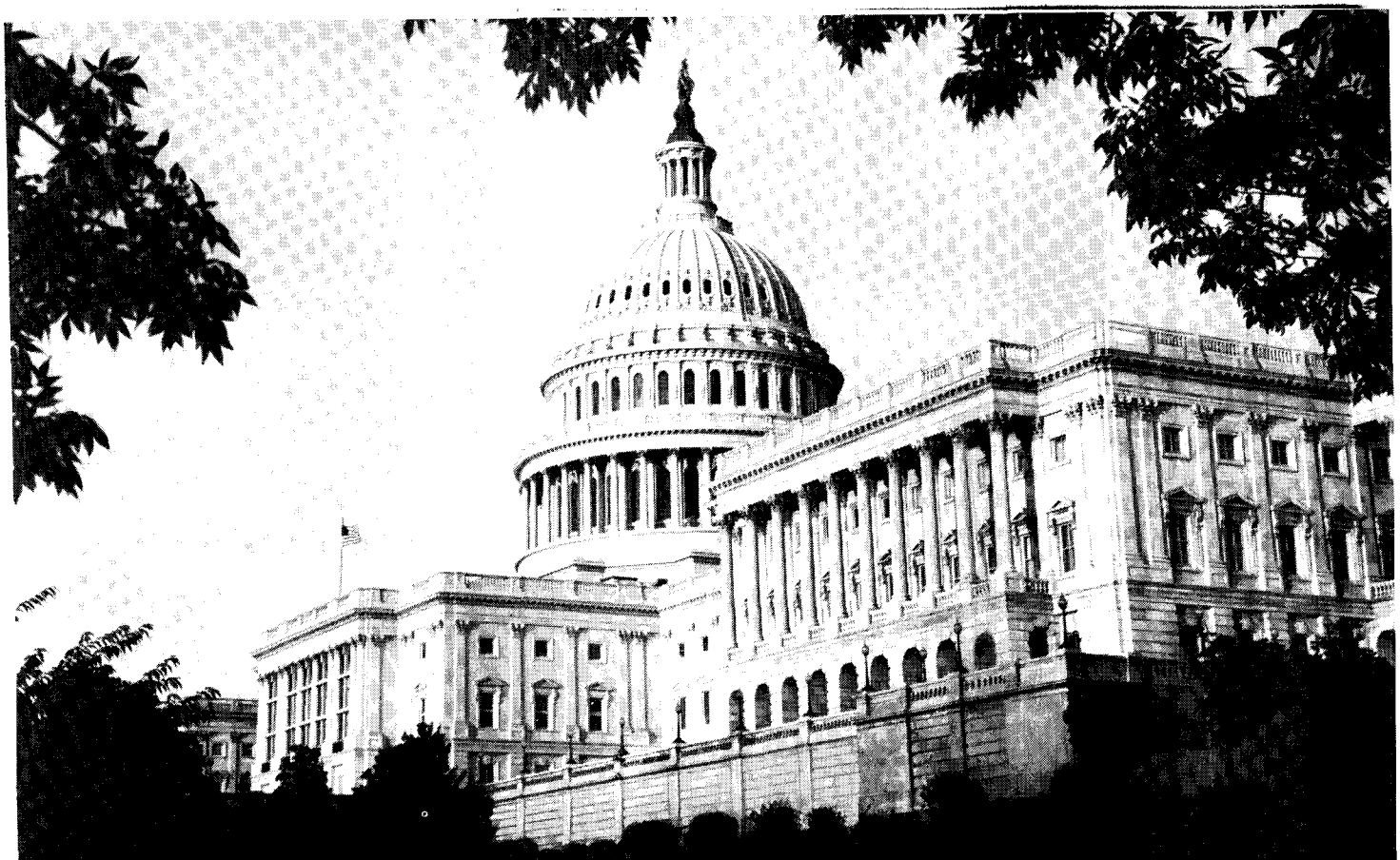

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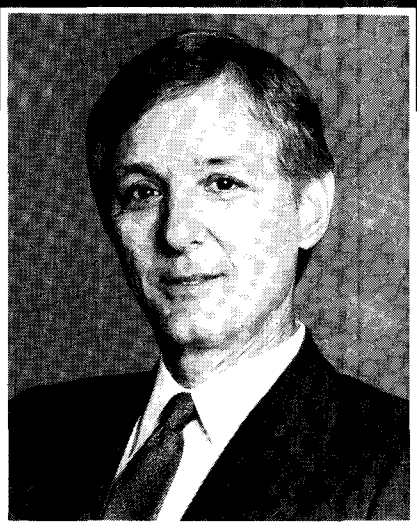

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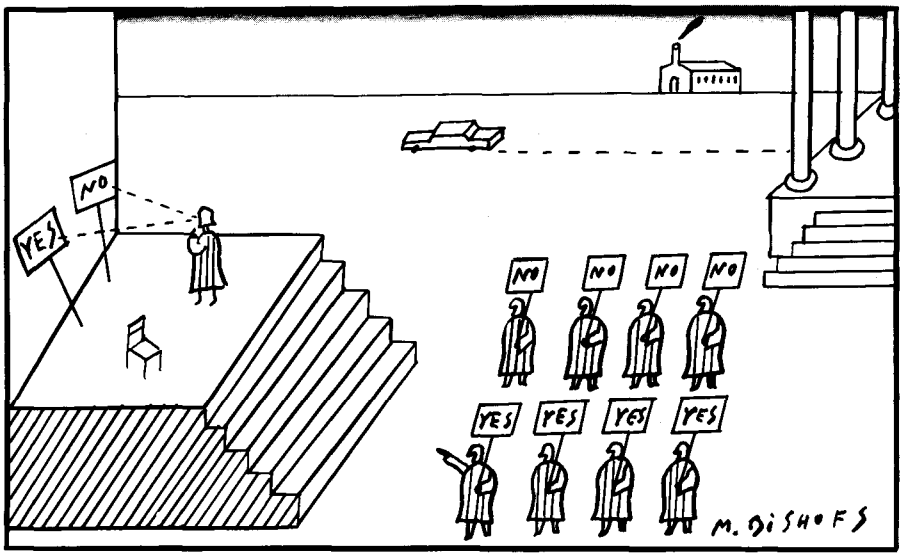
some of the detainees were allegedly being held alone and in the dark, without medicines or anything to read, isolated from their families. Little was heard of this dispute inside Malaysia, because the only newspapers still allowed to operate were the lickspittle publications controlled by UMNO. Mahathir described his new policy as "No More Mr. Nice Guy," and he quickly rammed through a new press law to show what he meant. The new law gives him unlimited and arbitrary powers to ban any publication and arrest any writer or public figure for making "untrue" remarks. More significant, it says that such decisions cannot be reviewed or challenged by anyone else, including the courts. To Americans who can barely tell Malaysia from Mongolia, this might seem par for the course in the tyrannical Third World. But only a year ago Malaysia prided itself on its honest, intelligent, independent judiciary. (In 1986 the government expelled two *Wall Street Journal* reporters who'd been investigating high-level corruption; the courts overturned the ruling and let them back in.) Malaysia's most revered figure, the eighty-five-year-old Tunku Abdul Rahman, who led the country to independence and was its first Prime Minister, said in December that "Malaysia has been made a police state." His words were carried in foreign papers but censored in Malaysia itself.

I suppose Mahathir's clampdown must be judged a success, at least for now. A few months after the arrests began, the atmosphere does seem calmer than it was immediately before he acted. A few people talk about the detainees, but more seem relieved that someone, somehow, broke the momentum that seemed to be leading to outright racial conflict. The foreign experts I've spoken with are divided: a few predict that five years from now Malaysia will be a full-fledged tyranny, but most say that this is a temporary rough spot on the road to happier times.

When I'm in my age-of-decline mood, I find myself agreeing with the pessimists. I feel lobotomized each morning when I pick up the remaining English-language paper, the UMNO mouthpiece *New Straits Times*, and see headlines like "DR. M'S COURAGE PRAISED" and "STOP THE COMPLAINING." No, this is not Russia or the domain of the thought police, but the government's treatment of the people, through the managed news it serves up, reveals a deep contempt for their intelligence and judgment. A case can be made—and has been, both by Mahathir and by Lee Kuan Yew—that complaints about the muffled press reflect an effete, exclusively Western sensibility. Asian societies, they say, do not like the turmoil of a truly free, "American-style" (usually said with curled lip) press, and developing countries can't afford anything that might undercut national unity. It's true that most Asian cultures disdain the unbridled argument that many Westerners enjoy. Still, I think too highly of my Malaysian friends to believe that they appreciate the pap that now constitutes their news. Koreans, after all, are Asians too, and they have rejoiced during the past year at their first chance to read a more-or-less free press.

The value of free debate, for everyone, is one of the things that the United States can stand for. Upholding that value is one more reason to regain our strength.

—James Fallows



WASHINGTON

JUSTICE IN THE MIDDLE

On the jurisprudence of Sandra Day O'Connor, possibly the swing vote on the new Supreme Court

MOST SUPREME COURT watchers have focused on the views of newly appointed Justice Anthony Kennedy for clues to the evolution of a Court that, with the retirement of Justice Lewis Powell, is now tenuously balanced between predictable liberal and conservative blocs. This absorption with Kennedy is understandable. Yet in certain controversial areas of current jurisprudence one conservative may be inching toward a pragmatic middle ground. In the areas of abortion and affirmative action it may thus be the more substantial record of Justice Sandra Day O'Connor that will shed the most light on the future path of the Supreme Court.

When O'Connor was nominated by President Ronald Reagan to the Supreme Court, in the summer of 1981, some conservatives, alarmed by her pro-choice votes as an Arizona state legislator, strongly protested. While O'Connor maintained that she was personally opposed to abortion, her refusal in her Senate confirmation hearings to reveal how she would vote, because the issue would soon be before the Court, did little to quiet the anti-abortion forces.

By the end of her first term on the Court the anti-abortion activists were wondering why they had raised all the fuss. Although the Court's 6–3 decision in the 1983 case *Akron* v. *Akron Center for Reproductive Health* strongly reaffirmed the right to abortion first declared in *Roe* v. *Wade*, Justice O'Connor wrote a harsh dissent. Pro-choice advocates were of course disappointed with O'Connor's vote, but the 6–3 margin in *Akron* seemed to give them some breathing room. In 1986, however, Chief Justice Warren Burger switched sides in a case similar to *Akron*, retired, and then was replaced by the very conservative Antonin Scalia. Suddenly the right to abortion hinged on a single vote. With Chief Justice William Rehnquist and Justices Byron White and Scalia all set to over-

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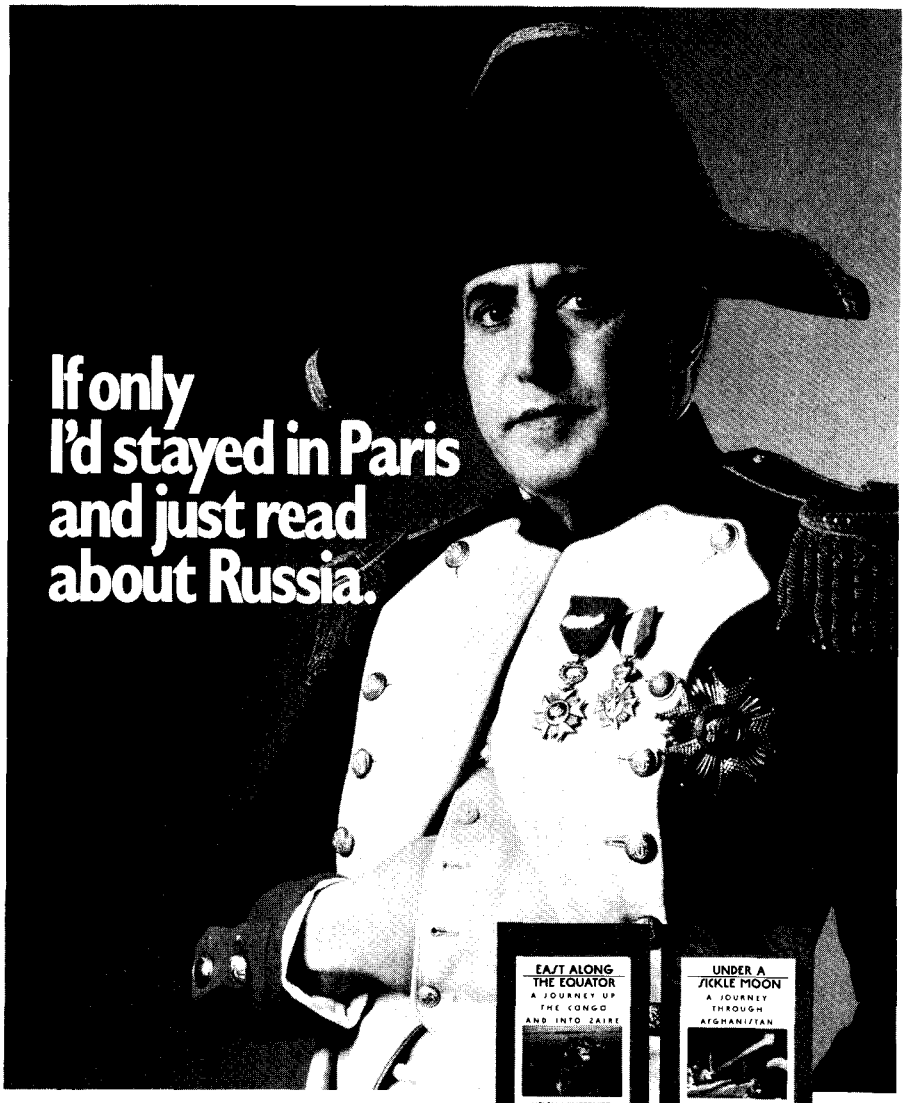
turn *Roe* v. *Wade*, the fifth and decisive vote will belong to O'Connor, if Kennedy joins the anti-abortion ranks.

The basis for the abortion right is the right to privacy. The assertion that matters like privacy, which are not addressed in any specific clause of the Constitution, are constitutionally protected is usually termed fundamental-rights jurisprudence or substantive due process. The recognition of such rights is designed, to quote from some of the cases that established the privacy right, to protect individuals from governmental action that "shocks the conscience," violates "basic values 'implicit in the concept of ordered liberty,'" or infringes liberties "so rooted in the traditions and conscience of our people as to be ranked as fundamental."

Fundamental-rights theories are heresy to strict constructionists like Rehnquist and Scalia. The due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, they contend, by definition guarantees only *procedural* protections. Strict constructionists argue that to ensure that federal judges do not substitute their personal values for the will of the majority they must anchor all rights in a specific clause of the Constitution.

O'Connor has never written or joined an opinion that advocated the reversal of the current constitutional protection of a fundamental right to privacy or a fundamental right to choose an abortion. Instead she has launched a narrower but concerted attack on how the right to privacy has been applied to abortion. The Supreme Court's ruling in *Roe* v. *Wade* established that women possessed a right to terminate a pregnancy, but that this right could be regulated when the state had a "compelling interest" in the health of the mother and even prohibited in the third trimester when the state had a compelling interest in the potential life of a viable fetus. Currently, adult women thus possess a nearly unrestricted right to choose to have an abortion prior to the time the fetus is viable.

This trimester system is the target of O'Connor's harshest criticism. It is analytically unsound, she argues, because no basis exists for finding that a state's "compelling interest" in maternal health and potential life varies according to the stage of pregnancy involved. Furthermore, she finds the trimester system "completely unworkable," because it will hold local governments hostage to changing technology and medical practices.



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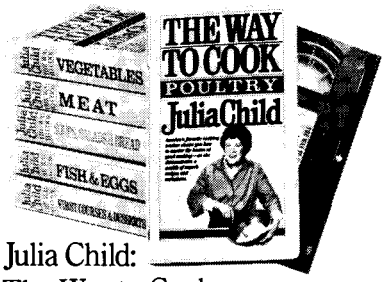

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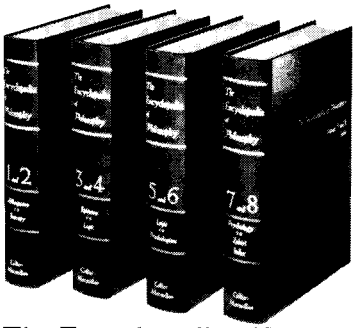

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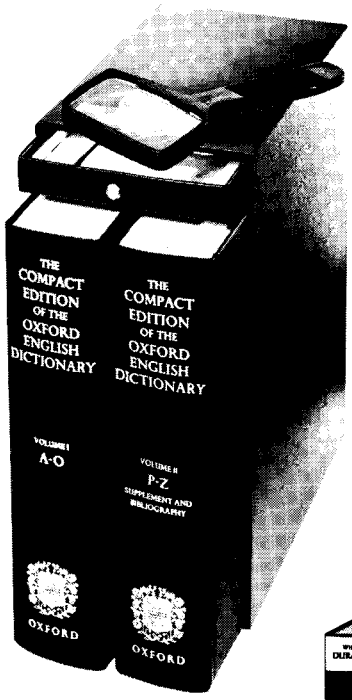

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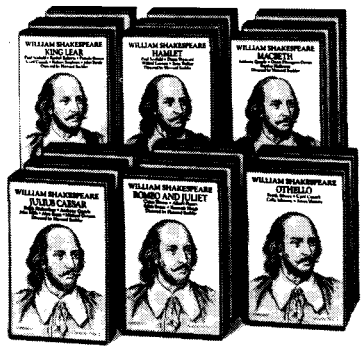

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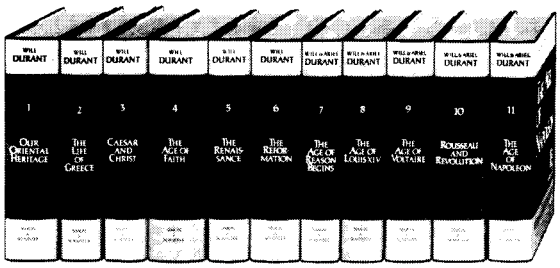

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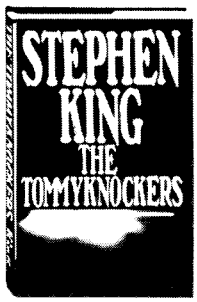

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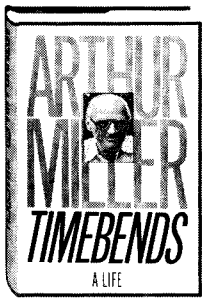

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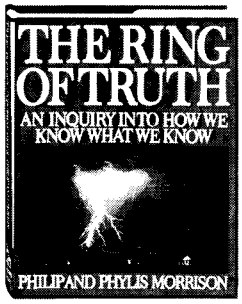

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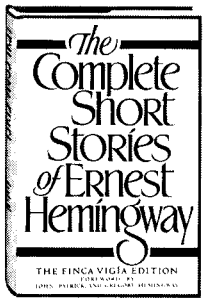

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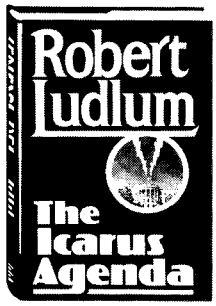

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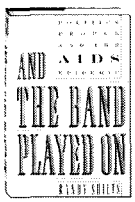
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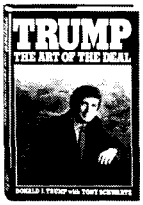

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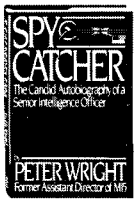

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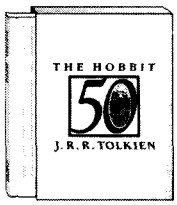

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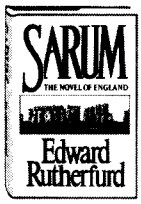

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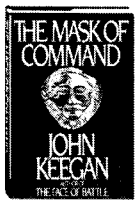

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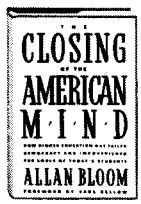

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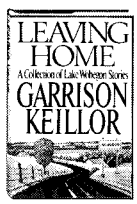

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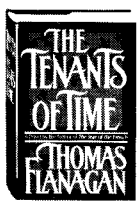

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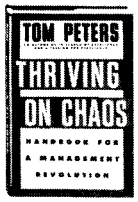

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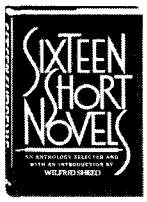

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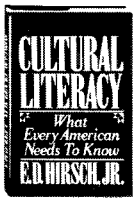

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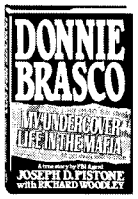

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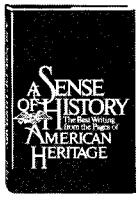

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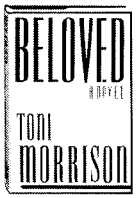

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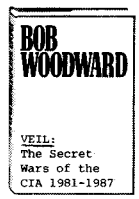

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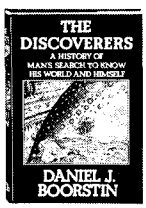

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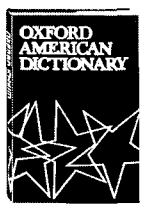

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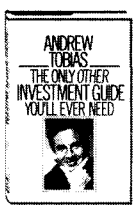

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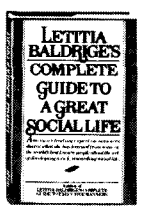

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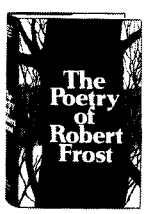

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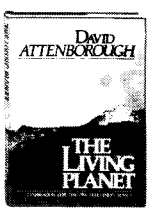

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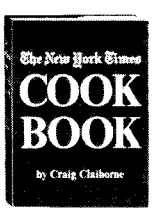

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O'Connor's dissents in *Akron* and in *Thornburgh* v. *American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists*, a 1986 case with facts similar to those in *Akron*, suggest that, given a chance, she would sustain neither the trimester framework developed in *Roe* nor past rulings that have struck down statutes and ordinances regulating but not effectively prohibiting abortions. The critical question for pro-choice advocates is whether *any* right to abortion can survive such a revamping of the law.

The hope that pro-choice advocates maintain for O'Connor stems from her overall judicial temperament and philosophy. She is not committed to a specific academic theory of constitutional interpretation. Instead her deepest concern has been that the federal judiciary—and especially the Supreme Court—operate in the real world, in a manner that furthers democratic principles and promotes the perception and reality of "the rule of law." It is one thing for her, or any other justice, to lash out in dissent against what she perceives as an incoherent or unjustified majority opinion. It is another thing to cast the decisive vote in what would be one of the major constitutional reversals of this century. If O'Connor rules that the Constitution provides absolutely no right to abortion, it will not be a decision that she will make without reflecting deeply. It is worth pausing over some of the considerations that, to judge by the body of her written opinions, she will weigh in reaching her decision.

LET US BEGIN by considering the most *principled* yet painful means of overturning the right to choose an abortion—attacking the right to privacy. In a variety of constitutional cases, ranging over sixty years, the Supreme Court has expressed views in accord with its declaration that "no right is held more sacred, nor is more carefully guarded . . . than the right of every individual to the possession and control of his [or her] own person," to use a passage from an 1891 case which continues to inform the Court's evolving conception of privacy. A decision to abolish any fundamental right to choose to terminate a pregnancy could force O'Connor into the painful position of either having to overturn decades of constitutional law or having to make the very kind of arbitrary distinctions about which areas of privacy deserve constitutional protection that she found so objectionable in *Roe*. This is not to suggest that *stare decisis*—the respect for precedents—would be an absolute obstacle for O'Connor. She has, in fact, explicitly stated that *stare decisis* should not be adhered to as strictly in constitutional cases, where "correction" comes only through the onerous constitutional-amendment process. Few who remember *Plessy* v. *Ferguson*, which blessed "separate but equal" racial segregation, and similar travesties would dispute her on this point.

Nonetheless, O'Connor might still find troubling the degree of constitutional disruption required to establish a *principled* basis for abolishing the right to an abortion. As the Bork hearings demonstrated, many of the strands of the right to privacy have become deeply interwoven in the social fabric of this country. If the fundamental right to privacy has to be abolished to permit a highly principled reversal of the right to choose an abortion, that is a high price to pay.

The second consideration that will figure in O'Connor's deliberations has to do with defining the scope of the concept of compelling interests. Under current constitutional law, fundamental rights can be infringed only when the state has a compelling interest in doing so. While the present framework requires states to ensure that such infringements are as unintrusive or narrowly tailored as possible, no clear standards exist for weighing the importance of the fundamental right at stake. The ramifications, therefore, of finding—as O'Connor did in *Akron*—that the state has a compelling interest in the potentiality of life *throughout the entire pregnancy* are quite severe. For example, if a state's compelling interest can outweigh an individual's fundamental right, the state's interest in the fetus could be used to justify state statutes or local ordinances that criminalized abortions for all women, including victims of rape and incest, *even if* the Court maintained that a fundamental right to abortion exists. O'Connor's broadly defined compelling interest could also be used to outlaw the IUD, which prevents implantation of the egg *after* fertilization.

Furthermore, O'Connor's view that a state has a compelling interest in maternal health throughout the entire pregnancy also has troubling ramifications. Does this mean that the state can deny someone all choice in the type, method, and site of medical treatment any time a particular method is found to be somewhat safer than others? O'Connor's opinions could be interpreted this way even though courts have generally found that people should have control over the type of medical treatment administered to them. The broad consequences of such a decision will be another topic for reflection by O'Connor.

Tempering this apparently extreme view of compelling interest is O'Connor's concern for consistency in the rule of law. Part of her disenchantment with *Roe* v. *Wade* is that the inherent impermanence of the trimester system hampers democratic decision-making while encouraging the perception that court decisions are products of the personal preferences of the judges rather than of the rule of law. It is far from clear, however, that eliminating a woman's current constitutional right to an abortion would in the long run further the notion that we are governed by the rule of law and not by men and women.

Imagine, for example, that the Rehnquist Court abolished the right to abortion and then the Democrats won the White House in 1988 or 1992 and replaced a retiring Justice White or Chief Justice Rehnquist with a nominee who found that the Constitution does protect the pregnancy-related decisions of women. What then? The Supreme Court's reading of the Constitution would likely flip-flop again; abortion would have been a legal medical procedure, then (in some states) murder, and then legal again. Such oscillations would only further a public perception that constitutionality is nothing more than the cumulative product of the political parties' power and luck at controlling new appointments.

Abolishing the right to abortion could also lead to judicial chaos among the states. If safe "week after" or "month after" pills are eventually approved by the Food and Drug Administration and marketed, one can envision their being sold next to Tylenol or *People* magazine in pro-choice states, while in anti-abortion states possessing them would be cause for a prison sentence. Could a producer in a pro-choice state be indicted or held liable for a "fetus murder" in another? Could a pregnant mother who resides in anti-abortion Arizona be indicted for murder if she travels or moves to California to obtain an abortion?

SEEING O'CONNOR as a potential swing vote, pro-choice litigators will be searching for bases to uphold a limited right to abortion which are consistent

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with both her judicial values and her objections to *Roe* v. *Wade*. Do any such bases exist? At least two are worth considering.

One basis O'Connor might accept would be to hold that a state cannot define its compelling interest so broadly that it wipes out a fundamental right. In other words, when promulgating policies to safeguard the potentiality of life in a fetus a state would have to make some accommodation to a woman's right to privacy in deciding whether or not to carry her pregnancy to completion. Such balancing is not uncommon: important individual interests are often weighed when defining the contours of a compelling governmental interest. The Court defines the compelling interest in the potential life of a viable fetus as a right to "proscribe abortion altogether, except when it is necessary to preserve the life and health of the mother." This definition implicitly balances the mother's interest in her health against the compelling state interest in the fetus.

Such a standard would be attractive to O'Connor in three respects: First, states and local governments would be free to set up any regulatory framework for abortion as long as some accommodation were made for the right to privacy in making a choice. Second, the standard would expel all viability and trimester issues from constitutional analysis. Third, it would limit judicial review to a single issue—does the state's framework allow some *meaningful* avenue for a woman to exercise her right to privacy in choosing to terminate a pregnancy?

Another basis O'Connor might find acceptable for upsetting anti-abortion statutes is that they single out women to make serious bodily sacrifices for the sake of another's life. American law has rarely required a person to call a doctor for a dangerously ill companion, or to risk injury or death to save a person's life. More analogous to abortion, no state has ever required a parent to donate an organ for transplant to save the life of his or her child.

AFFIRMATIVE ACTION is another issue likely to focus attention on O'Connor now that Powell has left the Court. Kennedy's record appears conservative on controversial race issues, and Justices Scalia, White, and Rehnquist are as skeptical toward race-conscious remedial efforts as Justices Marshall, Blackmun, Brennan, and Stevens have been sympathetic. O'Connor could easily be-

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come the main target for litigators seeking a fifth vote.

In the early 1980s the Reagan Department of Justice (DOJ) began a vigorous assault, led by Assistant Attorney General William Bradford Reynolds, on the constitutional and statutory validity of any form of affirmative action. The breadth of its attack was sweeping: the Constitution and Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, Reynolds argued, mandated complete color-blindness and thus forbade all race-conscious remedial efforts. The only deserving beneficiaries of civil-rights remedies, Reynolds claimed, were the identifiable victims of specific discriminatory acts or policies.

The DOJ's crusade received a major boost in 1984, when the Supreme Court—with O'Connor concurring—ruled in *Firefighters Local Union* v. *Stotts* that federal courts could not protect affirmative-action hiring gains from "last-hired first-fired" layoffs by disrupting a seniority system through a consent-decree modification. Despite the narrowness of the ruling, the scope of the reasoning in part of Justice White's majority opinion gave hope to the DOJ's crusade, while sending a chill through the civil-rights community.

By last spring, however, the Supreme Court had rejected the Reagan Administration's identifiable-victim standard in five consecutive cases. Although O'Connor objected to specific aspects of the affirmative-action remedy before the Court in three of these cases, she dismayed the DOJ by consistently joining the majority in finding legally permissible race-conscious hiring or promotion plans crafted to remedy past discrimination while minimizing harm to nonminorities. In attempting to stake out a middle ground, O'Connor wrote separate opinions in all six cases. These opinions reveal the issues that are critical to understanding her affirmative-action jurisprudence.

The Reagan Administration opposes affirmative action on the grounds that all race- or sex-conscious measures are pernicious, regardless of who is helped or hurt by them. Civil-rights advocates hotly dispute this view. They claim that our now ingrained ethic against discrimination flows not from the abstract use of race or sex but instead from our sad legacy of using such distinctions to *exclude* minorities and women from the full benefits of citizenship because of archaic stereotypes or beliefs in innate inferiority. Race-conscious efforts to *include* outcast groups in the mainstream, they argue, should not be subject to strict scrutiny, because such efforts are designed to promote equal citizenship and hasten the day when the society will in fact be color-blind.

Justice O'Connor's approach to affirmative action seems to accept the form advocated by its foes but the substance argued by its supporters. In agreement with the Reagan Administration and the Court's conservative wing, O'Connor has consistently stated that the race or sex of the beneficiaries or victims of race- or sex-based distinctions should not affect the degree of judicial scrutiny applied to the measure in question. However, in deciding if a governmental measure is compelling or otherwise important enough for a race- or sex-based distinction to be valid, O'Connor makes the purpose of the measure the determining issue in her analysis. If the purpose is to correct past discrimination or perhaps to promote diversity, the measure will satisfy O'Connor as long as it is narrowly tailored. If the race- or sex-conscious distinction is designed to further second-class citizenship by perpetuating debilitating stereotypes or notions of inferiority, O'Connor will find the governmental purpose inappropriate and the measure unconstitutional. Despite her analytical framework, her equal-protection reasoning is thus not fundamentally different from that offered in recent opinions by Justice Brennan.

This focus is clear, for example, in *Mississippi University for Women* v. *Hogan*, in which O'Connor, writing the Court's opinion, found the existence of a state-sponsored all-female nursing school unconstitutional. O'Connor's constitutional inquiry centered on whether the purpose for maintaining that particular single-gender school was to compensate for past disadvantages or "to exclude or 'protect' members of one gender because they are presumed to suffer from an inherent handicap or to be innately inferior. . . ." An all-female nursing school, O'Connor ruled, was invalid because it "tends to perpetuate the stereotyped view of nursing as an exclusively woman's job."

ANOTHER MUCH-DISPUTED issue in affirmative-action jurisprudence is the degree of evidence an employer must adduce to establish that the purpose of voluntary race-conscious measures is in fact remedial. The controversy often centers on the role of statistics. Affirmative-action advocates often cite statistical disparities between racial and ethnic groups as evidence of discrimination, while conservatives argue that such disparities may be the result of cultural differences, not discrimination.

O'Connor has pursued a middle ground in this debate. She agreed with Justice Powell in *Wygant* v. *Jackson Board of Education* that societal discrimination by itself was not sufficient to justify race-conscious measures. At the same time she also recognized that significant disparities between the racial composition of a work force and the "percentage of qualified minorities in the relevant labor pool" could be used to draw an inference of past discrimination that would justify voluntary affirmative action. This standard recognizes the inherent inadequacy of limiting remedies to identifiable victims: where discrimination has been so pervasive or egregious that minorities are deterred from even seeking employment, there may be no "identifiable" individual victims even though an entire minority community has been totally excluded from a work force or a job category.

O'Connor's middle-ground position is also in evidence in her view of voluntary affirmative-action plans. In a televised interview with Bill Moyers, O'Connor explained that workable standards for determining the legality of voluntary affirmative action are necessary to rescue employers from a Catch-22. On the one hand, where the composition of a particular work force indicates apparent past discrimination, an employer who responds with a voluntary race- or sex-conscious remedial plan could face a lawsuit from white men. On the other, a failure to take such remedial steps could result in similar legal action from minorities or women. Since many of the employers in such cases are states and cities, O'Connor no doubt felt some of the same concerns here that she expressed in the *Akron* abortion case: uncertain judicial standards may hamper the democratic functioning of local governments.

O'Connor shares with Congress a preference for voluntary remedies over court-ordered ones. Of the six affirmative-action cases since 1984, the three that have troubled her most have involved court-ordered remedies that she felt were too rigid. She is adamant in insisting that court-ordered hiring goals not operate as fixed quotas. Hiring goals, she argues, are more flexible than

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quotas because they focus ultimately not just on numerical results but on the employer's efforts to reach those goals. In a case in which the Court upheld race-conscious court orders against a recalcitrant New York union, O'Connor dissented because she felt that the hiring goal too closely resembled a quota.

Although she found the Court's standards in the most recent voluntary case "expansive and ill-defined," in another case, involving Cleveland firefighters, she agreed that voluntary-consent decrees need not be as restrictive under Title VII as court orders. In *Wygant*, O'Connor even displayed passion when arguing that a requirement making employers admit or explicitly prove their own past discrimination before instituting voluntary race-conscious remedies would be unwise, because it would deter and undermine commendable governmental efforts. "The value of voluntary compliance," O'Connor wrote, "is doubly important when it is a public employer that acts, both because of the example its voluntary assumption of responsibility sets and because the remediation of governmental discrimination is of unique importance."

As much as anyone on the Court, O'Connor has focused her affirmative-action analysis on the issue of innocent third parties. Although she rejects the Administration's argument that burdens on innocent third parties are a reason to ban all race-conscious remedies, she feels that the extent of such burdens should be the main consideration for determining when an otherwise appropriate affirmative-action plan is narrowly tailored enough to be legally permissible.

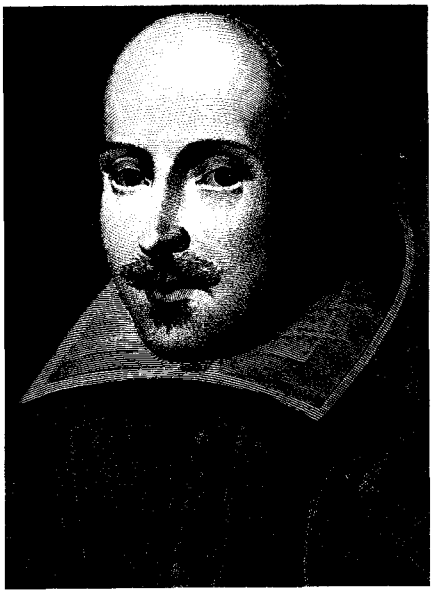
In *Stotts*, O'Connor's focus was on procedural fairness. More specifically, O'Connor stated that innocent employees burdened by a race-conscious consent decree "must be represented and have had full participation rights in the negotiation process." In the remaining cases O'Connor's concern centered on whether burdens on innocent third parties were "truly necessary" to remedy the lingering effects of discrimination. Even in a case involving a notorious history of discrimination by the Alabama Department of Public Safety, O'Connor was still angered that a rigid race-conscious promotion remedy was imposed *"without consideration of any of the available alternatives"* (emphasis in original).

Such opinions by O'Connor, however, fail to recognize that strong measures to speed up the remedial process are necessary to protect equally innocent minorities. Where systematic discrimination excludes minorities from vital governmental departments (public safety, education), the exclusion is aimed at and felt by the affected black or Hispanic community. Thus, the longer the remedial process takes, the longer innocent minority communities are forced to suffer the very under-representation that past bigots intended.

Her focus on innocent parties, in any case, may be of special significance for the message it sends designers of affirmative-action plans: race-conscious remedial efforts that rely on dividing the burdens equitably may be legally sounder than those that impose burdens on a few innocent third parties. Currently most affirmative-action disputes are perceived as requiring painful trade-offs between the interests of victimized minority communities and those of innocent white individuals. Yet there has been little innovative thinking among courts, local governments, and employers as to how to design corrective remedies that are both effective in overcoming discrimination and perceived as fair in distributing costs. For example, race-conscious efforts to cure past educational or public-employment discrimination by *adding* spots for minorities in previously biased professional schools or work forces would use tuition or the tax system to spread equitably the costs of this solution to a social problem. Also, where a race-conscious hiring plan and a last-hired first-fired seniority system come into conflict during cyclical downturns, reliance on work-sharing, rather than layoffs, may make economic sense as well as being equitable.

Justice O'Connor has not yet demonstrated to what degree she might assume a pragmatic, centrist role on key issues that currently divide the Court. Yet the accusations of a rigid, radical-right ideology that torpedoed Robert Bork's confirmation cannot be made against O'Connor. Liberals may be dismayed by O'Connor's conservative instincts, but when the major constitutional issues of the day reach the nation's highest court, she appears to keep one eye on the Constitution, one eye on the real world, and an open mind to judge what she sees. Court-watchers hoping to discern the future direction of the Supreme Court on abortion and affirmative action should keep both eyes on her.

—*Gene Sperling*



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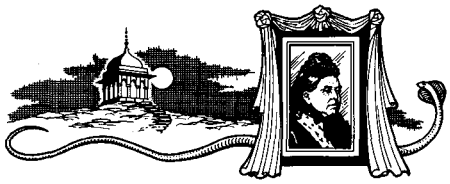
STRANGE TALES

BY JOHN HARRIS

We had sailed from Singapore on the eighteenth and were now nearly two weeks out. Our destination was the Galápagos Islands, off the coast of Ecuador. Our ship, the *Pamela Daring*, was a solid old tub, with portholes under the water. Comfortable. We were carrying a cargo of breadfruit and stopwatches, mixed together. I never knew why.

Shortly after our departure I had fallen in with three fellow passengers: Colonel Clasp, a red-faced, bulbous-nosed individual who was also red-nosed and bulbous-faced; Mr. Hogg-Fayle, a dapper little man who had once sold a Chinese province to a wealthy Texan and now roamed the globe in search of his hat; and Mr. Tims, who had no distinguishing marks and lacked character.

On our tenth day out the four of us sat on deck after dinner, watching the sun turn into the moon (a strange optical effect that occurs only in the South Seas). We were cozily settled in our chairs, and the cheroots that Colonel Clasp had offered us were remarkably narcotizing. We talked desultorily of this and that and eventually drifted into a huge mass of floating seaweed. As the crew labored to extricate the *Pamela Daring*, our conversation turned to strange experiences. Colonel Clasp spoke first.



COLONEL CLASP'S NARRATIVE

"You may have noticed this ghastly scar on my arm," Colonel Clasp said, rolling up his sleeve. "Looks rather like a Masonic symbol, doesn't it? Well, there's a very interesting story behind it." He puffed ruminatively on his cheroot. We all looked out to sea, Mr. Hogg-Fayle searching the horizon for his hat.

"I was stationed in India," he began. "Between Bengal and Madras. Beastly place. I don't know which was worse—the tigers or the sports jackets. And the climate—" He shuddered and reached into his pocket for a handkerchief. He wiped his brow. "Fever," he muttered. "Picked it up in Euston Station. She looked so healthy, too." He paused.

"Well, in this outpost—Mugwa, by name—the natives worshipped the goddess Kali. Red tongue and all that. Ghastly heathen rites—things with knives. Ugly business.

"Now, on the night of the full moon, the natives of Mugwa have a kind of Kali bazaar, rather like a church social. Covered dish, you know—chapati, raita, the usual things. And on this particular evening I was strolling about the perimeter of the compound, not far from the temple where the bazaar was being held. I could hear voices and laughter, smell the incense and the aroma of wonderful food. Finally, I have to admit, my curiosity got the better of me.

"So I wandered over to investigate. I sampled some curry and strolled about a bit. Imagine my surprise when I came to a kind of altar, strewn with flowers and vegetables, and on it I saw a picture of the Queen!

"I turned to one of the native boys who, I knew, spoke English. 'See here, young fellow. What's the meaning of this?' I said, indicating the altar. He bowed deeply. 'That the Queen,' he said. 'Good God, man,' I said. 'I have eyes. What's she doing up *there*?'

"By this time a circle of natives had gathered around us. 'Queen Mother,' he said. 'Just like Kali.' 'Rubbish,' I replied, and immediately reached to snatch the picture from the altar. He stayed my hand. 'No, no,' he said. 'Do not touch. Do not touch Mother Kali.' 'That is *not* Mother Kali,' I told him. 'That is the Queen.'

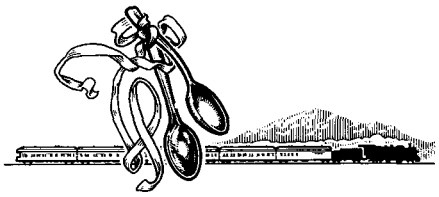
"I began to notice what I can only call an ominous silence. I glared at the boy. 'Hand me that picture. At once.' The boy began to quiver and shake. 'No,' he said. 'That I cannot do.' 'All right, then,' I said. 'I'll *take* it.' I reached for the picture. Suddenly the earth seemed to open at my feet. Blackness descended. The abyss."

Colonel Clasp paused and looked down at the horrible mark on his forearm. "The worst case of food poisoning I've ever had."

The three of us exchanged glances.

"And your scar?" Mr. Hogg-Fayle asked.

"A boating incident," Colonel Clasp replied.



MR. HOGG-FAYLE'S NARRATIVE

"I was traveling on the Lagos-Accra Express—the last of the African luxury trains, and a thing of beauty. Each car had its own motif—the Antelope Car, the Zebra Car, the Dik-Dik Car. I was in the Golden Tamarind Car, slitting open the pages of a Rider Haggard novel, when the door to my compartment slid back and I was joined in short order by five other passengers: a lady mystery writer, a writer mysterious to ladies, a mysteriously ladylike writer, a writer of mysteries for ladies, and a Carmelite nun. We introduced ourselves and settled in our seats.

"Just as the train was pulling out, the door to our compartment flew open and a mountain of brightly colored rags stood towering over the six of us. 'May I join you?' it asked. 'Of course,' whispered the Carmelite, as each of us cursed her and smiled. The mountain hoisted a black valise into the rack above its seat and squeezed itself into the corner by the window. I looked more closely. The rag mountain was female. Silver spoons and tiny bones were attached to the brilliant scarves and rags that she had somehow contrived to make into a kind of burnoose. She must have weighed four hundred pounds. She had a cat draped around her shoulders. I was unable to determine if the animal was sleeping or dead, though she petted it absentmindedly as she stared out the window. Then she roused herself and spoke.

"'Permit me to introduce myself,' she said. 'I am Madame Kohl. A clairvoyante.'

"'How fascinating,' the Carmelite whispered. 'Do you read tea leaves? I

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have a pack of Tarot cards in my bag, and I'd so appreciate—'

"Madame Kohl silenced the Carmelite with a wave of her hand. 'None of that,' she said, with an indignant toss of her head. 'I have no need of these—how do you say—magic tricks. No, no. No crystal ball, no Tarot cards, no tea leaves. Madame Kohl *knows*. That is all.'

"The lady mystery writer sniffed. 'I don't believe a word of it.'

"'Oh?' Madame Kohl said. 'You may believe or not believe, as you choose. But I will tell you this.' She leaned over and placed her hand on the lady mystery writer's arm. 'You thought you were safe, but you are not. There was a chink in the mosquito netting, and—' She gave her a meaningful look. 'Be careful. Be very careful.'

"'I have no idea what you are talking about!' the lady mystery writer barked, as she blushed to the roots of her hair.

"Madame Kohl folded her hands across her stomach.

"'Can you really see into the future?' the mysteriously ladylike writer said. 'Can you predict things?'

"'Madame Kohl *knows*,' she repeated.

"'Oh, I'd *so* like to know what's going to happen to me,' the mysteriously ladylike writer said. 'You see there's this . . . individual I'm simply mad about, and . . .'

"'Oh, yes,' the Carmelite chimed in. 'I've heard rumors that our order will be transferred to Philadelphia. Can you tell me if it's true?'

"Soon everyone was plying Madame Kohl with questions. She silenced us with another magisterial wave of her hand.

"'I know what has been,' she said. 'And I know what will be. And I know something very interesting about the people in this car. But perhaps I should not tell you.'

"'Oh, do!' several voices said at once.

"'Are you sure that you want to know this?' she asked.

"'Well, I certainly do,' said the Carmelite, looking around the compartment. 'I think I speak for us all.'

"'Very well, then,' Madame Kohl said. 'I can see into the future of each person in this car, and I can tell you this: *one person sitting in our midst has no future.*'

"The lady mystery writer gasped. I must admit that I, too, was beginning to feel distinctly uneasy. 'Perhaps we'd best leave the subject alone,' I ventured.

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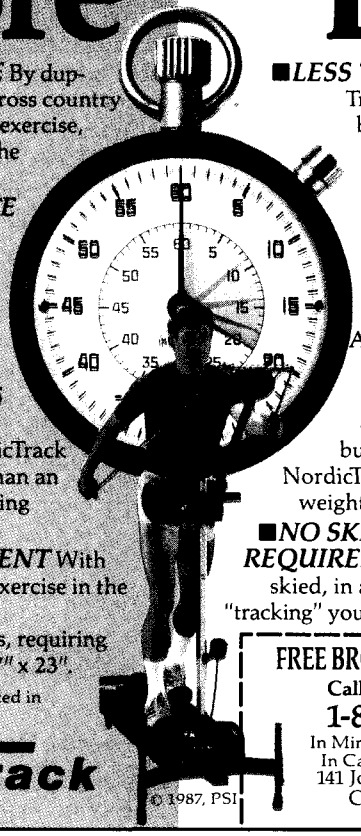

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"The writer mysterious to ladies was staring at Madame Kohl. 'No,' he said. 'No. I want to know.'

"With a stricken look on her face, the lady mystery writer said, 'I do, too.'

"A long pause ensued. Madame Kohl heaved a sigh. 'Very well, then. I will begin with the individual to my right. You,' she said, 'will find true love where you most expect it. And you,' she said, indicating the next person, 'will have many children whom you will personally dislike. You,' she said to the last person in the row, 'will meet your fate someday on a putting green.'

"Three of us were left. My hands had become icy. I felt like a bird that has been hypnotized by the swaying of a cobra.

"'You,' she continued, 'will soon be living in . . . what did you call it? Philo-del-phoia? No. Not there. Somewhere else. Some place that begins with an *S*.'

"'Oh, God, Scranton!' the Carmelite wailed, and burst into tears.

"Now there were only two of us left. My heart began beating faster.

"'And you'—she said, turning to the writer of mysteries for ladies—'you will live to a ripe old age if you stay away from zeppelins.'

"There was a ghastly silence. I smiled nervously. 'Well,' I said. 'That leaves only me, doesn't it?' I thought I would faint, my heart was beating so rapidly.

"'And *you*'—said Madame Kohl, directing her gaze at me—"*you* are the one . . ."

"At that moment the train roared into a tunnel and we were plunged into darkness. I heard several piercing screams, and then felt myself being pushed back in my seat as several of my fellow passengers vainly sought to fight their way out of the compartment. The hubbub must have lasted a full two minutes before the train emerged from the tunnel into blinding light. As we settled ourselves back in our seats, a thrill ran through us. We realized that one of our number was missing. The seat formerly occupied by Madame Kohl was now vacant! All that remained on it was the tiny bone of a bird."

Mr. Hogg-Fayle paused.

"The woman was obviously a charlatan," Colonel Clasp said. "I could have told you that."

"I'm not so sure," Mr. Hogg-Fayle replied.

"Well, she was certainly wrong about you," Colonel Clasp said. "After all, you *did* have a future: you're sitting right here."

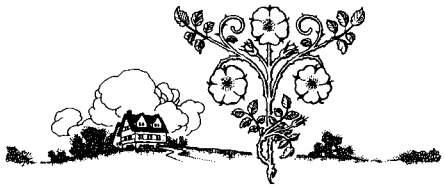
"Yes," said Mr. Hogg-Fayle slowly. "Though she *was* right about one thing: there *was* someone in the car with no future."

"Who?" Mr. Tims asked.

"Madame Kohl," came the reply. "While the train was racing through the tunnel, Madame Kohl jumped out the window."

"Rubbish," Colonel Clasp said. "How could a woman who weighed four hundred pounds possibly squeeze herself through the window of a train compartment?"

"Well," Mr. Hogg-Fayle said with a mischievous smile, "she had help."



Mr. Tims's Narrative

"I was born in East Anglia," Mr. Tims began. "My father was a minister; my mother died shortly after I was born. I grew up in a pleasant enough environment, with my two brothers and two sisters. I'm not especially close to them, though I'm fond of them in my way.

"I attended a preparatory school and then went on to university, with the intention of taking orders. And I would have done so, but I fell ill in my second year and was forced to enter a sanatorium for six months until my health improved.

"While I was recuperating, my father died and I came into a tidy inheritance, which now suffices for my modest wants. I live in Southampton with my wife and two children. I am not particularly happy, but then, neither am I unhappy."

Mr. Hogg-Fayle shifted in his chair. Colonel Clasp cleared his throat and studied his fingernails.

Mr. Tims continued: "We live in a pretty little house. I'm planning to add another room to it next year, to house my collection of Shakespearean flora. You see, I am slowly amassing a collection of dried specimens of all the flowers mentioned in Shakespeare's plays. My collection is not inconsiderable, if I do say so myself.

"On Sundays my wife and children and I bicycle into the countryside, where I search for flowers. Mondays are devoted to efforts to improve my mind. I have taught myself Latin and some Greek—'small Latin and less Greek,' you know." Mr. Tims laughed softly. "And I am now reading Xenophon with some ease. The vicar is my particular friend, and on Monday evenings we often get together for a quiet game of Latin Scrabble over a glass of sherry. The sherry I favor is a little-known variety that my brother-in-law . . . "

Mr. Hogg-Fayle was now dozing, his hands folded across his lap. Colonel Clasp was looking at Mr. Tims through eyes heavy with sleep. The colonel stirred in his chair.

"Yes, yes," he said. "But where is all this tending? The point. What is the point to your tale?"

"Point?" Mr. Tims asked innocently. "What do you mean?"

"What is the point to your story?" Colonel Clasp said, with some impatience.

"The *point*," Mr. Tims said. "I think I see what you mean. What is the point to my story?"

"Exactly," Colonel Clasp said.

Mr. Tims shook his head a little sadly. "Oh, as for that, I am not aware that it has one." He paused for a moment. "Perhaps one could say that this is the result of the ultimate failure of the old fictions."

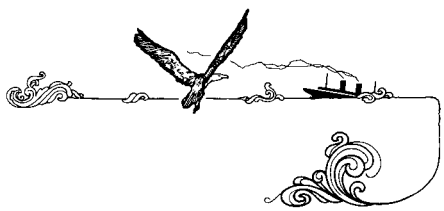
"Rubbish!" Mr. Hogg-Fayle said, rousing himself. "The old fictions have worked perfectly well for thousands of years, and they continue to do so today. I think the *Pamela Daring* will attest to that."

"Here, here," Colonel Clasp said. "What are you proposing, Tims? The new fiction? Can't make heads or tails of it, I assure you!"

"And what do *you* think?" Mr. Tims said mournfully, turning to me. "Do *you* believe in the old fictions?"

I avoided his gaze and looked out to sea.

"Well," I said, studying the horizon, "I would very much like to, but all I can think about at the moment is the fact that this ship is sinking." □



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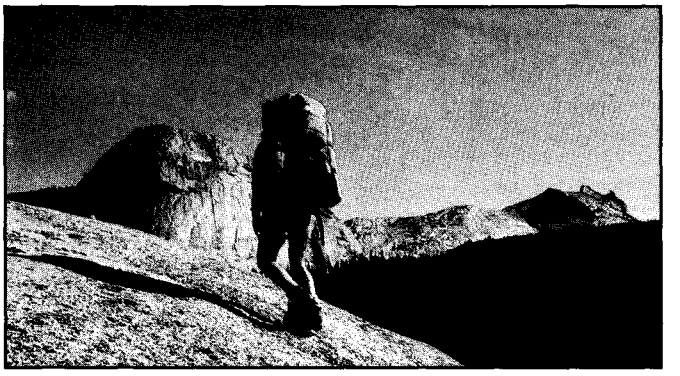

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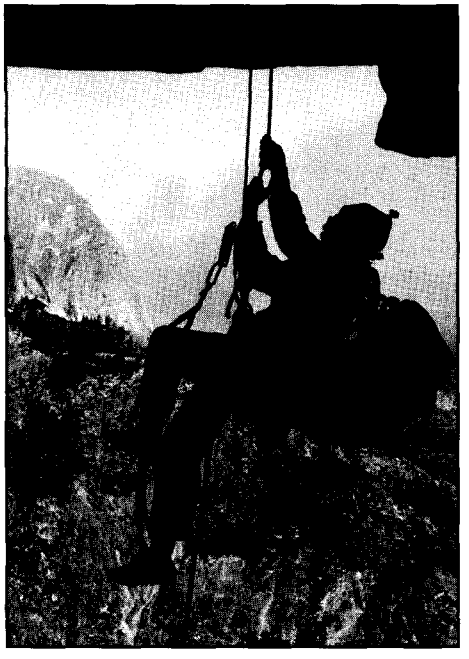

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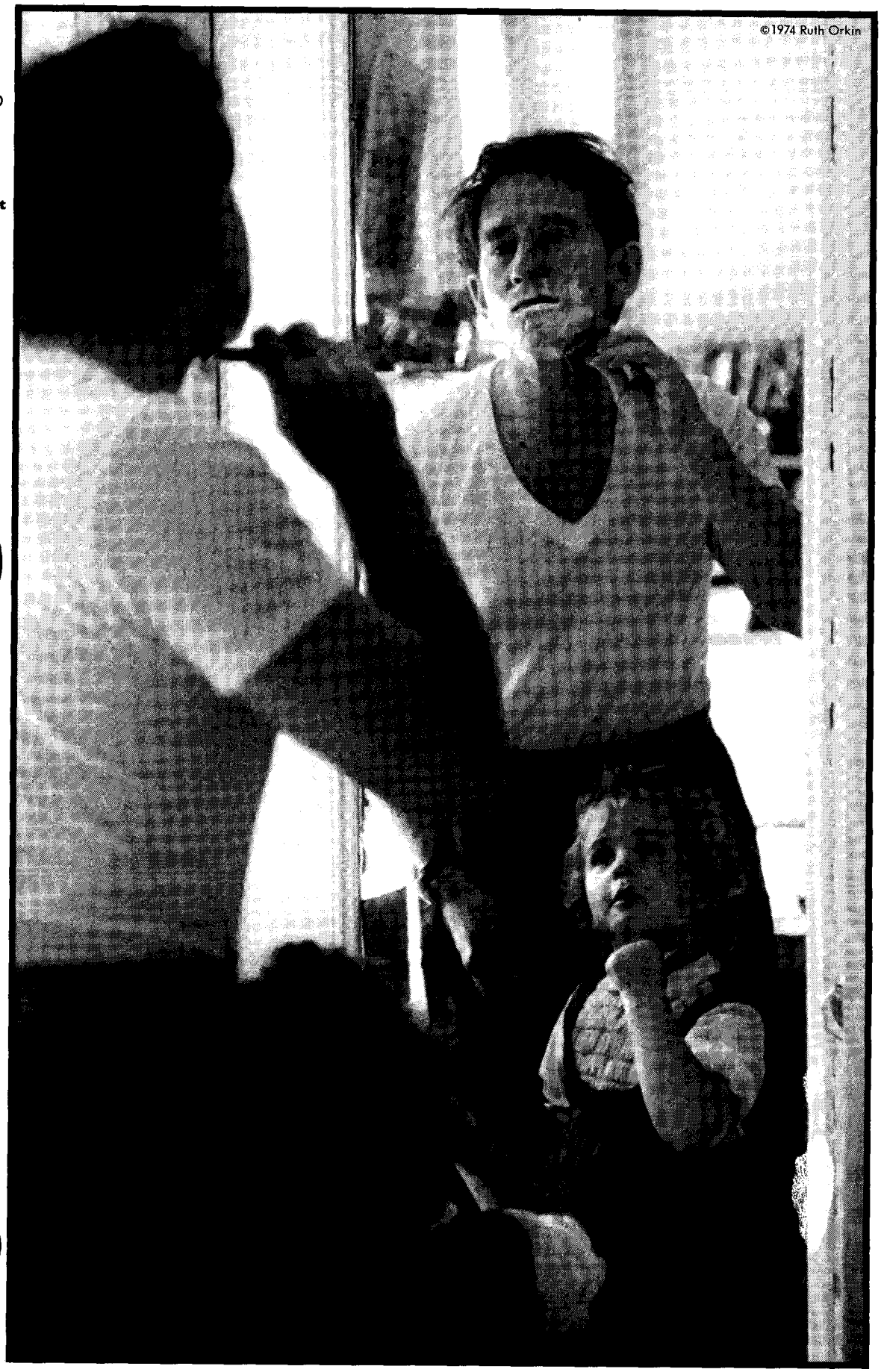

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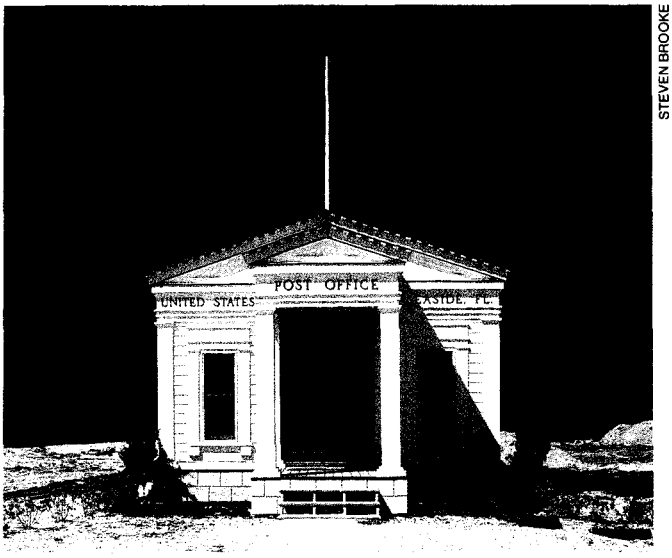
Today's designers of residential areas are increasingly influenced by the grid plans, narrow streets, intimate scale, and convenient shopping of nineteenth-century American towns

A GOOD PLACE TO LIVE

BY PHILIP LANGDON



STEVEN BROOKE

IN A SMALL BUT RAPIDLY GROWING NUMBER OF AMERICAN towns designers and developers are rejecting the dominant modern methods of creating new residential areas. They are coming to view the community-development practices of the past few decades as a terrible blunder and returning to the town-planning traditions of the early twentieth century and before. A new traditionalism is on the rise, and it is affecting not only suburbs but also big cities, where the ideal of harmoniously organized streets and public spaces is being pursued by government agencies and private planning firms. This is not to say that public-oriented traditionalism will quickly or easily triumph. Suburbs increasingly are laid out as strictly private enclaves, inaccessible to outsiders, and many urban housing complexes today are becoming amenity-filled private refuges, divorced from their surroundings. But the revival and reinterpretation of traditional planning ideas are winning close attention from those who shape American housing patterns. With renewed vigor architects and planners are asking, What constitutes a good place to live?

One of the most influential new developments is a little place called Seaside, which sits along a stretch of white sandy beachfront in the Florida Panhandle, about a hundred miles west of Tallahassee. Started seven years ago, Seaside has become the most celebrated new American town of the decade—the subject of slide lectures in architectural schools and reports in housing-industry magazines, and the object of visits from design professionals throughout the United States.

At first glance, what seems to make Seaside special is the old-fashioned, down-home style of its houses. You won't see picture windows, sliding glass doors, or vinyl or aluminum siding. Those and other emblems of modern homebuilding are largely prohibited in this eighty-acre community, where 100 houses have been built and about 300 houses and 200 apartments eventually will be. Seaside, an unincorporated part of Walton County, is, by regulation, a place of wood-shingled, clapboard, and board-and-batten houses with deep front porches and shiny tin roofs like those on old houses in rural America. Cupolas and towers rise from some roofs, giving the skyline a picturesque, almost whimsical air. The houses' windows follow the proportions of eighty to a hundred years ago—predominantly tall and narrow.

For at least two decades there has been a growing interest in "vernacular architecture"—commonplace buildings of the past, embodying folk wisdom about design and construction—and Seaside's houses tap into this even while delivering in their interiors the light, openness, and mechanical convenience expected in houses today. Many of Seaside's houses have living areas that are two stories high, and in most the kitchens are easily accessible, thanks to

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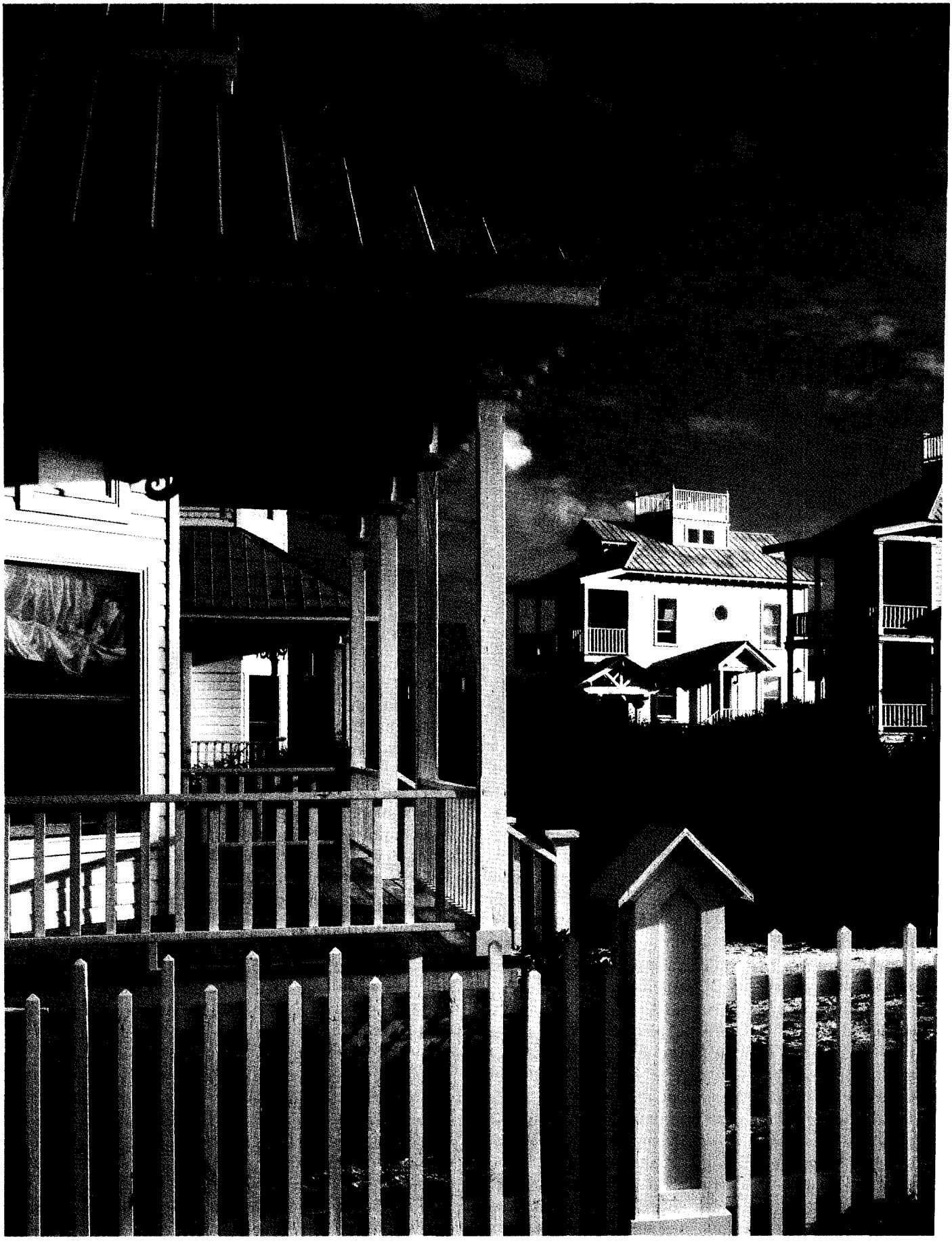
MICK HALES



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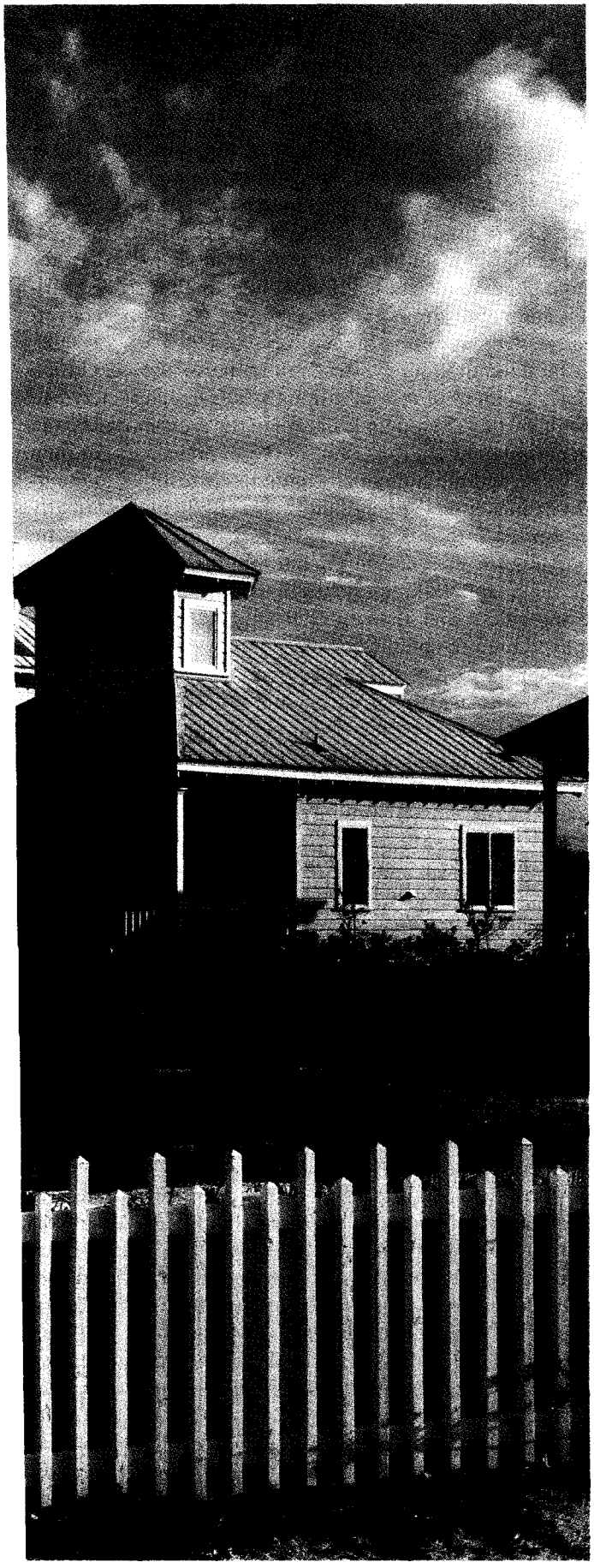

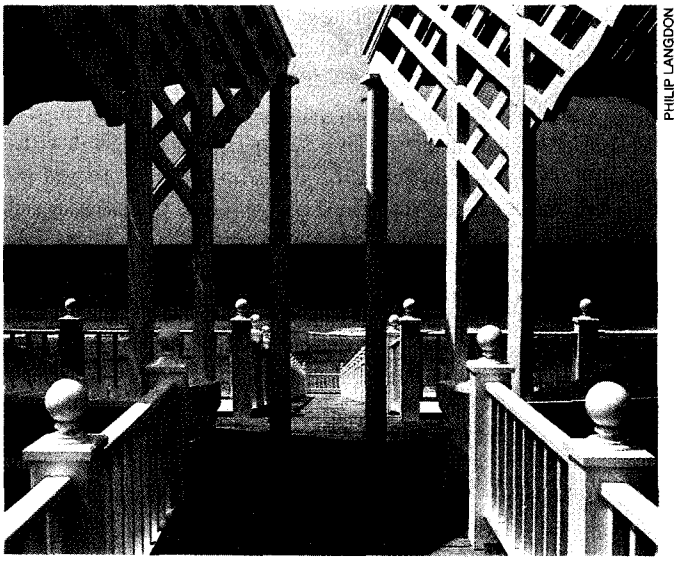

PHILIP LANGDON

Private homes and a beach pavilion at Seaside, Walton County, Florida (Andres Duany and Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk, town planners). Porches and picket fences are mandatory

open interior planning. The windows may be old-fashioned in their tall, narrow proportions, but they're used in such abundance that at night, when the lights are turned on, the houses glow. Ceilings and interior walls are typically covered with tongue-in-groove pine, more handsome and durable than gypsum wallboard.

The goal at Seaside has to do with more than designing pleasant individual houses; Seaside addresses the larger issue of how to create a place where people can live differently from the way they do in the usual suburb or resort area. How can a new community foster a friendly, stimulating social atmosphere? How can it make its streets and public areas inviting enough that people will want to spend time in them? How can it achieve a pleasing visual order and treat the natural environment intelligently while also conveniently supplying its inhabitants' daily needs? In these matters town-planning traditions that have been ignored for half a century are serving as a generally trustworthy guide.

Those who have learned of Seaside in the refined milieu of architectural lecture halls are sometimes shocked to discover what this new resort town sits next to. From the development's eastern boundary to Panama City, some thirty miles away, the seashore is as crass and chaotic as any in America. Lining the highway on the Gulf of Mexico are economy-grade motels, concrete-block convenience stores, mansard-roofed refreshment stands, shops selling airbrushed T-shirts, and a profusion of cramped housing developments, each built according to a different pat formula—Tudor townhouses, weathered-cedar-shake apartments, stucco-and-tile condominiums, gray clapboard row houses, rustic log cabins, and many others. The state highway department, with unintended irony, has put up signs designating this a "scenic route."

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I drove the scenic route one Thursday evening, arriving at Seaside at dusk. Even in the fading light, Seaside was mesmerizing. It looks like a fanciful turn-of-the-century town that has been cleaned, painted, and planted to perfection. Every house built in Seaside is different, but within the variety is a fundamental orderliness, established by the unifying wooden walls and metal roofs, the substantial porches, the proportions of the windows, and a number of other elements, among them the harmonious colors—a rainbow of pastels. As I picked up a key left for me on the porch of the rental office and walked to the pink cottage that would be my home for the next four days, I noticed a number of couples strolling the streets—engaged in the common pastime of looking at the neighbors' houses.

Early the next morning I unexpectedly encountered Seaside's developer, Robert S. Davis, attired in a Powdermilk Biscuits T-shirt, shorts, and sandals, as he pedaled his fat-tired bike to a meeting with a builder. Davis, forty-four, a soft-spoken man with black hair beginning to turn gray, is atypical of developers in almost every respect. Brought up in Birmingham, Alabama, Davis belonged to the Socialist Workers' Party during his undergraduate years at Antioch College, in Ohio, and after graduation he recruited black and poverty-stricken students to that reform-minded college. He later worked for a couple of Miami developers active in the Federal Housing Authority's Section 236 program, which he sums up as "subsidizing the very rich to provide housing for the poor."

Davis had visited the Gulf since boyhood days and had acquired a dislike for conventional Florida resort development, with its uniformly stamped-out housing units close to the water and recreation facilities but far from shopping and other services. About nine years ago he "did the *Blue Highways* number," traveling the Southeast in a red Pontiac Bonneville convertible with his wife, Daryl, to examine the region's old small towns, which he liked much better. Davis wanted to figure out what it was that made the houses in those towns visually appealing and socially engaging. Andres Duany and Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk, a husband-and-wife architectural team educated at Princeton and Yale and now based in Miami, sometimes traveled along, and eventually developed a building code and a town plan enabling Davis to reproduce much of the old communities' physical character.

The eighty-acre Gulf site came under Davis's control in 1979, when he inherited it from his grandfather, who had founded a Birmingham department store. Free of the debt pressures that impel most developers to stick to ideas so routine that they won't startle a banker, Davis built a yellow clapboard house of his own design on a small lot about 500 feet from the water, and began overseeing the gradual construction of what he hoped would become an alternative model for development.

Seaside adopted a requirement that each house have a front porch, because Davis had concluded that front porches encourage neighborly chatting and cooperation. Unlike the strictly ornamental porches tacked on to some new suburban houses, a front porch at Seaside must be at least eight feet deep—spacious enough that people can use it—and must extend at least half the length of the house's front wall.

At the edge of the front yard there must be a picket fence, giving the street an intimate scale and shielding porch-sitters somewhat from passersby. The picket fence must be individually designed, in keeping with the Seaside philosophy of harmonious diversity, and the distance from porch to fence usually must be sixteen feet; pedestrians and porch-sitters consequently can strike up a conversation without raising their voices.

In walking around Seaside, I came to the conclusion that the hopes of re-establishing a front-porch society had largely failed. Few people occupied the porches during the hot afternoons, and after sunset the shimmering light from TV sets and the hum of air-conditioners testified to the irresistible appeal of climate-controlled, electronically equipped interiors, even in a town where most of the porches are screened to provide protection from insects. Of the people I did see sitting on porches, half were occupying side rather than front porches, a little farther removed from the public domain. "Lately people have been requesting of me that I give them *rear* porches," Tom Christ, who has designed more houses at Seaside than any other architect, told me. Bushy native plant life—mostly scrub oak—has been extensively preserved at Seaside, Christ said, and it offers some privacy, especially at the backs of the houses. American family life has looked toward the back yard for several decades now, and Seaside lacks the power to shift its gaze.

But the limited activity on front porches hasn't greatly damaged Davis's ideal of a community that has an active public life. People walk the streets, exchanging greetings and looking at what's being built. The building code, with its clear, systematic guidelines for proportions, dimensions, and materials, has enabled schoolteachers, grocers, and housewives to design their own dwellings with not much more professional assistance than can be supplied by a drafting service for $1,200. At the same time, it has forced architects in their designs to pick up the general themes of neighboring houses.

The streets themselves are inviting. "We started with dirt streets, with oyster shell at the edges," Davis told me, "but the people who moved in decided they wanted brick streets and were willing to pay extra for them." Drivers, seeing the unusual pavement and hearing the rumble of bricks under their tires, instinctively slow down. Children bike freely on the streets, people saunter along them on the way to the beach, and nobody seems concerned about being run over.

Davis, rejecting the traffic-engineering standards of most municipalities, kept the streets narrow. The pavement is usually eighteen feet wide—"just enough for two cars to pass comfortably." Also, he encouraged on-street parking, further slowing traffic. Many homeowners build

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PHILIP LANGDON

The market area at Seaside: streets and other open spaces are designed to be "public rooms"

garages, but they have to be separate structures near the back of the lot, exerting as little influence as possible on the atmosphere of the street. So well-liked are the streets that they have siphoned off nearly all the pedestrian traffic from one of Seaside's other innovations—a network of sandy footpaths lined by picket fences and cutting through the middle of most blocks.

Another appealing aspect of Seaside's streets is that they run straight, rather than in the loose curves that for years have been fashionable in upper-income suburban neighborhoods. This orderly alignment, with the fences and houses set back from the pavement at short, regular distances, turns the street into what Andres Duany likes to call a "public room"—a semi-enclosed outdoor area that feels properly delineated and seems to be a place in its own right, not just a void between buildings. The sense that the street forms an agreeable outdoor room is an integral part of the appeal of great cities like Paris and London and of many sought-after urban neighborhoods. In the Georgetown section of Washington, D.C., Duany told me, "people will pay four to five hundred thousand dollars for a house with small rooms, bad plumbing, and parking two blocks away; it has to do with the beautiful street in front of it."

"The problem with the straight street is when it stretches out forever into the prairie," Duany said. Thus Seaside's streets, after running straight for a few blocks, focus on a visual termination—a gazebo in the center of a traffic circle, a bathhouse and community pool at the end of a boulevard, a distinctively designed pavilion at the end of a street leading to the beach. Some of the streets bend. The preference for straight streets that frame a view does not imply that curves must always be avoided. One of Seaside's streets is a crescent—a disciplined, well-defined curve. The emphasis is on making the street sufficiently orderly that the buildings, fences, and trees along it can form the public room.

Public rooms like these are more lively when they lead to useful places; someone can get a meal or mail a package or buy something by walking or biking only a short way on Seaside's streets. Overlooking the beach is a "market area" containing a tiny Greek Revival–style post office designed by Davis, a bookstore, an excellent seafood restaurant and bar, a refreshment stand where fresh lemons are squeezed for every lemonade, and a little complex of booths around

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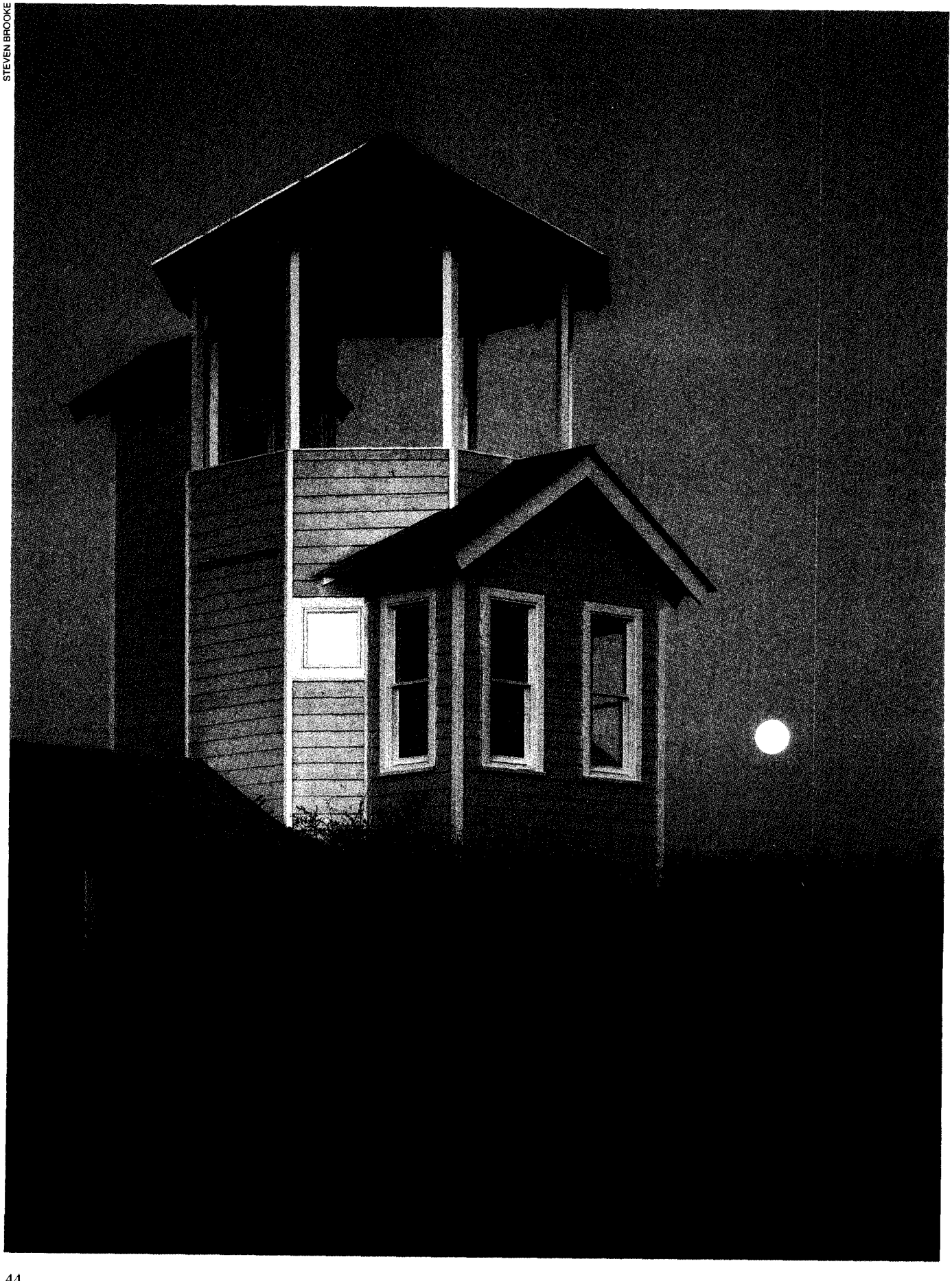
STEVEN BROOKE



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PHILIP LANGDON

Seaside's short, straight, narrow streets and the disciplined fancy in home design foster a sense of harmonious diversity; house at left by the architect Deborah Berke

a brick plaza, selling mainly women's clothing and accessories. On the Saturday night that I spent at Seaside, a screen was put up in the plaza and people gathered to watch the movie *Agatha* in the open air.

A larger commercial area, with a hotel, apartments, offices, a grocery store, and other shops, is soon to be built near the center of the development; this will turn Seaside into more of a full-fledged community. But even now Davis's town functions fairly independently, and somewhat differently from a typical development along the Gulf which is dependent on automobiles. Whenever I was about to meet someone for dinner during my stay at Seaside, I instinctively listened for the other person's car—and then had to remind myself that there wouldn't be any car driving up, because at Seaside people routinely walk to one another's houses and walk from there to restaurants and other attractions.

The opportunity to do without a daily commute seems to be an important lure for some of the people who move in. Although most homeowners are part-time residents who use Seaside as a vacation and weekend spot, I met a few people who had moved to Seaside because they anticipated being able to start small businesses there, within easy walking distance of home. The majority of these people were in their fifties and sixties, and perhaps beginning to husband their energies rather than expend them on daily transportation.

BUILD A BETTER TOWN AND THE WORLD WILL PAY plenty to live in it. "When we started, houses were being sold for seventy-five to a hundred thousand dollars," Davis told me. "But land prices have gone up. Fifty-by-a-hundred-foot lots that sold for twenty-five thousand in 1982–1983 would sell for seventy-five thousand today. And the place has become more chic and fashionable, so people are building bigger and more complicated houses. It's become more affluent. Today most houses sell at from a hundred and thirty to two hundred thousand dollars. We have some houses being built that would sell for four to five hundred thousand. The fact that it has strayed from the original idea doesn't bother me greatly. People are investing a lot of themselves in it. There's a pride of place."

Perhaps the greatest testament to Seaside's sales appeal is the fact that the value of property in the development has surged at the same time that condominiums on the coast nearby have had a hard time attracting buyers. Its success as a real-estate proposition means that Seaside is certain to have imitators. Davis has been lecturing at architectural schools for quite a while, but now he also gets frequent requests to speak to groups of developers and planners. Duany, too, is in demand at real-estate gatherings, where he spreads the message that a more compact, urbane, walkable community, with shopping and employment close to housing, not only encourages sociability and a less harried way of living but also makes financial sense. "The newest idea in planning is the nineteenth-century town," Duany told a conference of Florida apartment developers last year. "That's what is really selling."

And why not? For twenty years there has been a surge of affection for old precincts of American cities and towns. Historic preservation, once considered a hobby of the elite, has become an industry. The interest in old houses has led many developers to incorporate in new houses some of the features that made the old houses appealing. If learning from the past has been valuable at the scale of the individual house, why not try it at the scale of a small town? Many things need to be relearned if this is to happen widely, but the pioneering has taken place, and conditions appear auspicious for the number of revival towns to grow.

A promising neo-traditional development now under construction is the Harbor Center business district in Grand Harbor, a project of Schaub Communities in Vero Beach, Florida. The waterfront business area has been designed by one of Duany's former employers, the New York architect Robert A. M. Stern. "It's meant to be a Mediterranean village," Stern says of a succession of three-story buildings that he has formed into a 1,200-foot-long crescent. The buildings will hug the sidewalks along the main street and form a rhythmic, consistent backdrop to the Intracoastal Waterway, across the street. When visiting ground-level stores and offices, pedestrians will have the choice of walking in the open or under a continuous arcade embellished with small courts. The roof of the arcade will provide terraces and visual privacy for 116 apartments directly above the businesses. In another section of Grand Harbor, Stern has designed sixty-seven townhouses arranged around a series of paved courts with plantings

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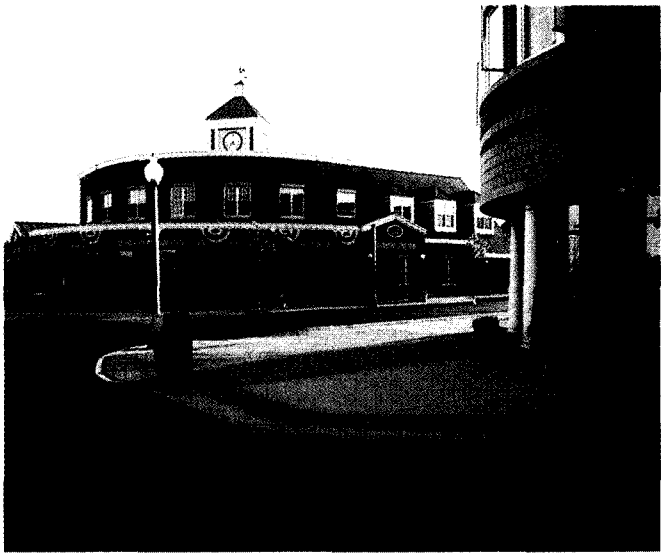

The flavor of a small-town business district at Mashpee, on Cape Cod (Ellenzweig Associates)

in the center. All of Stern's work at Grand Harbor will be carried out in stucco and tile, making it reminiscent of one of his heroes, Addison Mizner, who early in this century designed the beautiful shopping district of Palm Beach.

Another neo-traditional development, Mashpee Commons, whose design principles are derived from those of old New England towns, is being built on Cape Cod eleven miles west of Hyannis, Massachusetts. The Fields Point Partnership, which owns a twelve-acre shopping center and 163 surrounding acres in the town of Mashpee, devised a plan for converting the mansard-roofed shopping center into something much like a small-town business district, with a new town green to be built nearby. Since 1985 new two-story brick and clapboard buildings, with their storefronts opening onto brick-edged sidewalks, have gone up. Across narrow, newly built streets the stores face the shopping-center buildings, which were put up in the 1960s and now have new windows and doors and sidewalks along their perimeter to create an environment oriented to pedestrians. Fields Point wanted to create residential neighborhoods that would be closely tied to the downtown, so in 1986, after learning about Seaside, the company commissioned Duany and Plater-Zyberk to plan a development of homes on small lots within walking distance of the business center.

There are many traditions for the designers of neo-traditional towns to draw on, and the choice of which heritage to use is influenced heavily by geography, climate, and other characteristics of the location. For Riverfront, a 100-acre development of houses, offices, and shops that Duany and Plater-Zyberk are planning south of Manchester, New Hampshire, "our model is the New England town at its most cranky and idiosyncratic," Duany says. A landscape architect has walked the site and is laying out straight streets that will connect important points, resulting in a network more distinctive than a grid. For Friday Mountain, a 550-acre town that Duany and Plater-Zyberk are laying out southwest of Austin, Texas, the dimensions are distinctively Texan, with streets and squares much broader than those in the East. Trees planted in rows, not in the irregular clumps that most landscapers favor, will break up the big open spaces and generate a sense of enclosure for the community, which is intended primarily for retirement-age people.

The 3,500-acre site of Duany and Plater-Zyberk's biggest project, Blount Springs, north of Birmingham, Alabama, is hilly. Consequently, dispersed houses—in a more suburban pattern than those of many other neo-traditional towns—will sit along curving streets that fit the irregular terrain. On the hilltops will be focal points—greens surrounded by a denser perimeter of houses and one or two shops. The most tightly built part of the site will be a downtown containing a railroad station. The designers hope to have passenger service restored on what is now a freight line, to encourage the onetime mineral-springs resort to function like a railroad suburb. This seems an iffy proposition, but in any event light industry is to be present in the community, which is expected to attract a wide range of income groups, from working class on up.

Without question, Duany and Plater-Zyberk have emerged as the masters and the most prolific practitioners of this new-old form of design. Still other projects their fourteen-member firm is currently working on are developments near Annapolis, Maryland, and Savannah, Georgia. The architects were stimulated by Robert Stern's historical studies of British and American suburbs and by the European urban theorist Leon Krier, who advocates a return to small cities on a human scale. Duany and Plater-Zyberk immersed themselves in American town plans from the 1600s to the period of John Nolen, a nearly forgotten planner who between 1907 and 1937 drew up plans for more than seventy-five cities and towns. "We are really concentrating on American conditions and American prototypes," Duany says. "American street space is a lot bigger than European street space, and it depends on trees, planted in steady rows, to obtain its spatial definition."

Duany and Plater-Zyberk have seen to it that the emerging generation of designers is exposed to their thinking. Plater-Zyberk can be coldly academic in lectures, but Duany, who grew up on Long Island and in Spain after his parents fled the Cuban revolution, frequently brings passion to his presentations. He has likened his firm's tactics to some of Fidel Castro's. Castro bought radio transmitters to "broadcast the myth of the revolution" while the dictator Batista still held power, "and the revolution happened," Duany told graduate students at Yale last year. "What we are proposing is to get hold of the radio transmitters of America, of the architectural radio transmitters, and do it that way"—bringing about a neo-traditional revolution in town design. One kind of transmitter is a high-profile architectural school; Duany, thirty-eight, and Plater-Zyberk, thirty-seven, have trained students at Yale,

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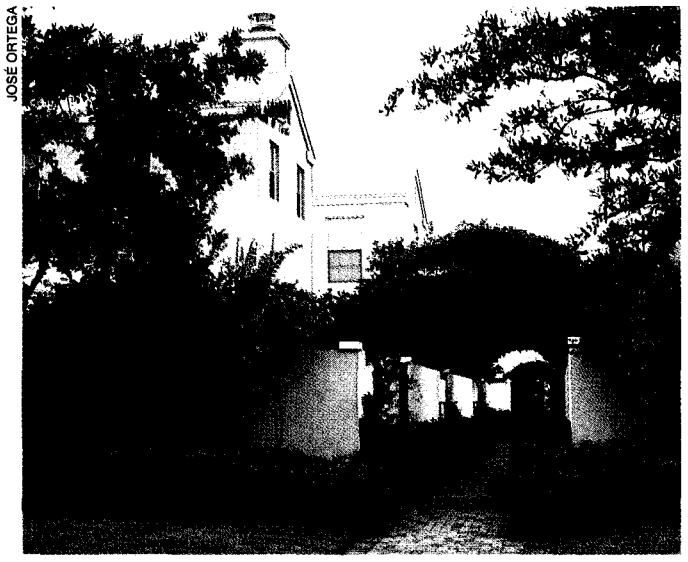

JOSÉ ORTEGA

A development that works: Charleston Place, Boca Del Mar, Florida (Duany and Plater-Zyberk). The outdoor spaces and connecting walkways are semi-enclosed and invite pedestrian traffic

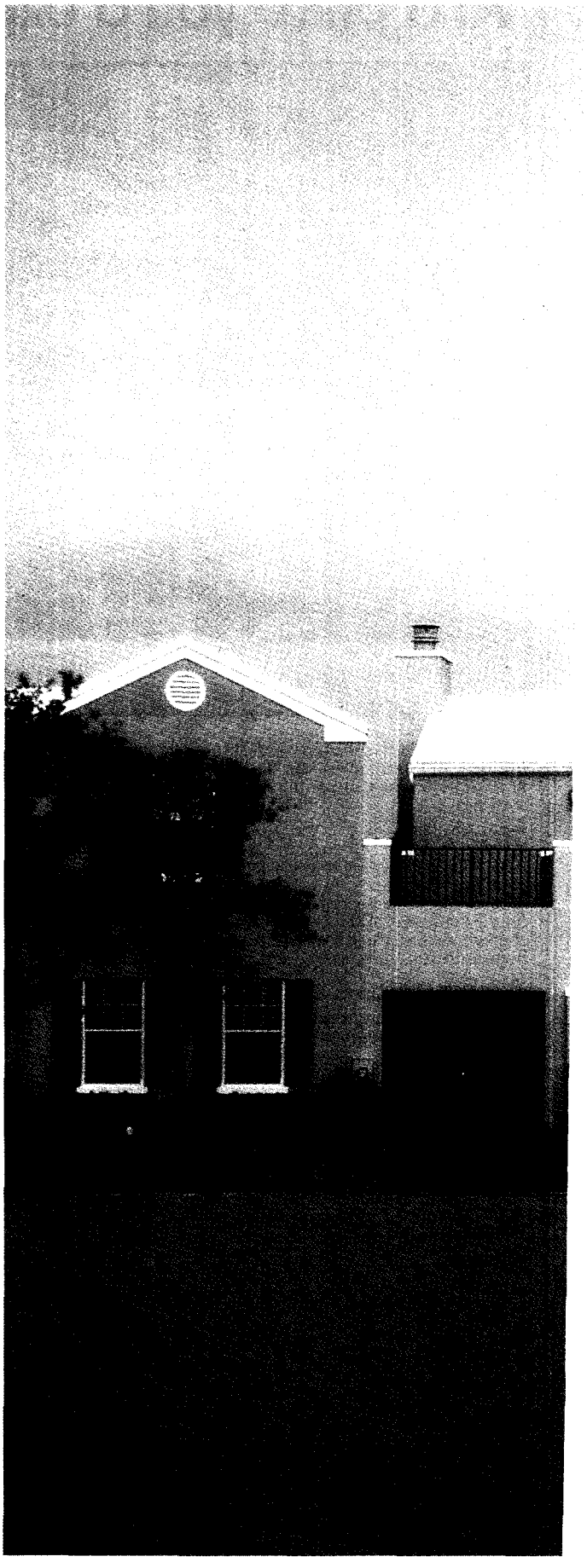
Harvard, and the University of Miami. Other transmitters are the building and urban-design codes adopted by developments and local governments. Duany and Plater-Zyberk seek, and often get, the job of writing the codes; they are well aware that the person who draws up the codes usually wields more power than the architect who actually designs the buildings.

Design Principles

YOUNG DESIGNERS AND INDEPENDENT-MINDED DEvelopers are drawn to this neo-traditional revolution out of disenchantment with the mess that Americans have made of their communities. Even communities that were supposed to represent an escape from dull subdivisions and roadside commercial clutter have been spoiled. Cape Cod, for example, has seen its resident population double in two decades, and the growth has been badly managed. This was the underlying reason why Arnold B. Chace, forty, who became the president of Fields Point Partnership in 1979, decided that Mashpee Commons should be planned on traditional principles, breaking the modern pattern of dispersing population and services in a way that lacks a symbolic and functional center. The shopping center surrounded by asphalt parking lot that Fields Point had built in Mashpee in the 1960s needed to be transformed.

"We both hate shopping centers," says Douglas S. Storrs, a longtime friend of Chace's who is Fields Point's vice-president of planning and development. "We don't think shopping centers are enjoyable places to shop. We like places that meet the full needs of residents and visitors."

To generate the "sense of place" that neo-traditional



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towns strive for, civic and religious buildings are usually needed, and the developer often must donate land in order to get them. Beyond simply attracting such buildings, the developer must position them where they will make an impact. In Mashpee the civic and religious buildings cluster around a new town green with a bandstand at its center. A town library has been built on one side of the green. On another side will be a Catholic church, and on a third side a row of shops. The final building facing the green will be either a town hall, built by the town of Mashpee on land provided by Fields Point, or an inn. In the business district, Fields Point sought, and got, a post office—an important generator of activity. The post office is recessed behind a small plaza bordered by shops. An arcade that runs through one of the 1960s buildings focuses on the plaza, helping to tie the downtown together and give it dignity.

Getting chain-operated businesses to cooperate can be difficult. Most of America is designed according to economic and engineering formulas that have nothing to do with urbanity and social interaction. When plans were made for a six-screen movie complex in Mashpee Commons, the theater operator at first wanted to do things in a standard way, placing the theater's entrance where it would face a parking lot rather than the center of town. However, Orr & Taylor, of New Haven, Connecticut, the architectural firm that was hired by Fields Point to design the theater, was able to persuade the theater operator that the entrance to the complex should be on a public plaza and that instead of having typically long, blank exterior walls there should be shops lining part of the theater's perimeter. "Because of the amenity and street life, we believe this will attract people," Robert Orr says.

One of the hardest challenges for any development that is intended to offer a compact, stimulating, and walkable environment is how to provide sufficient parking. "To make retail viable, you must attract more than the people who can walk to it," Robert Stern points out. "The struggle is to get all those cars there and yet retain the quality that you want." Mashpee Commons employs a typical multi-faceted solution. Some parking is allowed on the newly built streets, which have sidewalks. The bulk of the parking is provided in lots that are broken into segments by rows of plantings and by sidewalks, reducing the conflict between pedestrian and automobile. The goal is to get people walking past storefronts, rather than through undifferentiated stretches of asphalt, as soon as possible.

Many of the neo-traditional towns that have been built or planned so far are in resort areas, but the same design principles can be applied anywhere, including places where people live full time. "The nineteenth-century towns," Duany says, "are completely viable prototypes."

"It's not enough just to look like a town," he adds. "It has to function like a town"—which means that it should be able to govern itself flexibly and democratically. To that end Duany and Plater-Zyberk have worked with Doris Goldstein, a Jacksonville attorney, to develop town charters that encourage popular decision-making after the developer's work is mostly completed. Instead of lawyerly homeowners'-association documents, which usually make it hard for a suburban or resort development to do anything other than maintain the status quo, the documents drawn up by Goldstein allow people to face one another in town meetings and vote on whether to alter the community. If the residents want to knock down a building to put in a community pool, they can do so without becoming entangled in documents that only an attorney can readily understand. "That's the last brick in the arch," Duany says. "I think it's very important."

Most current municipal codes make it impossible to develop neo-traditional communities that mix offices, shopping, and housing and provide compact, tightly defined open spaces. But this can be expected to change as people evaluate the advantages of revival towns. The prevailing "clean" zoning, which tries to separate different activities and contrasting kinds of buildings into widely scattered areas, is due for reconsideration now that the advantages of more-unified towns are being demonstrated. The neo-traditionalists may not have banished all problems, but they are making a strong case: through their designs we can again have a less fragmented community and public areas that are a pleasure to inhabit.

The Pretty, Reclusive Life of the Master-Planned Suburb

WHAT THE DESIGNERS OF NEO-TRADITIONAL SMALL towns would really like to reorganize is the American suburb. The suburbs are where about 40 percent of Americans live, and the neo-traditionalists see the prevailing suburban layouts as causing daily frustration. Andres Duany and Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk, among other designers, find fault particularly with master-planned suburban communities, which since the 1960s, when they began to flourish, have often been depicted as a thoughtful alternative to the more prosaic American pattern of houses plunked down on treeless land and sharing few amenities.

Master-planned communities—usually called planned-unit developments—provide an organized, comprehensively designed environment with a character that people will pay extra to get. Since the late 1960s, according to *Builder*, the magazine of the National Association of Home Builders, approximately 100,000 planned-unit developments have been built in the United States. They range from one to 53,000 acres and have three traits in common: shared amenities, building and design restrictions, and a flexible zoning plan that provides common open space, often in compensation for clusters of higher-density housing in part of the development.

Today planned-unit developments are home to one tenth of America's population. Some of the newer ones are lavish indeed. "The evolution of planned communities has gotten to the point where people are looking for high-

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PHILIP LANGDON

Boca Pointe, Boca Raton, Florida (various architects): mailbox clusters are not enough

er-quality amenities," says Henry Skokowski, the president of Urban Design Studio, a firm in West Palm Beach, Florida, which lays out developments in several counties on Florida's Atlantic coast. Probably the most extreme example of amenity-upgrading is the recent trend toward building "equestrian communities," developments with horseback-riding facilities. These have been built or planned in such places as Scottsdale, Arizona; St. George, Utah; Lake County, Illinois; and the outskirts of San Diego. The nation's premier equestrian community is the Palm Beach Polo and Country Club, which sprawls across 2,200 acres of flat Florida terrain, a dozen miles inland from the Palm Beach International Airport. Palm Beach Polo, as it's known, is a tract on which homes ranging from $200,000 townhouses to individually designed houses that sell for over $1 million are augmented by extensive recreational amenities, most notably ten polo fields, two practice fields, and a yellow-striped polo stadium. To avoid missing affluent homebuyers who are not entranced with polo, the development offers forty-five holes of golf, two croquet lawns, and other elements of the leisure landscape as well.

At Boca Pointe, a less expensive, 1,019-acre development in Boca Raton, Florida, 40 percent of the site consists of parks, greenbelts, lakes, and fairways, many of which have been stretched out so that they are on display through the glassy rear walls of the houses. "First choice is a water view, second is a golf-course view," says Rhoda Charles, the marketing director of the development, where prices start at slightly above $100,000 for a two-bedroom, two-bath garden apartment and mount in many steps to more than $900,000 for the most expensive custom houses. Clubhouses and recreation centers for racquet sports, swimming, aerobics, and other forms of exercise contribute importantly to the marketing of Boca Pointe and of many other planned-unit developments across the country.

The builders of master-planned developments, like the builders of neo-traditional towns, are fond of saying that they are creating "communities." The method by which they are doing this, however, often involves setting the master-planned community physically apart from its neighbors. Unlike Seaside, which has purposely connected its streets to those of an adjoining older development, suburban planned-unit developments take pride in being

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self-contained. Nearly every section of Boca Pointe sits behind gates supervised by guards. Throughout the United States gates are rapidly gaining acceptance, especially in upper-income and retirement developments, where they are usually supervised around the clock by guards or operated by security codes. In less expensive housing the developer more frequently builds an elaborate entrance, with or without a gatehouse, and lets the residents decide whether to pay to staff it.

So widespread is the trend toward impressive entrances and security checkpoints that *Builder* last year published recommendations on how to design them. "A project entry will have greater visual impact and feel more inviting to prospects if it's set back from the street," the magazine's "Design Workshop" advised. Embodying this sales-winning principle, the entrances at Boca Pointe sweep back from the street, often in the form of long, curving stucco walls embellished with fountains, waterfalls, flowers, and palm trees. The lavish landscape features punctuate the transition from public world to private enclave, and promise a community within. Whether a genuine functioning community actually exists behind the checkpoints is another matter.

Certainly the landscape on view within the enclave is meant to project an image of community. Often the outdoor environment avoids the anonymity of standard municipal-grade street furnishings. It's not uncommon to find the stop signs and street signs made of sandblasted wood instead of metal. Streetlights are ornamental and close to the ground, on a human scale, like many of the beautiful streetlights used in American cities in the early years of the century. Mailboxes are sometimes treated as an important design element; in parts of Boca Pointe clusters of mailboxes sit under green canvas awnings in the center of landscaped cul-de-sacs. The sidewalks and driveways may be concrete that has been shaped to resemble stone and stained to complement the colors of the houses, whose walls and roofs have been given a consistent, coordinated appearance. Plantings are designed to weave the front yards into a seamless, meandering garden, maintained by the homeowners' association. All of this, Rhoda Charles says, "contributes to a very secure and charming enclave versus a more accessible, open kind of community."

But what is immediately apparent is the scarcity of informal socializing within many of the enclaves. On a mild evening I drove through one section after another of Boca Pointe, where some 2,000 houses and apartments have been sold, and saw hardly anyone out walking or in conversation with neighbors. The landscape's beauty felt embalmed. From Boca Pointe, I drove to Charleston Place, a nearby neo-traditional development that Duany and Plater-Zyberk, extrapolating from the development patterns of old sections of Charleston, South Carolina, had laid out with orderly rows of townhouses closely facing narrow, straight streets. In this suburban development people were out walking in twos, threes, and fours, many of them chatting with their neighbors. Some were strolling along narrow linear walkways of brick, which run behind the walled back yards and have rose trellises above them.

The well-defined, pedestrian-oriented outdoor space helps Charleston Place generate informal community activity, not simply a community image. A major defect of the shared outdoor space in planned-unit developments is that it is rarely defined tightly enough to invite people. The buildings, even when beautiful, are not arranged to create places that feel semi-enclosed and therefore special.

The streets and walkways in suburban planned-unit developments suffer from another deficiency as well: they connect to few of the things that people need in their everyday lives. Recreational features may be abundant, but they are not necessarily within walking distance. For example, in Boca Pointe, where there are twenty-two separate residential areas, a brochure for one of them boasts, "El Dorado is the only community within Boca Pointe to have direct, permanent walking access to the Tennis and Aquatic Center and the Country Club."

This lack of connection except by automobile stems partly from a procedure by which the developments are commonly laid out. Often the land planner first fixes the location of major components, such as the curvy spine road, the recreational amenities, and separate residential areas. Then each residential area is assigned a builder, who lays out the streets and walkways in virtual isolation from the residential areas nearby. Early in the construction process a residential area, often ten to twenty acres, is called a building pod. When the builder's model homes are ready for the public, the terminology suddenly changes, like a frog turning into a prince: the pod becomes a "village" with a kiss from the marketing staff. The size of the village frequently reflects the developer's desire for a certain housing density and the builder's desire for a tract that can comfortably be brought to market in two years or so. But the result is often a village too small to have services within its boundaries and too isolated to provide easy pedestrian access to services outside.

A PLANNED-UNIT DEVELOPMENT WOULD NOT NECessarily have to emulate a neo-traditional town to avoid this problem. Master-planned communities could simply learn from the most admired "new towns" begun in the 1960s, such as Columbia, Maryland, and Miami Lakes, northwest of Miami, Florida. In Columbia the size of residential areas was determined primarily by the number of households needed to support an elementary school. The Rouse Company, as developer, insisted that within a block of the school there be a swimming pool, a community building, and a convenience store, and that people be able to walk or bike to these facilities without crossing any major streets. Three to five neighborhoods made up a village, which offered more facilities, including a supermarket, a bank branch, and other businesses—also accessible by the community's forty-seven miles of walking and biking paths, as well as by car.

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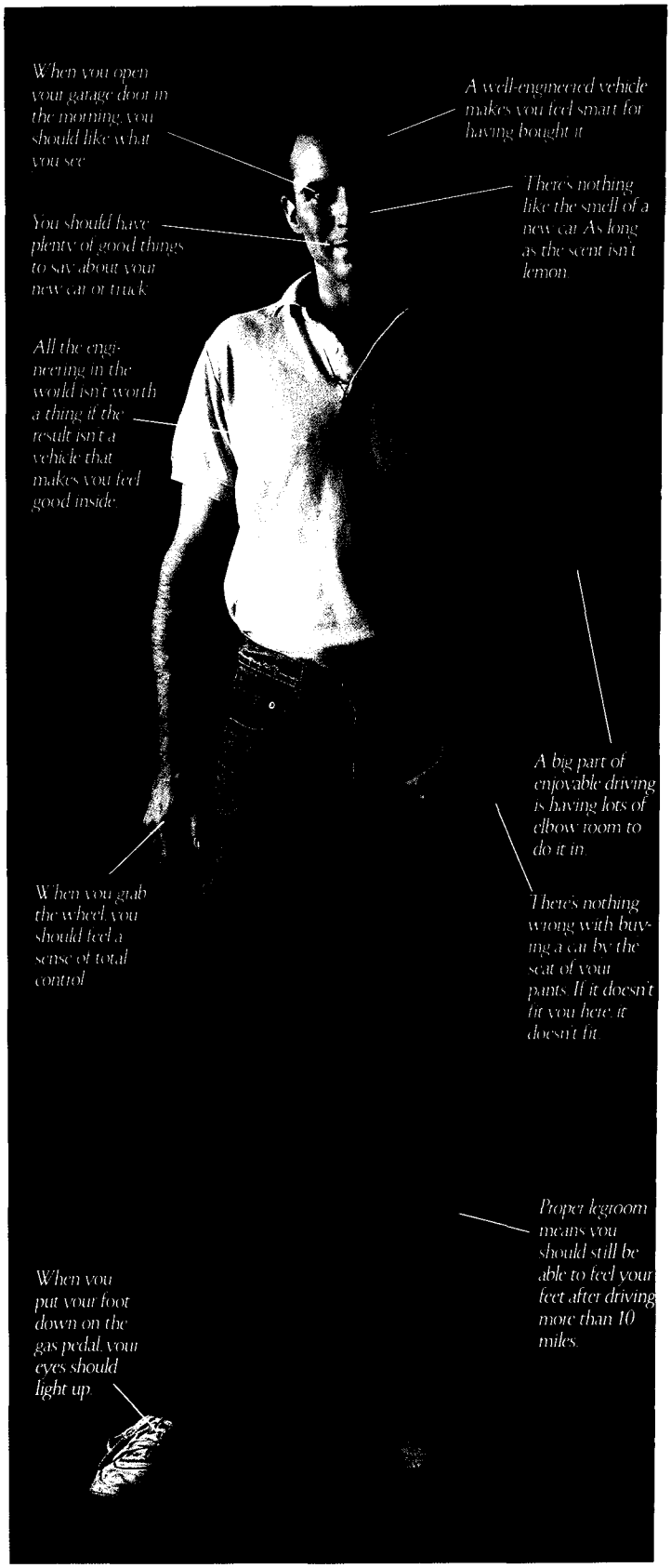
Nissan® manufactures and assembles

cars and trucks in 21 countries. From America to Australia. From Peru to Portugal. From Malaysia to Mexico.

And if we've learned anything from the millions of people around the world who are driving Nissans, it's that there are some universally desirable things a car or truck should be.

It should be functional, without looking it. It should be sophisticated, without being complicated. It should be reliable, without being boring.

It should be able to take on the jungles



*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, excluding taxes, title, license and destination charges.

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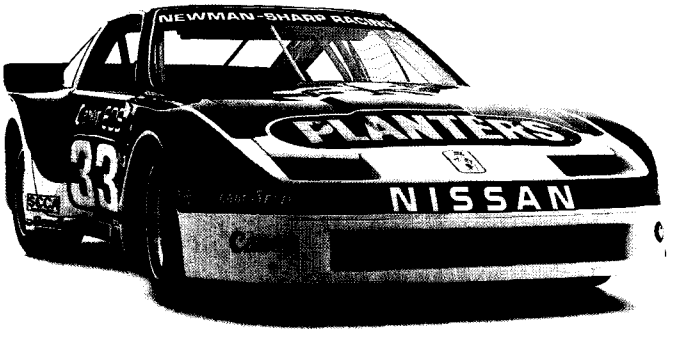
In Race.

of Peru. And the jungle of New York. Summer in the Sahara. And winter in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

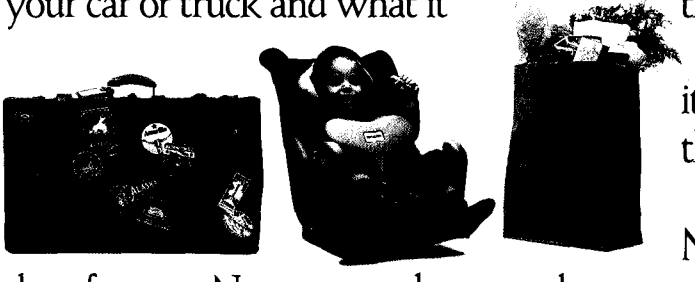
But above all, it should feel as if it were custom-built for you. At Nissan, we call this personal approach to automotive design Human Engineering.™

And it means a lot more than just radio knobs that are an arm's reach away.



It means everything about the vehicle works for you. From the way the mirrors adjust, to the way the transmission shifts, to the way the jack works.

So no matter who you are, or how you use your Nissan, the end result is always the same. You feel good about your car or truck and what it

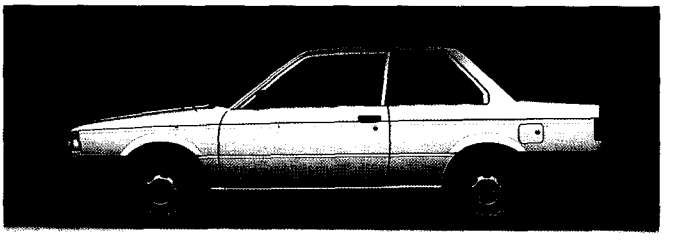


does for you. No matter what you do.

In striving to build these kinds of vehicles, the kind that perfectly fit the way you live, Nissan faces some very diverse and difficult engineering challenges.

In the case of the Newman-Sharp 300ZX Turbo race car, it's building the fastest car possible.

The 200SX, with its optional fuel-injected V6 engine delivers outstanding performance for the price. It's a real son of a Z.



Anyone can build a great car for $50,000. Doing it for $6,499 is another story. And Nissan wrote the book with the versatile and reliable Sentra.*

Nissan Hardbody™ Trucks have changed the way the world thinks about truck design. With 4x4's, 2WD's, King Cabs,® long beds, standard beds and more.

In the case of the Sentra,™ it's building the most economical car possible.

In the case of the modular Pulsar® NX, it's building a car that's actually more cars than you thought possible.

Yet, of all the things engineered into Nissan vehicles, we're most proud of the one thing we haven't engineered out of them.

The pure pleasure of driving one.

Because at Nissan, we never forget why we build cars and trucks.

Or, who we build them for.

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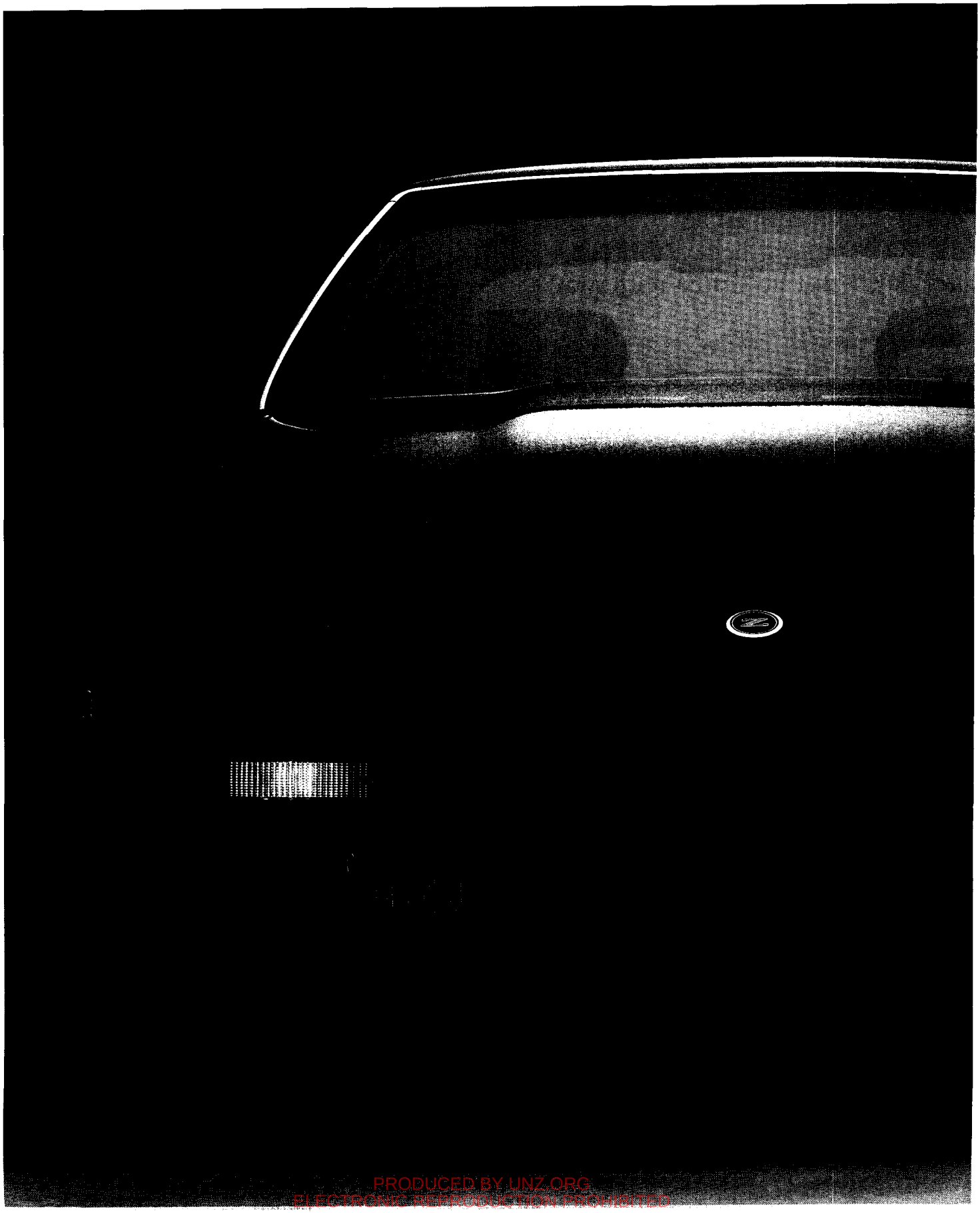
Some human needs are



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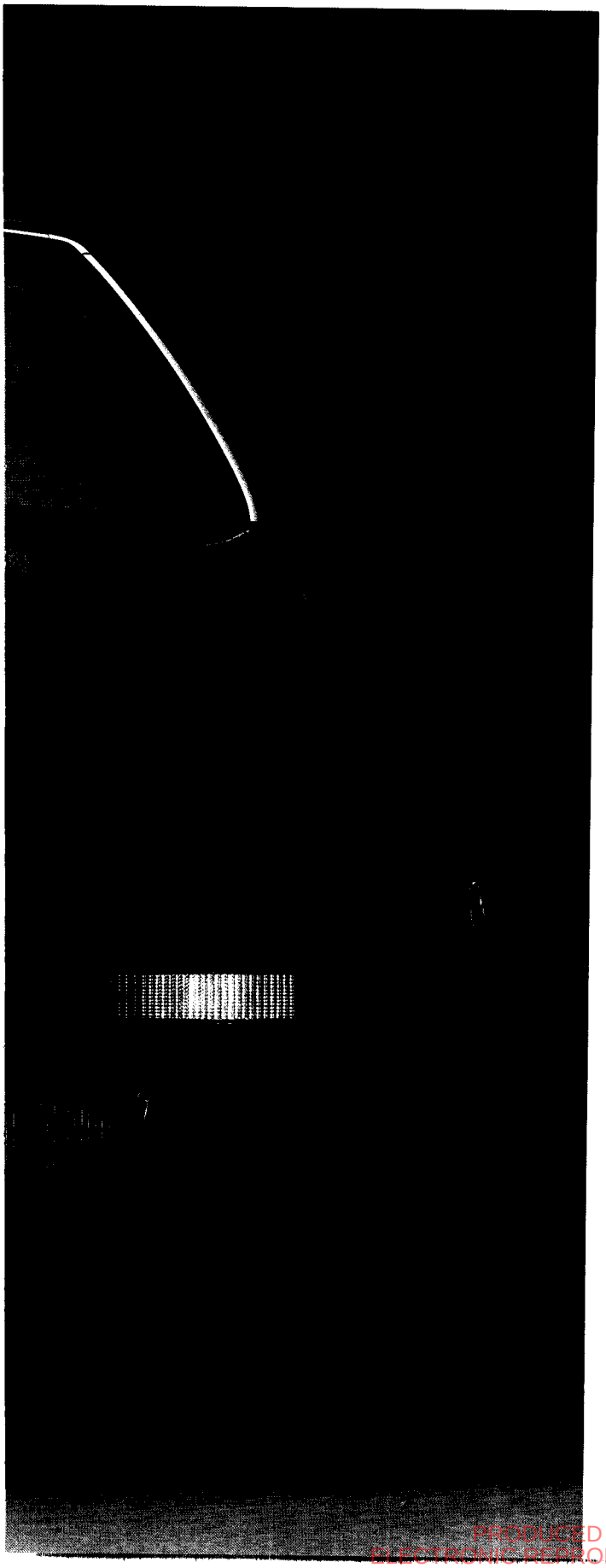
more basic than others.



According to psychologists, there are six basic human needs. Food, water, shelter, warmth, sleep and affection.

According to Nissan®, there's also a seventh need: the need for pure, unadulterated fun. The kind of basic need that can only be satisfied by driving our 300ZX.

The 1988 ZX is the finest Z-Car ever. The result not so much of radical changes but of subtler, more evolutionary ones.

Or to put it another way, "If it isn't broken, don't fix it."

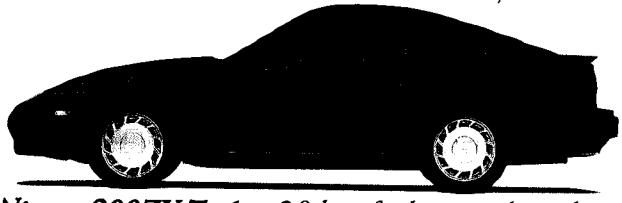
But we think you'll appreciate the improvements that were made. The 3.0 liter, fuel-injected overhead cam V6, for example, has been modified for even more power. As in, 165 horsepower in normally-aspirated trim, and 205 horsepower when turbocharged. Resulting in performance which is, as we've been known to say, "awesome."

On the outside of the 5-speed turbo model, you'll find new 16-inch alloy wheels as well as Goodyear® Eagle® tires.

Inside, there's cruise control, and a 4-speaker AM/FM stereo cassette with Dolby® B-type noise reduction.

All of which makes the 1988 ZX incredibly fun to drive.

And if that's not a basic need, what is?



Nissan 300ZX Turbo. *3.0-liter, fuel-injected overhead cam V6 delivers 205 horsepower.*

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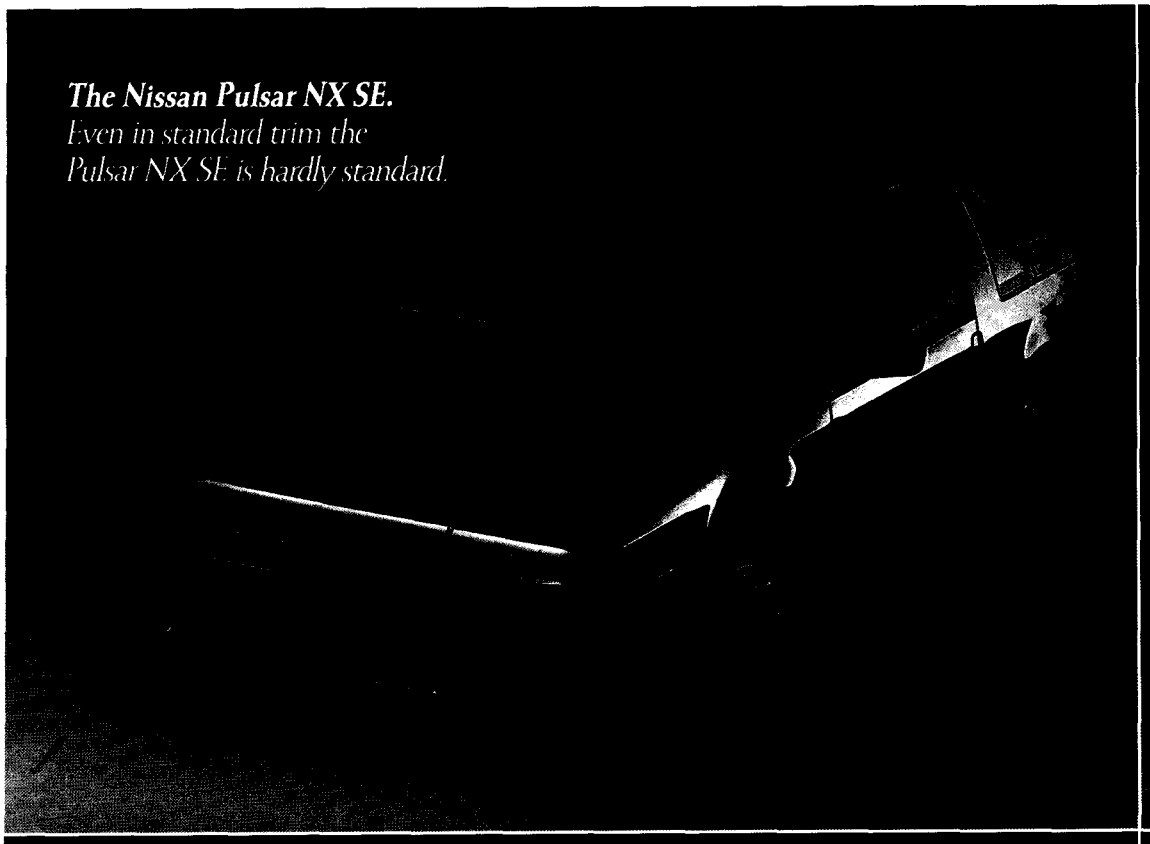
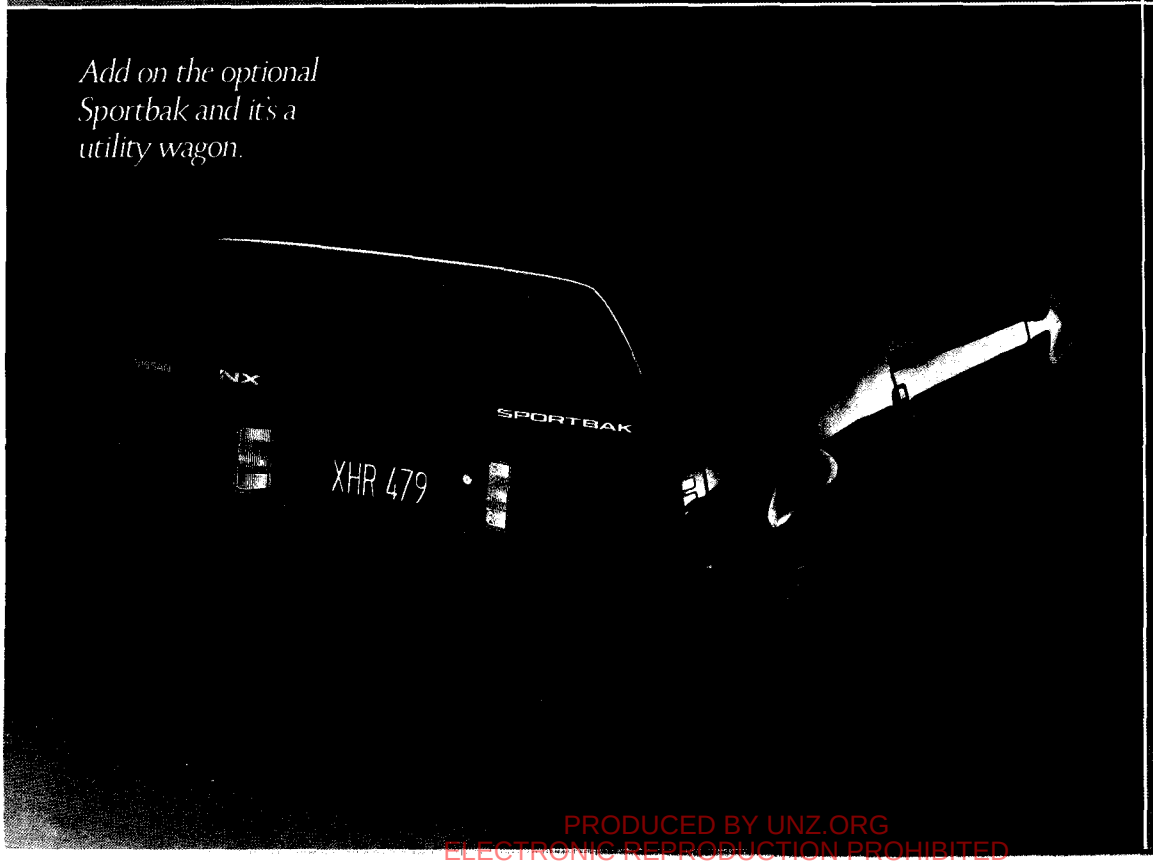
At a time wher
no personality, he

The Nissan Pulsar NX SE.
Even in standard trim the Pulsar NX SE is hardly standard.



Take off the T-tops and rear hatch, and it's a convertible.

Add on the optional Sportbak and it's a utility wagon.



Take off the T-tops a add on the Sportbak, it's like nothing else.

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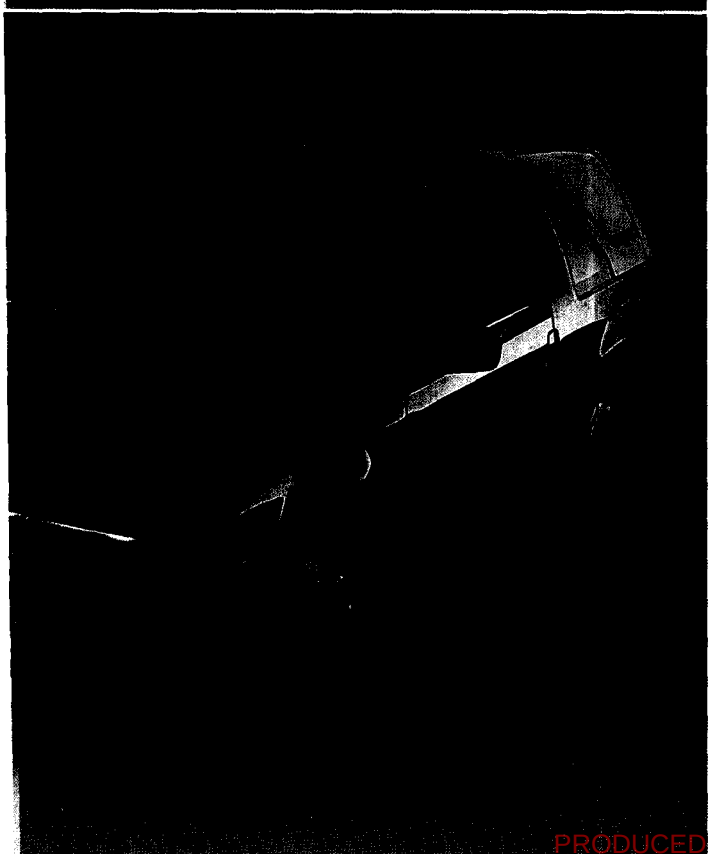
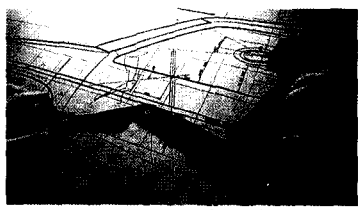
nany cars have
's one with several.



At Nissan®, we've always appreciated one fact about human nature.

While it's only natural for people to want to own several cars, it's also only natural to be able to afford just one.



An important part of our Human Engineering™ is giving people exactly what they want at a price they can afford.

Which brings us to the 1988 Pulsar® NX.

A car that can change what it is as quickly as you can change what you want it to be.

For example, if you want a sporty pickup, simply take off the rear hatch.

If you want the feel of a convertible, simply remove the standard T-tops.

And if you want to drive a car that's just plain fun to drive, simply do none of the above. And drive it as is.

You can also equip your Pulsar NX with our optional Sportbak.™ And turn it into a roomy utility wagon.

Now that you know all the ways you can drive a Pulsar NX, let us tell you how it drives. Beautifully.

The Pulsar NX SE is equipped with a powerful 125-horsepower, 1.8 liter, DOHC 16-valve fuel-injected engine. An aerodynamic body. And an interior with more room than you can shake a leg at.

The modular Pulsar NX. What kind of car is it? What kind of car do you want?

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How to justify pay a luxury perf

For some people, status means having the privilege of spending $27,000 for a car that comes from a European country.

At the heart of the GXE is the same V6 engine you'll find at the heart of our 300ZX.

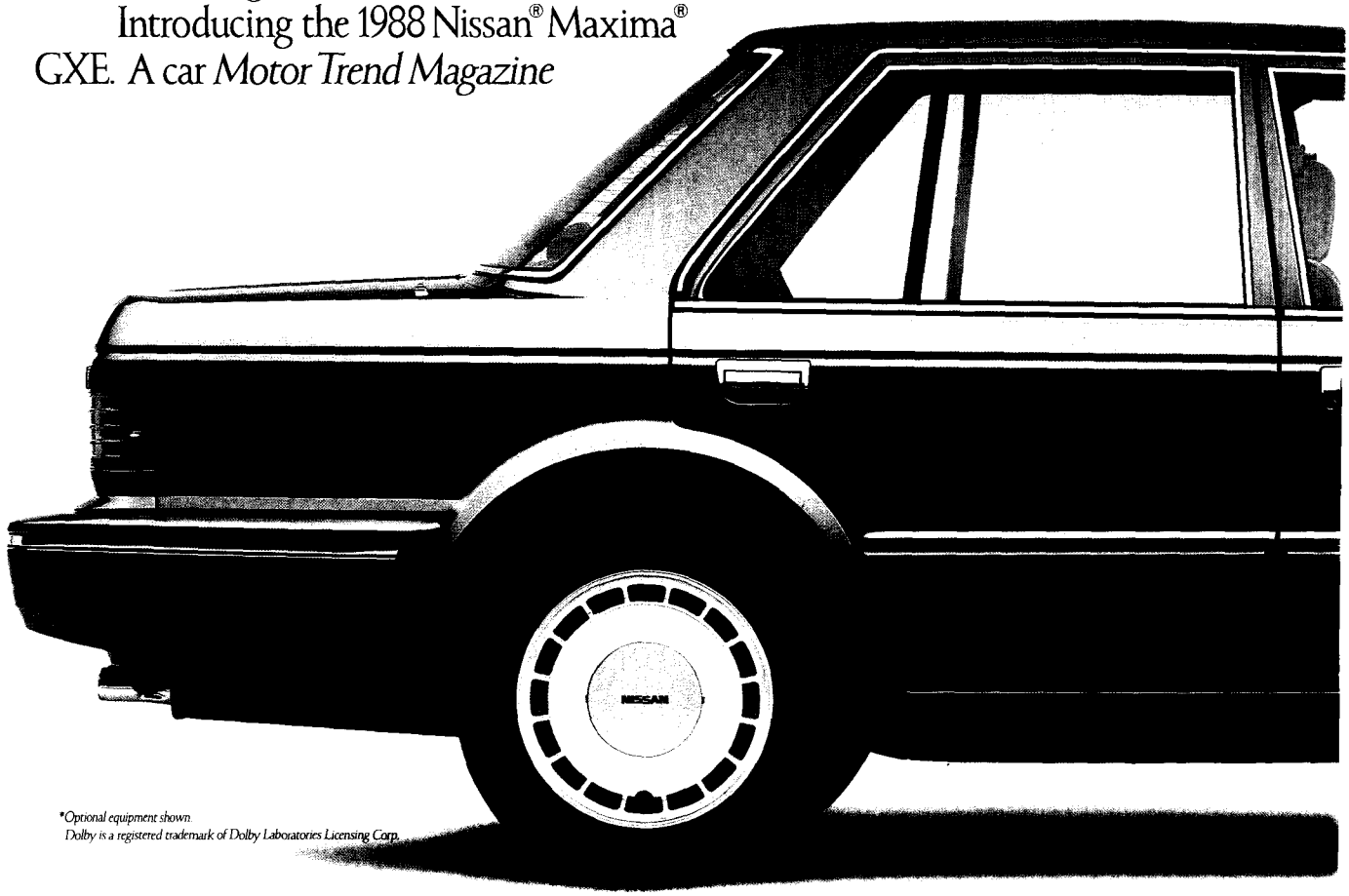
Nissan has engineered a car for people who find status in something else.

Just being smart.

Introducing the 1988 Nissan® Maxima® GXE. A car *Motor Trend Magazine* called "The best performance sedan you can buy for under $25,000." Which we take as an enormous compliment, since our car costs significantly less than that.

But as flattered as we are, we're not surprised. Because at the heart of the Maxima is the same basic engine you'll find at the heart of our famous Z-Car: an electronically fuel-injected, 3.0 liter, single overhead cam V6 that delivers 157 horsepower. The GXE also comes standard with an electronically-controlled 4-speed automatic transmission.

And, thanks to our optional Nissan



*Optional equipment shown.
Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories Licensing Corp.

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ıg $10,000 less for rmance sedan.

Sonar Suspension,™ you'll find that the Maxima is fun to drive even on roads that aren't.

This unique suspension system not only monitors your driving behavior, it also sends out sonar signals that can actually "read" the road surface ahead. Then the suspension automatically adjusts itself to improve the car's overall comfort and handling.

Maxima GXE with optional Sonar Suspension improves comfort and handling.*

Naturally, the Maxima also performs well in other areas. It has power everything. Windows, locks, mirrors, antenna.

There's even a one-touch down button for the driver's window that comes in handy for when you're paying tolls. Or for when you ask, "what seems to be the problem, officer?"

Air-conditioning, a six-speaker AM stereo/FM stereo radio and cassette deck with Dolby® B-type noise reduction and graphic equalizer are standard.

And the seats are adjustable to the point where being uncomfortable is almost a physical impossibility.

Look at it this way. You could either buy a pricey, European luxury sedan. Or, for the same money, you could buy yourself a Nissan Maxima. And then go on a pricey European vacation.

Nissan Maxima GXE. *3.0-liter SOHC V6 engine with electronically-controlled four-speed automatic transmission and optional sunroof.*

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If you can't decide betwe

Get yourself a truck and every so often you're going to wish you had a car. And if you decide on a car, there'll be times when you wish you had a truck.

But once you've finished reading this, you're going to wish you had a Pathfinder®.

Now don't get the idea that the Pathfinder is simply a truck that's been turned into a car. Or vice versa. We took the most exceptional features of our cars and our trucks and created the best thing on the road. And off.

Let's start with the rear suspension. Why the rear suspension? Because it was designed specifically for the Pathfinder. Using a unique five-link coil spring design, instead of the leaf springs you find on every other four-wheeler. So you get a remarkably smooth ride, even when you're commuting over boulder-strewn terrain.

A 3.0-liter, fuel-injected V6 is standard. And to help you keep all 145 horsepower under control, power brakes and power steering come standard, too.

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ı a truck and a car, don't.

The Pathfinder even has automatic-locking front hubs attached to those gargantuan steel-belted radial tires.

Inside, the Pathfinder is just as sensibly designed. On top of being comfortable and quiet. The triangular quarter windows, for instance, actually open. Giving you something you don't get in most vehicles in its class. Ventilation.

Even the rear seat is split, allowing you to fold down half to make room for your favorite skis. And leave half up to make room for your favorite skier.

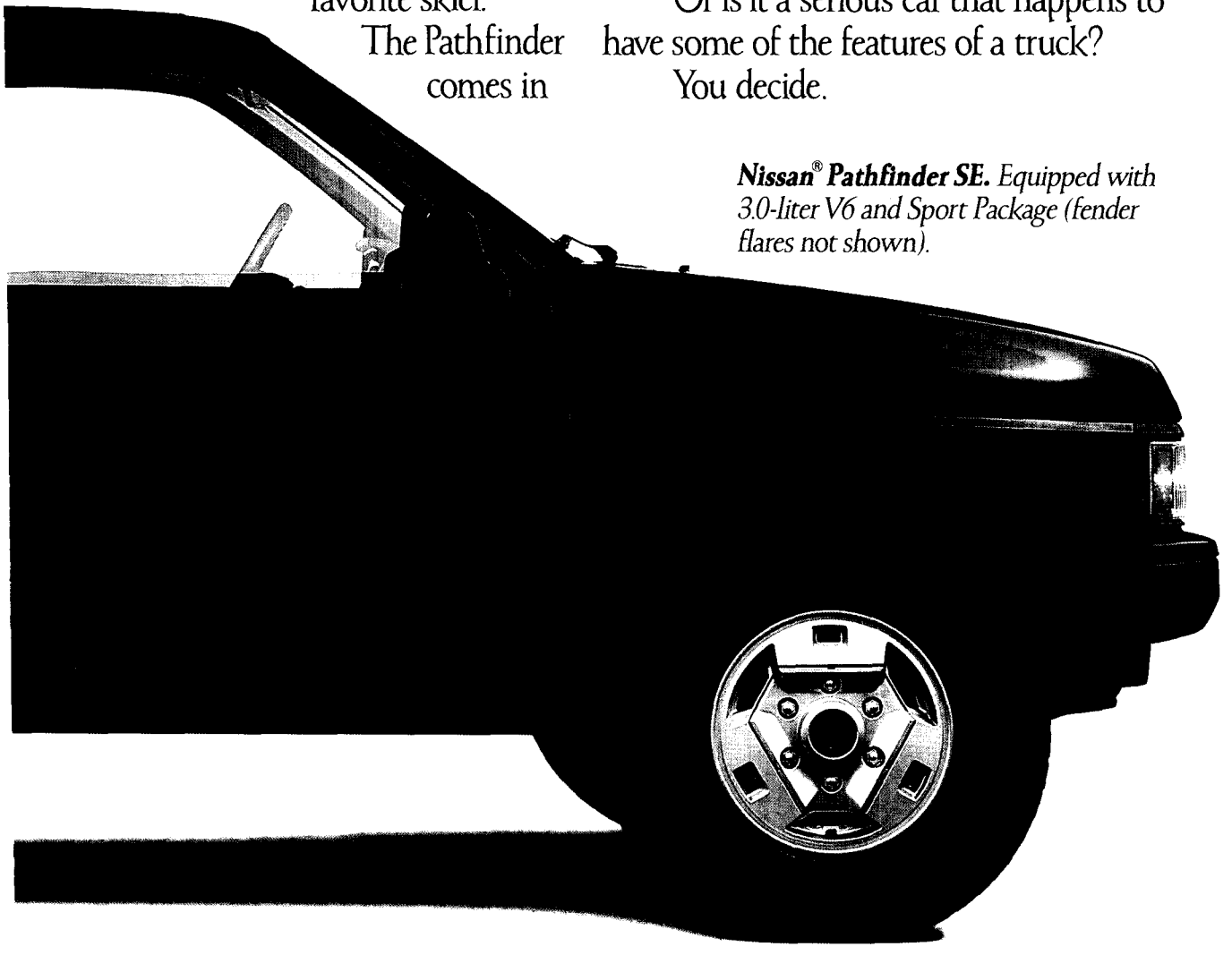
The Pathfinder comes in two models. The XE, which is everything we've described so far. And the SE, which adds power windows, power door locks, cloth upholstery, an AM/FM radio and cassette player, and cruise control.

On top of that, you can get the SE Sport Package that gives you the biggest tires of any vehicle in its class, driver-adjustable shocks, rear disc brakes, and a limited-slip differential.

All of which means the Pathfinder is a serious truck that happens to have some of the features of a car.

Or is it a serious car that happens to have some of the features of a truck?

You decide.



Nissan® Pathfinder SE. *Equipped with 3.0-liter V6 and Sport Package (fender flares not shown).*

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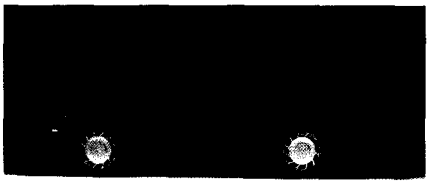
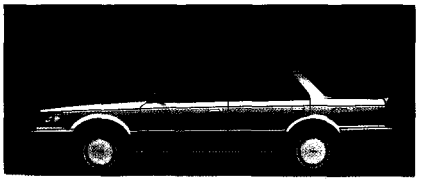
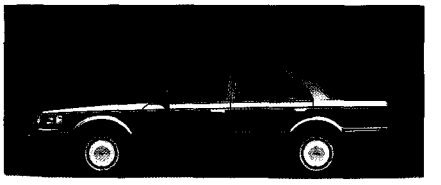
You can please all of the people all of the time.



300ZX Turbo

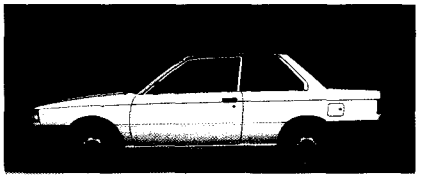


Maxima® SE Sedan

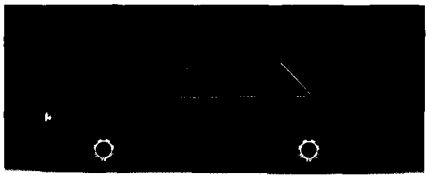


Maxima GXE Sedan

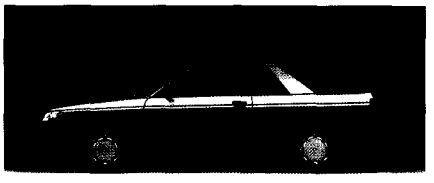
200SX SE Hatchback



Sentra™ Standard 2-door Sedan

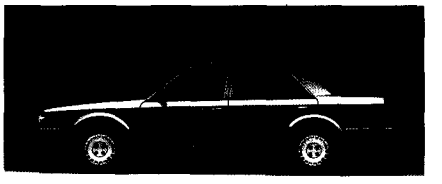


Sentra E 4-door Sedan*

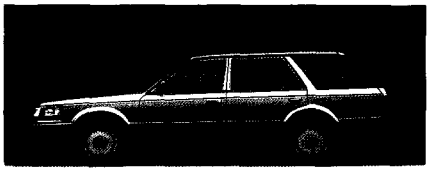


Sentra XE Sport Coupe

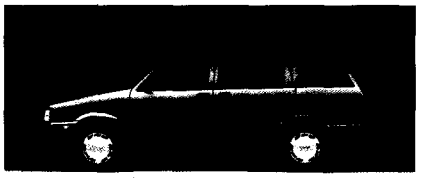
Pulsar® NX SE Hatchback



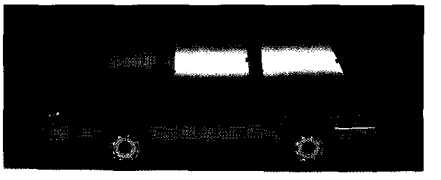
Stanza® GXE 4-door Sedan



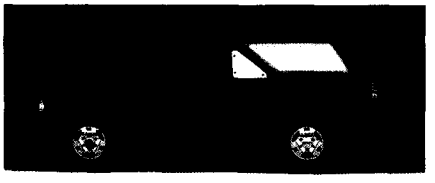
Maxima GXE Wagon



Stanza Wagon

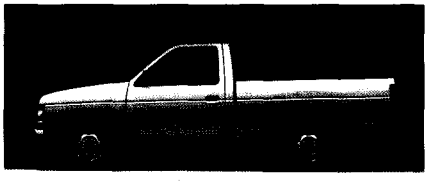


Van with GXE* package



Pathfinder® SE*

SE King Cab® 4x4 Hardbody™ Truck*



Standard Regular Bed Hardbody Truck

If you've read the preceding pages, you've probably already learned about our personal approach to building cars and trucks.

But if you haven't, you might like to know that we have 45 different models. With a seemingly endless number of body styles, colors and options.

Which allows every Nissan® to be as individual as the person who is driving it.

And, while this makes people happy, it creates a very human dilemma.

Deciding which one to buy.

NISSAN®

Built for the Human Race.™

*Optional equipment shown. Model specifications, prices, colors, materials and equipment subject to change or discontinuance without notice.

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Lester Collins, the landscape architect who laid out the 3,000-acre Miami Lakes development, says that communities like these are able to offer a more satisfying daily living pattern than most planned-unit developments provide, because they are not afraid to mix housing of different densities and places to work and shop. Miami Lakes has at its core a Main Street town center with stores at ground level and offices and apartments on the second and third floors. Twenty-two thousand people now live in Miami Lakes, and 8,000 work in offices and light industry there.

In contrast, many planned-unit developments limit opportunities for working or shopping or finding child care within the development, and thus force their residents onto the highways, exacerbating congestion. The penchant of developers of planned-unit developments for connecting them to outside roads at only a few points makes matters worse. James Minuto, of the Southern California Association of Governments, says that the notorious traffic jams in southern Orange County are partly attributable to the scarcity of streets running through the area's many large planned-unit developments. "You have a real problem when there are no cross streets and you don't have a grid. There's a lack of alternative paths."

The circulation systems that do exist in master-planned communities often meander so capriciously that they sow confusion. "Getting directions to somebody's 'villa' in a typical Hilton Head development is an exercise in futility," says Robert Davis, of Seaside. By the same token, it can be almost impossible to find an address in a suburban planned-unit development if you have the misfortune to be invited there at night. I mentioned the problem of baffingly arbitrary street organization to Roy Rogers, the vice-president of planning for Arvida/JMV Partners' 10,000-acre Weston project, west of Fort Lauderdale, which exhibits the usual preference for an abundance of curves and an infrequency of through streets. He replied that Weston provides a string of "mental bread crumbs" to mark the way. "We give you visual landmarks—a windmill, windows of water, unique groupings of landscape material, a school and park, different architectural styles." After leaving his office I drove past an unstaffed gatehouse into one of Weston's neighborhoods and within three minutes was lost in the unpredictably meandering streets. How odd that in a country based on mobility, where the average person moves once every five years, the streets in so many places are guaranteed to make all but stay-at-homes lose their way. One of the reforms advocated by the planners of neotraditional towns is a comprehensible street system, with landmarks that truly do help people orient themselves.

There are signs, here and there, of growing suburban interest in re-creating the order and charm of well-designed traditional towns. Some of these signs are superficial, like the trend toward naming shopping centers "town centers" or dressing them up in old-fashioned architectural ornament. Some are more serious, like the movement toward integrating stores with offices in complexes that are more public-oriented than the usual suburban shopping mall. Sasaki Associates, of Watertown, Massachusetts, one of the biggest firms involved in large-scale land planning, recently collaborated with Bower Lewis Thrower/Architects to create Princeton Forrestal Village, a suburban shopping and office complex modeled after early-twentieth-century small-town business districts. The development, in Plainsboro Township, New Jersey, is organized around a two-block Main Street, with a hotel facing a square. The project includes a day-care center. "The forms are very traditional," says Richard F. Galehouse, a planner at Sasaki. "It's considered very much of a new wave in retailing. It's meant to deal with the lack of amenities for people near their work during the business day."

Princeton Forrestal Village provides outdoor areas that are much more pedestrian-oriented than the vast parking lots surrounding suburban malls. Nonetheless, Duany refers to the project as an example of the "town style" applied to shopping and office complexes that remain dismally dependent on access by motor vehicles. A genuine town, Duany says, has housing integrated into the shopping and office area or close enough to it that residents can reach the commercial center without driving. One example of this, now being planned by Sasaki and RTKL Associates, is the town center in Reston, Virginia, one of the 1960s "new towns." After several years of construction, the town center will contain almost two million square feet of offices, two 500-room hotels, and 600 housing units.

"The model for the Reston town center is the traditional American street with cars and sidewalks," says Alan Ward, an urban designer for Sasaki. The initial buildings will focus on a plaza with a grand fountain. The second phase, to be built several years from now, will have a town green or an urban park with buildings at every edge. The original expectation for Reston was that the town center would be designed like a suburban shopping center. Ward says that the shift at Reston points up two factors that are beginning to alter the notion of how to plan suburban developments. One is suburban land prices, which in many places are so high that "you can no longer use the suburban model of the building standing alone." The other is the perception of "just how bad those buildings are," especially for the pedestrian. "Planners and designers have looked at earlier models," Ward says, "like Country Club Plaza, in Kansas City, that offer a humane walking environment and also let you 'shop the street' in your car."

It seems to me inevitable that a growing number of suburban developments will break away from the prevailing practices and begin to place housing closer to offices and shops and other services, in some cases with the more tightly defined outdoor spaces that give places like Seaside, Mashpee Commons, and Charleston Place their magic. In suburbs where child care and other services are close by, parents don't have to spend so many of their free moments driving. The growing number of people who work at home are nearer to the things they need. The isolating planned-unit development will continue to be built, but in

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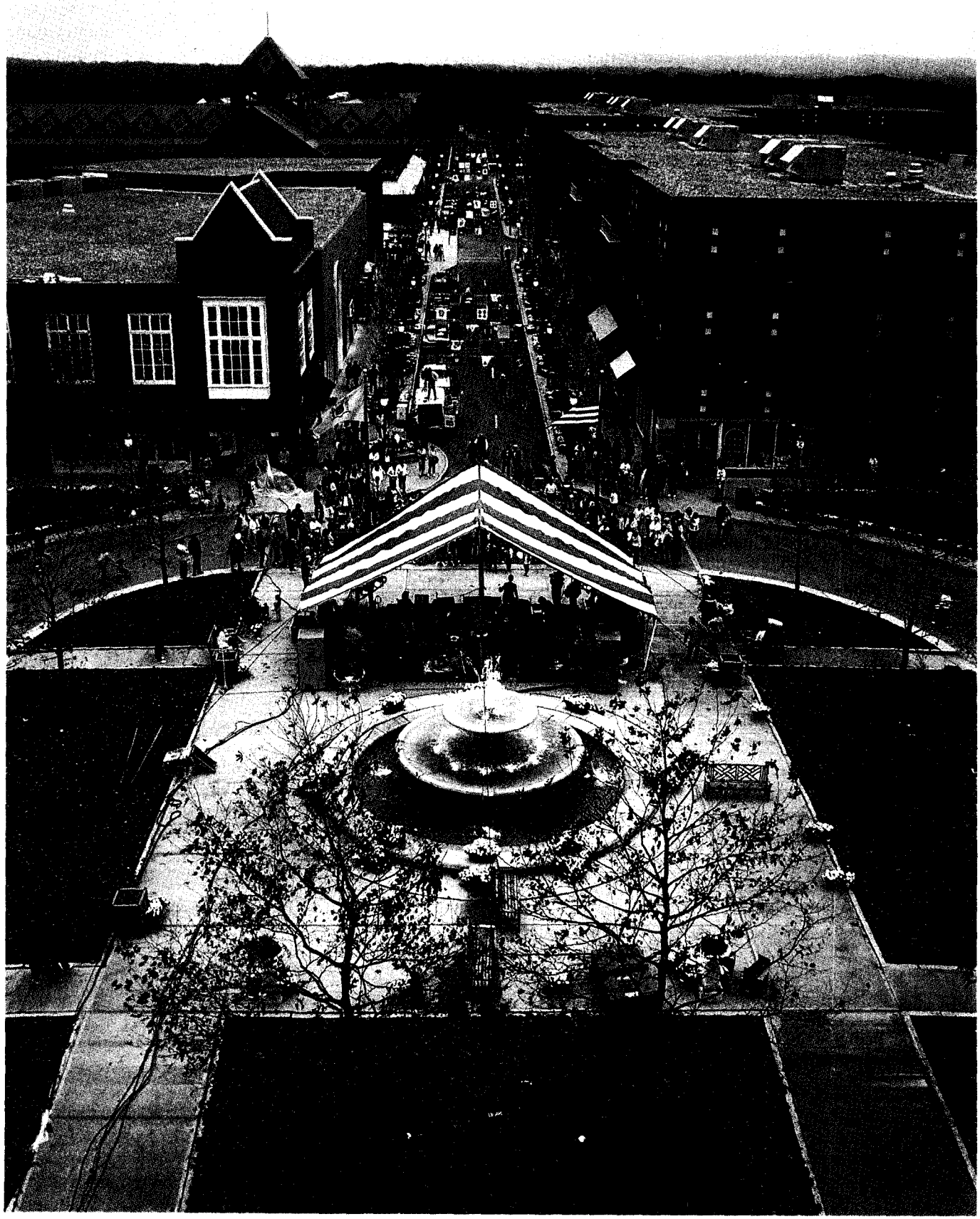
JAMES FOOTE



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ALAN WARD

Princeton Forrestal Village, Plainsboro, New Jersey (Sasaki Associates and Bower Lewis Thrower): a shopping and office complex in the "town style"—a suburban mall for people who dislike suburban malls

a country where traffic seems to be getting worse and where the amount of time available to two-worker families is tightly limited, there will be more demand for something more efficient. America has been rich enough for some time to build the kind of planned-unit developments that suit its fears and vanities. It can also build towns that deal with the need for human contact and for conveniently placed services, and offer the joy of well-formed open spaces.

Public Pleasure Versus Private Refuge

SOME OF THE MOST INTERESTING WORK IN COMMUNITY design is taking place not in the nation's suburbs but in its cities. There are two strongly differing viewpoints on how to design large urban housing developments today. One focuses on celebrating the public environment. The other tries to pull away from it, to a private, secure domain. Each of these attitudes is wielding considerable influence over the character of urban areas. On the one hand, some of the country's most respected designers are attempting to inject dignity, order, and human activity into cities by organizing new buildings around public streets and public parks, squares, and waterfront esplanades. On the other hand, much of the development that goes on around the country is predicated on the more reclusive attitude of wishing to retreat to private sanctuaries.

The emphasis on establishing an orderly, formal public environment is in part a strong reaction against the modern planning patterns of the 1950s and 1960s, which increasingly fragmented American cities with arbitrarily placed plazas and towers that pulled away from one another and from the street. It became obvious that more constancy and order were needed. A prime example of the change in thinking is the residential portion of Battery Park City, a ninety-two-acre office and residential development along the Hudson River next to New York City's financial district.

The Battery Park City Authority adopted its original development plan in 1969, but only one group of residential structures was built in accordance with these guidelines—a 1,712-unit apartment complex called Gateway Plaza. This cluster of concrete apartment towers, with lower buildings on its perimeter, stands aloof from the traffic of South End Avenue, one of the larger new streets built on the landfill site. To reach the towers' lobbies, you have to pass through Gateway Park, an irregularly shaped park area that has curving walkways and evergreens growing on little mounds—a bit of pastoralism in the city. The greenery is not meant for everyone: a sign announces FOR RESIDENTS' USE ONLY. The Authority envisioned many clusters of residential towers like this, but retreating from the street produced poor results. What faces the sidewalk and street on South End Avenue is a dull row of ground-floor stores with two stories of drab-looking parking ramp above. Something different was needed.

In 1979 the Battery Park City Authority adopted a revised master plan, developed by the design partnership of Alexander Cooper and Stanton Eckstut, who have since established separate New York firms. The new plan puts landscaped areas largely in the public realm and invests them with formality. A side street named Rector Place has in its center a public park something like the lovely old Gramercy Park, without the locked gates. Semicircular where it meets South End Avenue, the park is dignified and orderly, with small shrubs above a granite base, three-foot-high hedges, beds of raspberry-and-ivory-colored tulips, and a flowering crab-apple tree in the center.

On the next street to the north a fascinating sculpture, Ned Smyth's *Upper Room*, which has columns around its perimeter and a table at one edge suggestive of the Last Supper, holds people's attention. The sculpture connects Albany Street to a magnificent esplanade that the Authority has constructed along the Hudson. Sitting on benches from the 1939 World's Fair, people look off toward the Statue of Liberty and a not entirely dull vista of Jersey City.

The new buildings at Battery Park City seem in accord with their setting—a consequence of the design code, which requires architects to form the apartment buildings' exteriors into a consistent "street wall" with stone on the bottom two stories, orange brick on the walls above, prominent cornice lines, and non-rectangular peaks. The elements that have made traditional New York apartment-building exteriors gracious and neighborly—part of an ensemble that confers elegance on boulevards and parks—have been turned into a set of guidelines, within which the designers and developers are still free to exercise a moderate amount of imagination.

"Making public places is what New York is really about," Eckstut says. "How many projects do you know that are as successful as Park Avenue or Riverside Drive?" The positioning of harmonious buildings against open

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COURTESY BATTERY PARK CITY AUTHORITY

Battery Park City, in Manhattan (Alexander Cooper and Stanton Eckstut, urban planners): art adds life

space—at Battery Park City, as on Park Avenue—creates the grandeur associated with cities at their best. The public spaces at Battery Park City are more than attractive decoration; they invite use. When I visited, people were sitting on the green benches along Rector Park's herringbone brick walks, turning *Upper Room* into a noon-hour lunchroom, and walking, jogging, and relaxing along the esplanade.

THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES, MUNICIPALITIES are revising their zoning codes to encourage uniform street walls and dignified, orderly public places. "Cities are rejecting piecemeal towers in parks," says Jonathan Barnett, of New York, an urban-design consultant to cities across the country. "We've gone back and said the original zoning codes [from prior to the 1950s] were not that far wrong." Public agencies and private developers are commissioning urban-design firms to organize neglected sites—such as old rail yards and waterfronts—and to give them a traditional urban character. Ehrenkrantz Group & Eckstut Architects has revised plans for Newport, a development along the Hudson in Jersey City which by 1993 is expected to be one of the East Coast's major new communities, with 10,000 housing units, 1.4 million square feet of shops, and 4.3 million square feet of office space on about 300 acres near the Holland Tunnel. The new plan puts more emphasis on an appealing urban streetscape with well-defined streets, squares, and parks. Along the East River in the Borough of Queens, the New York design firms of The Gruzen Partnership and Beyer Blinder Belle are laying out a seventy-acre project, which includes housing, offices, shops, and recreation facilities, on a regular street grid. "The grid streets will make the waterfront more visible and accessible and bring people from inner Queens to the public riverfront promenade," I. P. Torrey, Beyer Blinder Belle's director of planning and development, says.

In the Cityfront Center project, in Chicago, Alexander Cooper + Partners, of New York, has organized sixty acres of mostly vacant industrial land, at the edge of downtown near Lake Michigan and the Chicago River, into conventionally sized blocks with public streets, instead of creating monolithic "superblocks" with interior or elevated walkways, as was once the fashion in big urban developments. The buildings, containing 22 million square feet of offices, shops, housing, and other space, focus primarily on streets and public open areas—including two parks, a plaza, a court, and an esplanade. These, the designers say, "break a large project into distinctive 'places.'"

"We try to link with or reinforce the existing place, to complement what's already there," Brian Shea, who designed the project along with Cooper, says. "It's a return to the notion of connection. Battery Park City has been very influential. People are looking at making parts of cities that will become extensions of what is familiar." Eckstut contrasts this with the "private" orientation that still pervades much American zoning. Too often "all the buildings are trying to pull away," he says, "trying to protect themselves from their neighbors."

IN FACT, WHILE THE NEO-TRADITIONAL PUBLIC ORIENtation championed by urban designers like Cooper, Eckstut, and the partners in Beyer Blinder Belle is one major direction in current urban design, the movement in the opposite direction, toward emphasizing secluded internal landscapes, is also widespread. Many urban housing developments are being planned and promoted as a refuge from everything beyond their boundaries. The more discordant the surrounding area, the greater the tendency to establish a private world containing outdoor space and shared amenities from which nonresidents are excluded. In the Studio City section of Los Angeles, I visited one such complex—Studio Colony, a seven-acre apartment development bordered by aging apartment buildings, a heavily traveled commercial street, a freeway, and a flood-control basin. Studio Colony's 450 apartments, in a series of three- and four-story buildings with parking underneath, are reached by passing through a gate where a guard screens out unauthorized visitors.

The apartments, which range from 426-square-foot, $535-a-month studios to $1,200 two-bedroom units, feature varied ceiling heights and entrances placed diagonally for dramatic effect. The main attraction, though, is the assortment of gathering places, such as irregularly shaped courtyards that serve forty to sixty apartments each. The major common area, accessible to all the residents, has an outdoor swimming pool and terrace next to a meeting room, a gymnasium, racquetball courts, and other indoor facilities. Above this area rises an abstractly patterned clock tower—the designers' attempt to give Studio Colony a strong focal point.

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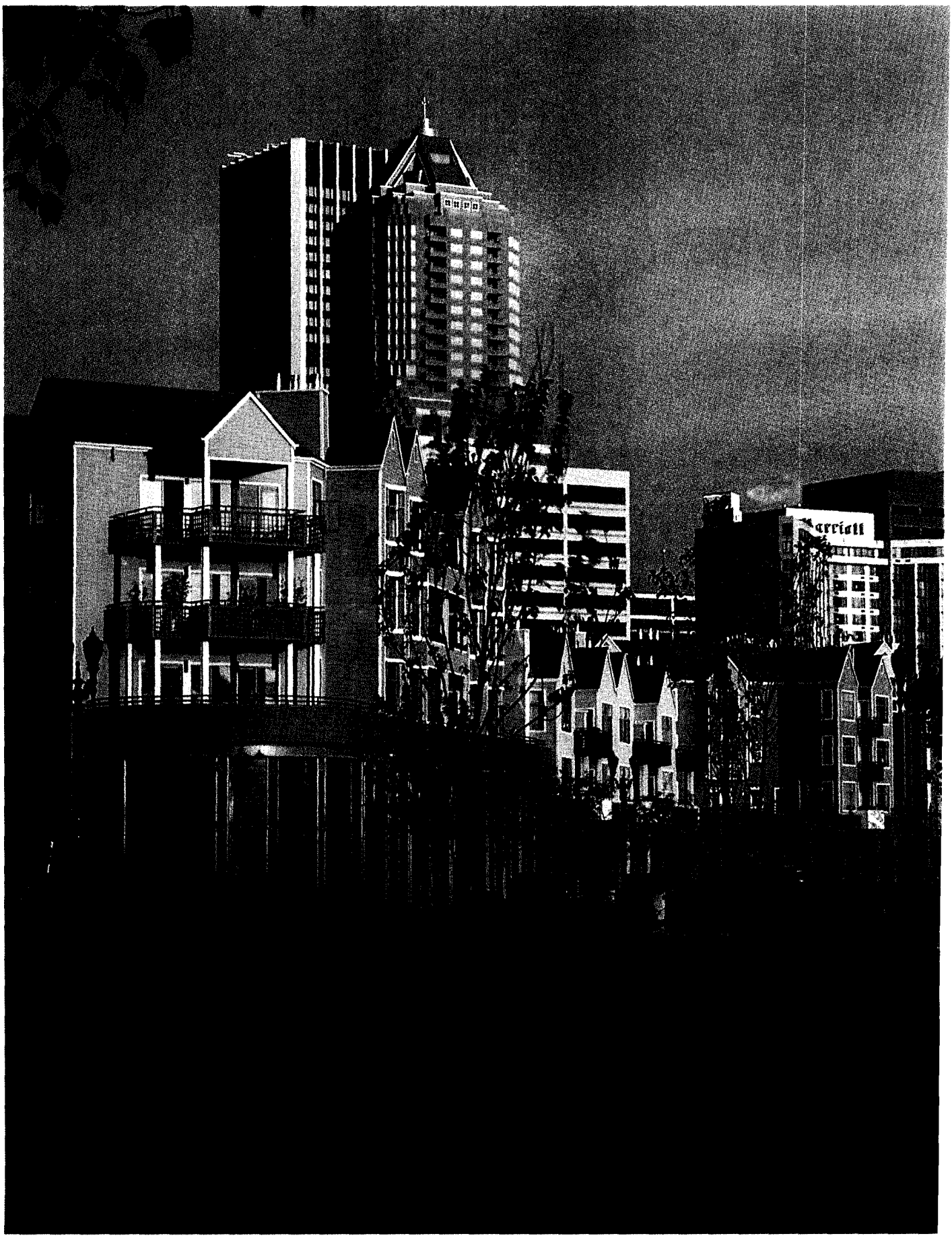

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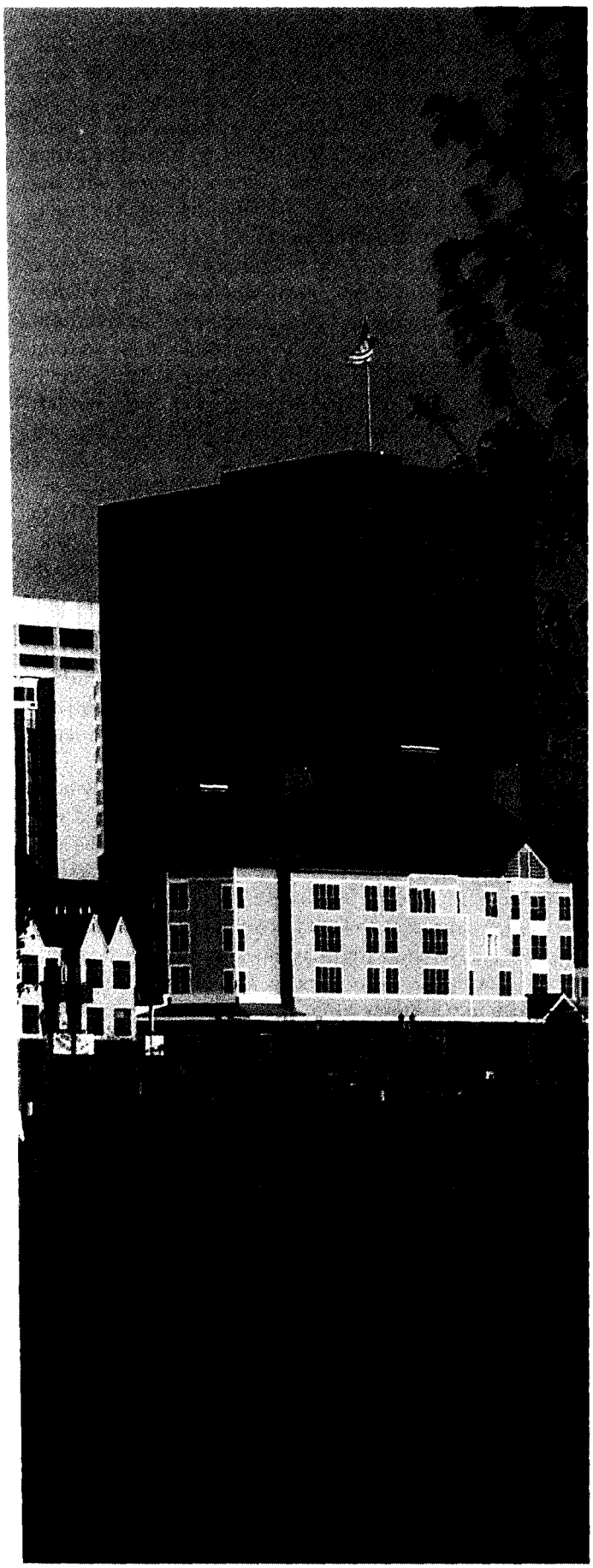

EDUARDO CALDERÓN

RiverPlace, Portland, Oregon (Bumgardner and GGLO): a housing, retail, and entertainment complex where quiet and secure privately owned spaces coexist with lively public thoroughfares

What Studio Colony does not do is shape the outdoor areas into coherent, genuinely inviting spaces; it is hard to imagine that anyone would want to walk from one end of Studio Colony to the other, even once. Each of Studio Colony's buildings sits back from the private street at a different angle, making it impossible for the open space to feel well defined. Berkus Group Architects, working for Forest City Dillon & Bluffside Development Company, designed a single building and then stamped it out several times without regard to how unharmoniously the group of buildings stood on the awkward, dog's-leg-shaped site. This happens all the time. Architects design a building when they ought to be designing the open space that will give the development its overall character.

When designers do pay attention to the shapes of the open space, unfortunately they often employ the predominant California style—now a national style—of twisting and turning large complexes and their grounds, as if to promise the viewer a delightful surprise around every bend, whereas what the viewer finds is just more of the same at a different angle. The assumption seems to be that irregular configurations of buildings and open space make large developments seem less monolithic and oppressive. Sometimes this is true. But often the lack of a convincing order makes the outdoor environment simply not worth exploring.

If urban housing developments are going to be designed as refuges, a 112-unit townhouse complex called Bridgepoint, in southwest Miami, represents a better model of how to organize the shared internal landscape. At the entrance to this grayish-pink stucco complex, designed by Rafael Portuondo, Rolando Llanes, and Lariano Forero for a local developer, Interdevco, stands a classical-inspired gatehouse. From there you can see down a straight street

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lined with trees to the center of the development, where two gazebos sit beside a small watercourse, and then on to the swimming pool and bathhouse at the far end of the complex. The townhouses, which sold for $98,000 to $120,000, are a series of straightforward forty-foot-wide buildings, which get their variety not from any nervous twisting and turning but from a series of projections on their façades—balconies, walled courtyards, and various rooms extending in a rhythmic sequence. Walking through the complex, you get a sense of being in a pleasant public room—at some points wider than others, and opening up to views of narrow waterways in the center, but always calmly composed. The fifteen-acre complex exudes the rare quality of stateliness. In American cities obviously anxious about crime, such dignity and tranquillity should be worth striving for. Pink walls, in which an arch at one corner frames a view into the complex, extend around much of Bridgepoint's perimeter.

THE CRITICAL QUESTION FOR AMERICAN CITIES IS whether they can somehow both present an engaging personality that attracts the public and enlivens street life, and provide quieter, restricted outdoor areas that afford relief from noise and commotion. Cornerstone Development Company, of Seattle, has come to find that the challenge can be met—but only if the division between public territory and restricted open spaces is understood and enforced.

In 1982, in Seattle, Cornerstone built Hillclimb Court, a roughly U-shaped complex, designed by Olson/Walker Architects, containing offices and shops and thirty-five condominiums along Western Avenue, and a terraced courtyard in the center of the U, which offers views northward to the comings and goings at the city's busy Pike Place Market. More recently Cornerstone developed the initial phase of a ten-acre housing, shopping, entertainment, and marina complex called RiverPlace, along the Willamette River at the edge of downtown Portland, Oregon. At Hillclimb Court the weak security of the courtyard—which is protected only by thick, bushy plantings—hindered sales. At RiverPlace some prospective townhouse buyers were troubled when on tours they noticed that some private patios open directly onto a courtyard street, which the public can walk through during the day.

"We learned some things," says Virginia Anderson, a vice-president of Cornerstone. "If you're doing an urban project that has landscaped private areas, if you're not able to secure them they're a deficit. People's initial joy at seeing a private landscape is quickly lost if the landscape is not secure." Cornerstone has since installed security fencing, in an unobtrusive design, along the border of Hillclimb Court's courtyard. At RiverPlace, where 158 clapboard-sided condominiums have been built, and are selling for $85,000 to $190,000, the company has ensured security by putting fences and plantings between patios and the public courtyard. The other courtyards offer access solely to residents, and the condos that face the strictly private courtyards sell better.

Nonetheless, RiverPlace provides an inviting public setting. A restaurant, a grocery store, a bookseller, and other shops occupy its ground floor, facing a public riverfront esplanade, while three stories of condominiums rise from the shops' concrete roof. As Alan Grainger, a Seattle architect in charge of RiverPlace, puts it, "You don't feel left out because you couldn't get into the courtyard. There are other attractions."

Urban developments surrender much of their potential, the Cornerstone team believes, if they attempt only to be secure private environments and do not create a walkable public environment. In line with the urban-design critique that Jane Jacobs set forth in her still influential 1961 book, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, Virginia Anderson says that everyone feels safer if a mixture of activities is going on close by and there are plenty of "eyes on the street." She says, "You need more activity than just residential to create interest and to create a sense of security."

If traditional, public-oriented ways of designing American communities are to be revived, what is required is a skillful balancing act. The things that provoked the decline of traditional methods of community design—among them cars and a desire to escape the disturbances and sometimes cramped living of compact, multi-purpose neighborhoods—are with us as much as ever. The designers and developers who work in a traditional vein must take these into account while at the same time delivering the satisfactions that were abundant in cities and towns several decades ago.

The neo-traditionalists stand to make an impact, because the frustrations of modern, scattered, cluttered development are all too evident today and because their holistic approach attempts to meet many different needs—for convenience, efficiency, beauty, and connection to a broader swath of humanity. The neo-traditionalists sense an emptiness in American life and seek to fill the void through community design. Theirs is a potent idea, and one not likely to pass out of fashion soon. After all, it is the stuff of which great civilizations have for centuries been made. □

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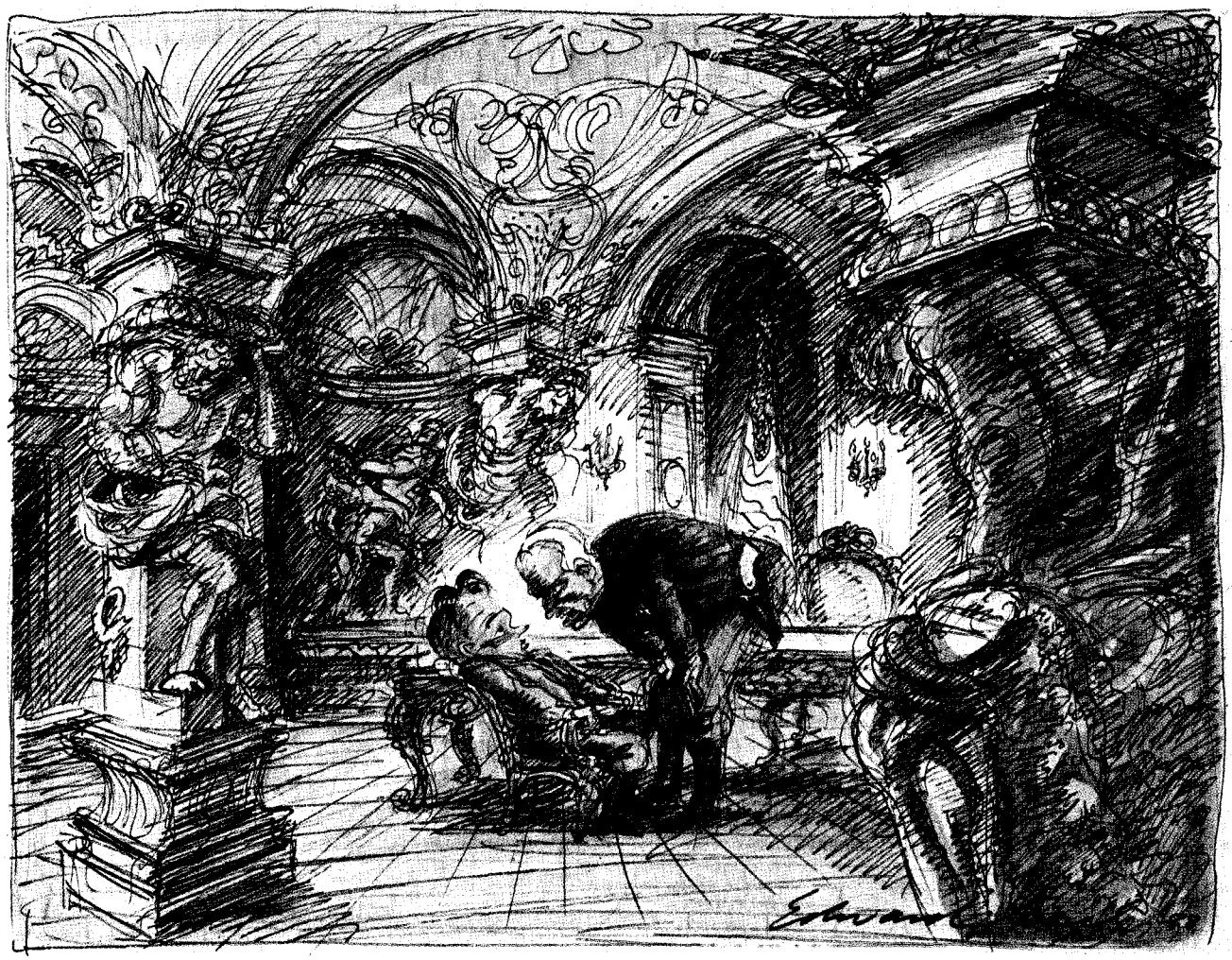

FIRST ENCOUNTERS

GEORGE S. PATTON AND BILL MAULDIN

THEY WERE NOT fighting the same war. General Patton's was a conflict of calculated maneuvers by superbly trained troops toward a defined goal: a dash for glory while in pursuit of victory. Sergeant Mauldin's was a war of rain and mud and barbed wire, all the squalid actualities of the Italian campaign. The fact that Mauldin was not yet twenty-five and carried a pen and sketch pad instead of a gun did not dull that perception. His cartoons in *Stars and Stripes* came out of this war, and Willie and Joe, his antiheroes, were unshaven, grubby dogfaces. Mauldin reserved his barbs for the top brass and the MPs. For this he was accused of undermining morale.

But what made Patton choleric was the way Willie and Joe *looked*. Scruffy. Disheveled. His own Third Army troops were clean-shaven, boots polished, neckties in place. Why, he sputtered to the Supreme Command, should *Stars and Stripes* star Willie and Joe?

Then, early in 1945, Mauldin strayed up to Paris, where he was pounced upon by that same Supreme Command and packed off to Third Army headquarters, in Luxembourg's royal palace, to "talk it over" with Patton. There in his office, armed with pearl-handled pistol and ready invective, Patton launched into a diatribe on Mauldin's Goddamn bums, no respect for the Army, was he trying to incite a Goddamn mutiny? Then came a long harangue on the importance of rank through four thousand years of military history. Mauldin was permitted about a minute and a half to state his case, that his cartoons were a safety valve for the disgruntlement of the average soldier, before he was attacked again for allowing his characters to "bitch and beef and gripe and run around with beards on their faces." "I guess we understand each other now," Patton concluded, and Mauldin was dismissed.

Nothing changed, of course, but, then, the war was winding down. In March, Patton crossed the Rhine. In May, Mauldin won a Pulitzer. By June both were back in the States, and there on the cover of *Time* was Willie. He, too, was coming home. —*Nancy Caldwell Sorel*

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A Short Story

1-800-YOUR BOY

BY CHARLES DICKINSON

MY GIRLFRIEND, MARILYN, AND LAKE WERE DOWNstairs playing Mousetrap in the sun when the first call came. A woman, nervous, said to me, "I saw your boy in a dream. I just woke up. Give me a minute." She swallowed something, a bubbling at the other end of the line, and smacked her lips. "I remember railroad tracks. And a tree with leaves, leaves just turning color. Red and . . . red and gold."

"Pardon?" I said.

"Your boy. He was dressed in blue jeans. Blue jeans with a patch on his . . . *left* knee. A black, black T-shirt. He was in a dream. I *saw* him. Railroad tracks. A tree. I've probably been no help, no help"—she chuckled derisively—"at all."

I ran down the three flights of stairs to the courtyard. Marilyn and Lake sat facing each other over a picnic table. Two redheads intent on the complex process of putting the game board together, they had come downstairs at just the right time to sit in the sun. With his coppery hair and light blue eyes, Lake looked like he belonged to Marilyn, but his mother, who also resembled Marilyn, lived an hour away.

Our new apartment was on the top floor of a four-story red-brick cube, from whose center had been hollowed a charmless little courtyard. Management provided two picnic tables, and a lawn that could be mowed in three passes. Now, late in the summer, sunlight found its way to the bottom of the box canyon for only minutes a day, and Marilyn and Lake had made a game of calculating the light's arrival and the duration of its stay. Marilyn was confident enough to wear her swimsuit, a little two-piece that drew phantom wolf whistles from deep in the shadowy apartments.

"What is it?" Marilyn asked. She indicated with a dip of her shoulder that there was room for me on her bench, but it was Lake I wanted to sit beside. He was busy with a small green plastic man who stood poised to dive at one end of a teeter-totter. By tapping the opposite end, Lake propelled the man through the air and into a vat.

"Nothing's wrong," I said. "I wondered what you were doing. Can't I take some sun with you?" Lake's shoulders were smooth and solid beneath my hand. Lost in the game, he paid no attention to me.

"We're glad to have you," Marilyn said.

I could see the street through the tunnel from the courtyard. Doors opened off the tunnel: a door to the manager's apartment, another to the laundry room, and a third door I'd never looked behind.

"I wish I could see you from the apartment," I said, looking up, catching the sunlight in my eye.

"We're fine," Marilyn said. She rubbed her hand along my arm. The back of her hand was coated with freckles, as was most of the rest of her. Her freckles amazed me, some of the places I found them. Knowing that Lake was safe, that Marilyn was with him, made me antsy with love for them both—for Marilyn in a particular way, for Lake in the blind way that allowed him to pay me no heed, even as I scratched his back.

"Have you heard from Daisy?" I asked.

Lake's head came up. "Mom?"

"Yeah."

"Why would I hear from her?" Marilyn asked.

"I thought maybe she called. You forgot to tell me."

Marilyn took back her hand. "I give you all your messages," she said.

"I just haven't heard from her. Usually I hear from her."

"Mom?"

"*Yes*," I said, dismayed by the longing in his voice.

That courtyard held sounds, moved them around, made them more than they were, so when I heard a phone ring, I had no idea where it was coming from.

"That's ours," Marilyn said.

"How do you know?" I asked, but believing her, rising.

"I recognize the sound and location," she said, pointing to our window.

I was out of breath when I got to the door, and needed a while to get my key out, but the phone ringing in the apartment projected a patience, a willingness to ring for as long as necessary. A man this time said, "I want reward information before I say anything. And I'm not telling you anything for less than five hundred dollars. Is that clear? Now . . . what are you paying?"

"For what?" I asked.

"For your kid, you cheap dick," he said. "Isn't your kid worth five hundred dollars to you?"

"My—my son is sitting right in front of me," I said, though I was nervous again out of sight of Lake. "I see him with my own two eyes."

"You're lying. *I* know where he is," the man said. "You want him back, but you're too cheap to offer a reward. Guys like you make me sick."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RALPH GIQUERE

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By pressing my eye as close to the kitchen window as possible, I could see Marilyn's hair smouldering in the last of the sunlight. But I couldn't see Lake. Marilyn was speaking matter-of-factly to someone. She gave no hint of being party to a kidnapping.

DAISY DID NOT WANT CUSTODY OF LAKE, AND THEN she did. By then the divorce was final and Lake was mine. She wanted to press the fight all over again in court, but she couldn't afford a lawyer. She asked me to retain one for her, but I refused. With what I'm paid to teach junior high school science, I didn't have money for a lawyer either. I feared that she might persuade one of her boyfriends to put up the money, and then I would be forced to hire a lawyer of my own.

She saw Lake every other week, and he spent two weekends a month with her. I dreaded those overnight visits. I didn't trust Daisy. She went for the quick fix in their relationship, trying to win Lake's love with nearly unlimited sugar and an absence of discipline. He returned to me moody and confused, a terror for two or three days afterward, such a pain in the ass that his teachers told me they could tell when he had spent the weekend with his mother.

Our routine was for Daisy to drop Lake at school after

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his visit, and I would pick him up in the afternoon. Inevitably, because he was in a bad mood, because he knew he could score with it, he asked, "Where's Mom?"

One Monday morning I was called out of class by a messenger who spoke of an emergency phone call, and I sprinted down the halls to the office. Lake's school had phoned to report that Daisy had called. Lake was sick and wouldn't be at school that day.

I dialed Daisy's number and nobody answered. She was already in violation of her visitation terms: if Lake had to miss school after her weekend, she was required to bring him home at the time she would have dropped him off at school.

They got a sub for me, and I went home and phoned Daisy again. No answer.

"It'll be all right," Marilyn said. "She just forgot the rules. She probably wanted to play hooky with him."

"She knows the rules."

I was certain she had taken Lake away. She had gone on the run with him, emptying her bank account, packing the car, and vanishing into the landscape. She might have left the instant she took possession of him Friday, and called his school long distance to avoid suspicion for a little longer, to buy another day's flight.

Marilyn urged me to wait, but I called the police. I was switched through a series of people; finally a patient man listened to my story, but he refused to do anything, even to take my name. What I was experiencing was so common, and my particular case so embryonic in development, that, he implied, I was being a bit of a sissy for calling so soon.

"She's had him two days, nearly three days," I said. "She could get *anywhere* in that time."

"Our projections say you'll have your boy back before sunset," he said. "If you haven't heard from her this time tomorrow, call us back."

I called Daisy's apartment every ten minutes. Marilyn fixed us lunch, coaxed me to eat, and promised, in that sincere and confident manner of hers, that I would get Lake back.

Daisy phoned early in the afternoon. She was crying. She had dropped Lake off at school.

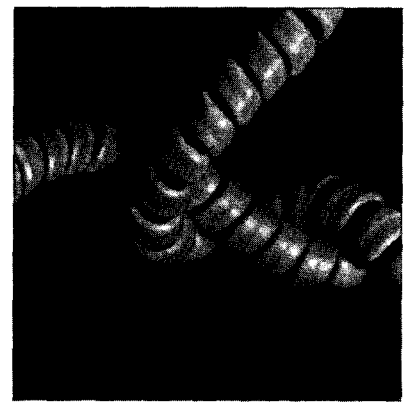
"I was going to take him," she said.

"I know. I've already called the police."

"Oh, great!"

"Don't worry," I said. "They didn't take any information. You aren't wanted."

I considered denying Daisy her weekend visitation rights, but decided against that. The fact that I had broken our agreement could someday be used against me in court. She never explained why she had not run away with Lake. Marilyn said that Daisy realized Lake loved me, that running away with Lake would wrench him for a second time out of the familiar comforts of his life. I believed that Daisy suddenly realized what an inconvenience kidnapping a little boy was and decided she couldn't be bothered.



MARILYN SEEMED TO LOVE LAKE. SHE WAS ALWAYS eager to do things with him—to make golf-ball ice cubes, take him to the park, cook spaghetti, read him a book. I was a little annoyed that he accepted her attention as his due. He seemed to be fully aware that he was lovable, irresistible, to the adults in his life. I wanted Marilyn to love him. I wanted that more than I wanted him to love her. Or her me.

I told her about the two calls. We were in the kitchen drinking beer. Lake was asleep. Out the window the courtyard air hummed after an evening of radios, arguments, someone loudly making love somewhere, and conversations strung like clothesline looping from wall to wall.

"Wrong numbers," Marilyn said confidently, anxious to clear the worry from my look. "Someone with a number similar to ours has a missing boy. Those two hit the wrong button."

That was simple to understand and accept. Lake was sleeping soundly in his bed; his young boy's throaty snore was like a machine running on the other side of the wall. My boy was not missing. That was someone else's nightmare.

"That's exactly what happened," Marilyn said.

But I lay on my back after she was asleep and waited for the phone to ring, convinced the calls were coming to me out of the future, a nightmare of my own I had to look forward to. And a call did come, so early in the morning that I couldn't read the clock even by window light.

"I had . . . another dream," the woman said. "I'm frightened. I don't want to keep dreaming. This time your boy is in a supermarket. He is standing in an aisle," she said. She paused, and I imagined her trying to see the dream as clearly as she could. "He is in a supermarket aisle. Cookies and crackers on one side. Soups on the other side. He is hungry and he's crying. Somebody is with him. If you could find a store with the aisles laid out like that—that might be a help to the police."

Nearly in a whisper, I said, "Thank you—but I found my boy."

"You did?"

"He came home today."

"But my dreams—" she said. Then, in a clipped voice,

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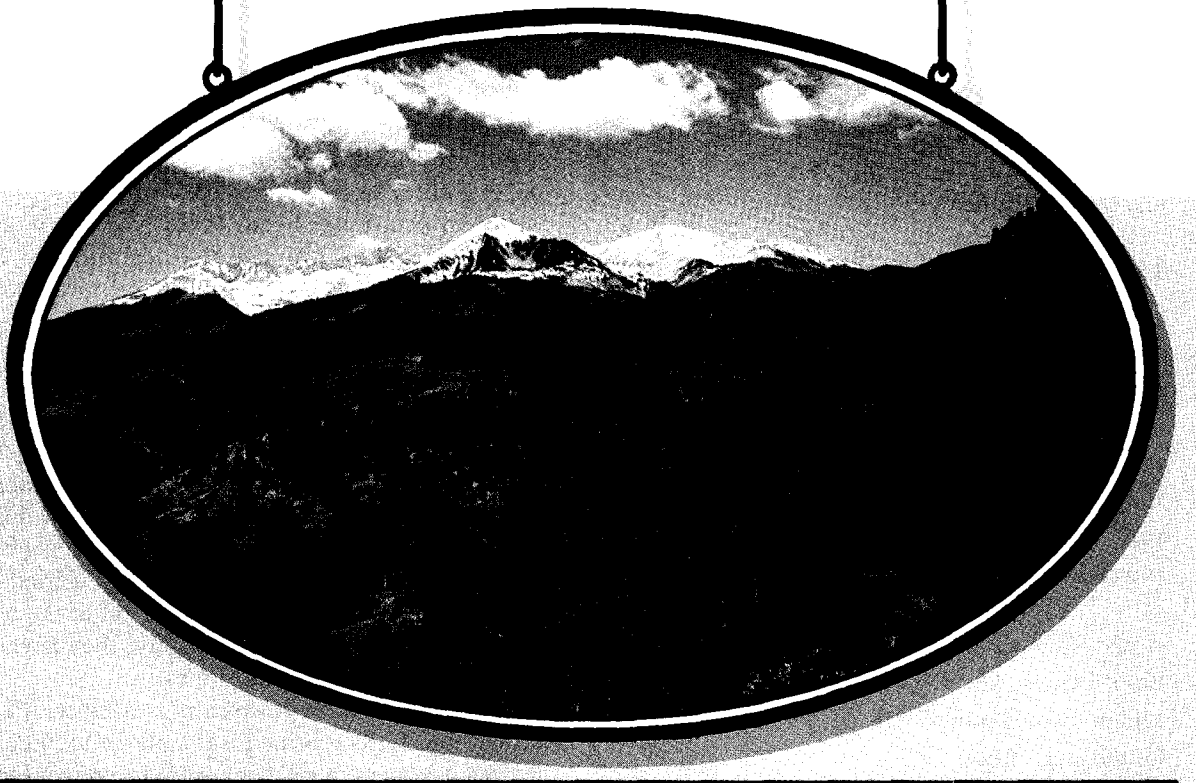

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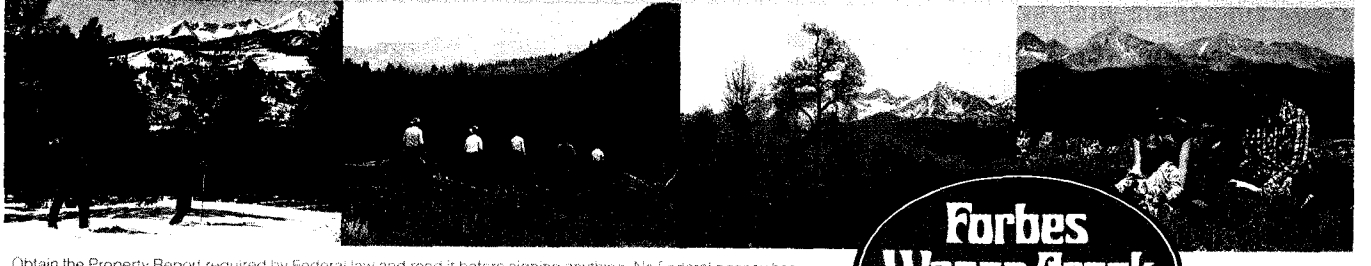

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LILIES

I have been thinking
about living
like the lilies
that blow in the fields.

They rise and fall
in the wedge of the wind,
and have no shelter
from the tongues of the cattle,

and have no closets or cupboards,
and have no legs.
Still I would like to be
as wonderful

as that old idea.
But if I were a lily
I think I would wait all day
for the green face

of the hummingbird
to touch me.
What I mean is,
could I forget myself

even in those feathery fields?
When van Gogh
preached to the poor
of course he wanted to save someone—

most of all himself.
He wasn't a lily,
and wandering through the fields
only gave him more ideas

it would take his life to solve.
I think I will always be lonely
in this world, where the cattle
graze like a black and white river,

where the ravishing lilies
melt, without protest, on their tongues—
where the hummingbird, whenever there is a fuss,
just rises and floats away.

—Mary Oliver

she scolded me. "If you found him, take down your signs. Stop getting the rest of us all worked up."

Marilyn scolded me too. "You've done a terrible thing! That woman isn't dreaming about Lake. She's dreaming about the missing boy. What if her dreams are real? Now she'll pay no attention to them. She won't try to make sense of them because she thinks the boy is safe."

"But they were so vague," I said. "A railroad track. A tree. A grocery store."

Marilyn shook her head. "No. No, I took a class in dreams once. That woman was beginning to focus in. Each dream would get more specific. I think you should put an ad in the paper and try to reach her."

She went outside with Lake when the sun was right. She was capable of holding a grudge, and her disapproval of me seemed to infect my son, who gave me a blank glare of disappointment the equal of Marilyn's as they went out the door. I stayed at the kitchen table working on my checkbook, the bills, lesson plans for the coming semester. In a couple of weeks I would begin teaching in my fourth school district in four years. Funding dried up wherever I took a job, forcing the lopping off of the new guys. My lessons had an amorphous quality; they never seemed real until kids were in front of me.

I should have been downstairs playing with Lake and Marilyn, but I was waiting for the phone to ring. I wanted the dream woman to call back, convinced that her dreams were so vivid that my boy had to be still missing. I imagined her taking a nap in a dark, warm room, angry with herself for being sleepy in the middle of the day but stretching out under a crisp sheet, her hair moistening the instant she was asleep. A dream would then come to her, with signs, addresses, directions, and she would have no choice but to call. She wouldn't sleep again until she had.

We took Lake to a carnival that evening, and he walked like a guard between us. The air had the panic of summer's end. Looks of despair stretched the faces of every kid. We went on rides that were easy on our stomachs. I shot baskets. Lake threw darts at balloons. I was determined to win a lion for Marilyn, but the hoop I shot at was barely bigger around than the ball I shot. Lake punctured two balloons in three throws and selected a necklace of pink and green pop-beads, which Marilyn accepted with a kiss of gratitude. Almost at once she warmed up to me, too, taking my arm, pressing it against the side of her breast. She saw something in Lake's sweetness that put me in a better light. I think she knew he loved her, and that made it safe for her to love me again. We stood together while he went for a ride on whirling teacups. I lost sight of him, found him, lost him again. I didn't mention my uneasiness to Marilyn, fearful that it would remind her of the dream woman. But I was relieved when Lake came wobbling off the ride, his face green at the edges, his need for me at the moment absolute. While I steadied him, held his head, found him a cup of ice water, I was reasonably confident I would never lose him.

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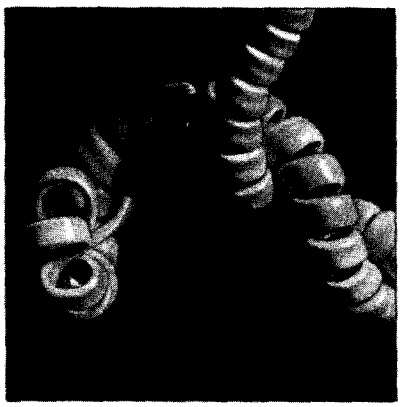

A WOMAN, NOT THE DREAM WOMAN, CALLED ON MONday. "I saw your boy at the planetarium," she told me. "He was with a man and woman in their forties. He was buying a constellation globe." I asked her what number she was calling, and the number she was calling was our number.

"But no boy is missing here," I said.

"Why put up the signs?"

"We didn't."

"Somebody did."

"Not us."

"They're all over the tollway," she said. "Your boy's face is everywhere."

"Not my boy's," I said, stressing the point.

Marilyn had me go through the call again for her.

"They're calling our number," I said. "She was very adamant about that."

"Could people go to the trouble of printing up posters, but in their grief not notice that the phone number was wrong?" Marilyn said, wondering.

"Could the printer take the money of grieving parents—and make a mistake like that?" I asked.

We went for a ride in the evening, the three of us in the front seat, Lake suspicious when his questions about our destination drew no definite answers. We simply got on the tollway, mixed into the traffic headed toward the city, and drove the eleven miles to the first toll plaza.

The posters were there: on the exact-change baskets and on the manned booths. They showed a boy with dark hair and dark eyes, an expression of pre-adolescent ennui at the prospect of being photographed, his grin a tad snide. Not a likable kid, was my first impression.

Above the picture was the thick black word **MISSING**, and beneath it the query HAVE YOU SEEN OUR SON? Beneath the picture was his name, DAVID A. RICHARDSON, and the simple plea, nearly a command, CALL 1-800-YOUR BOY. "They haven't been dialing the 1-800," Marilyn said excitedly.

"What?" Lake said. "Where're we going?"

"YOUR BOY? That's our number?" I tried to picture a telephone, to match letters and numbers.

Marilyn was faster. "Sure. Y is 9. O is 6. U is 8. That's it! That's our number!"

"YOUR BOY," I said.

"Where are we going?" Lake asked.

"Into the city," I said.

"You have to call that number," Marilyn said. "They should know what we know."

"What do we know?"

"About the woman with the dreams. About the couple at the planetarium."

"And I should tell them that I told the dream woman their boy had been found?"

She reached across Lake and rested her hand on my thigh. "It was an honest mistake. But you *must* call."

"How much credence do we give to the reports of people too stupid to dial an 800 number right?" I asked.

"You have to call," she said.

We spent time in the city just walking, to tire out Lake. Both Marilyn and I were anxious to be home. After an hour we headed back. But before I could make the call, a call came to us.

A man told me, "He's dead. I know just where, too. You'll never see him again."

"Give us proof," I said.

"I don't need proof. He's gone for good."

"What about the reward?"

"It's too late for that. Your boy is dead."

I hung up, which was probably a mistake, but I did not want to listen to him any longer. And he had our number. He was free to call us at any time with reports of my son's death.

"He said the boy's dead," I told Marilyn.

"Call the number. They should know."

I dialed the number and got a busy signal, and Marilyn put her hand on mine and said, "Don't forget the 1-800."

"I didn't."

"Try again."

A man answered. His voice was chipper, enthusiastic.

"My name is Burt McKenzie," he said. "I'm handling the phones for the Richardsons. Do you have any information about their son?"

I cleared my throat. I told him, "I don't know. But I thought I should report some calls we've been getting."

"We appreciate that. Do you mind if we tape-record this conversation?"

"No."

"Good. Could you tell me your name, please?"

"My name is Phil. Our phone number is the same as your 800 number without the 1-800. We've been getting some calls from people who forget to dial the 1-800."

Burt McKenzie laughed appreciatively. "People, huh? What did they say?"

"One guy asked for a reward. He wouldn't tell me anything until he heard about the reward," I said.

"We get that, too. Ignore him."

"A woman said she saw your boy at the planetarium," I said. "He was with a man and a woman in their forties."

"The planetarium in the city?"

"I think so. She didn't say."

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"We'll check that out," he said. "That might be a good place for some posters, come to think of it. Lots of parents go through there. Let me write that down. Plan-et-ar-ium. That's a big help, Phil."

"Thanks. And we got calls from a woman who said she saw your boy in a dream," I said.

"A dream?"

"Two dreams, actually. One, he was by a railroad track. A tree was nearby, with its leaves changing color. The second one, he was in a grocery store. By the cookies and the soups."

"Not much to go on," Burt McKenzie said.

"I have to be honest, though. I didn't want her calling anymore, so I told her we'd found your boy—my boy—the missing boy. I'm sorry."

"Phil, don't give it another thought," he said. "Sure, we'd be interested in talking to her—but her locations are so general, I don't know what help they could be."

"My girlfriend thinks she was focusing in," I said.

"Maybe," Burt McKenzie said. "I've been running phones now for eight years, Phil, and I've talked to a hundred dreamers, at least. Not one has helped find a kid."

"You do this for a living?" I asked.

"You got children?"

"A boy."

"God forbid he ever disappears, 1-800-FONE GUY. With an F. Enough said about that, Phil. Do you have anything else for us today?"

"One last one. I'm sure it's nothing."

"Shoot."

"Someone called today and said your boy was dead."

Burt McKenzie paused and then said, "Cruel people, Phil. There's a million of them. We get calls from a guy who pretends he's connected to the investigation. He's called four times to ask us to come down and identify the remains of a body that matches the description of David. He's full of details. He gets off on describing the condition of the body."

"Have any calls helped you?" I asked.

"Things have quieted down. We had a rush of calls after the posters went up on the tollways. Nothing of any use, though. People just like to talk, Phil. They like to know it's not their kid."

WE WERE EATING DINNER WHEN DAISY CAME TO the door. She stepped into the kitchen, blinking, a big purse hanging from her shoulder.

"You cut your hair," Marilyn observed. "I like it. It brings out your eyes."

"You think so?" Daisy said, primping.

"It's great. Would you like some dinner? We have more than we can eat."

"No, thanks. Really."

"Have some, Mom," Lake said.

Daisy allowed herself to be drawn into our family far enough to hook her bag over a chair and sit down. She let Marilyn pour her a cup of coffee but refused the offer of sugar and milk, though I knew she took both. She was standing her ground on small matters, picking those spots where she felt confident to resist. Her eyes never fell on me.

"Did you pack your swim trunks?" she asked Lake.

He didn't know. In turning his head inquiringly to Marilyn, who had packed his suitcase, he wounded Daisy more deeply than I ever could.

"They're packed," Marilyn said gently, aware herself.

"Because we're going to a hotel this weekend—and you'll have lots of chances to swim," Daisy said.

"Ooh. That sounds like such fun," Marilyn said.

"Which hotel?" I asked.

Daisy fished in her cavernous bag and came out with a piece of paper. "The Holidome," she said. "Here's the phone number and the room number. We're all checked in, Laker. A room on the pool."

"Neat-o," Marilyn said.

"We have a new number—speaking of numbers," I said. I got a pencil from the drawer by the phone and wrote it down for her.

"We were getting some weird calls," Marilyn explained.

"Breathers?" Daisy asked.

"Stuff like that."

"I get about two a month. Just hang up on them."

"These were pretty persistent," Marilyn said. "It's easier to change the number than worry every time the phone rings."

"Were these dirty calls?" Daisy pressed, intrigued.

"I want to do this to you. I want to do that," Marilyn said, looking at me. "You know."

"And Lake answers the phone too," I said.

Marilyn went with Lake into his room to get his suitcase. I heard him brush his teeth and use the toilet. Daisy and I did not speak to each other. Soon enough Marilyn and Lake were back.

"I'll drop him at school Monday," Daisy said.

"School's still a week off. Bring him back here."

"Sure," Daisy said. "Ready, kid? The pool awaits."

Lake passed out kisses in somber fashion; one for Marilyn on the cheek, one for me on the chin. He carried his own bag.

I listened to them descend the stairs, Daisy's voice metallic with forced cheer. For an instant my heart went out to her: the pain of awkwardness she must fight through each time she had her son to herself.

Marilyn asked me a question, but I was concentrating on the sounds of their departure. They were in the courtyard now. Daisy's voice came up breathless and more relaxed, the exertion of the climb down relieving some of her anxiety.

Marilyn repeated her question. "I said, does Lake know how to swim?"

I didn't answer. Lake was speaking with more animation than I would have wished. His voice faded as they turned into the tunnel, and then he was gone. □

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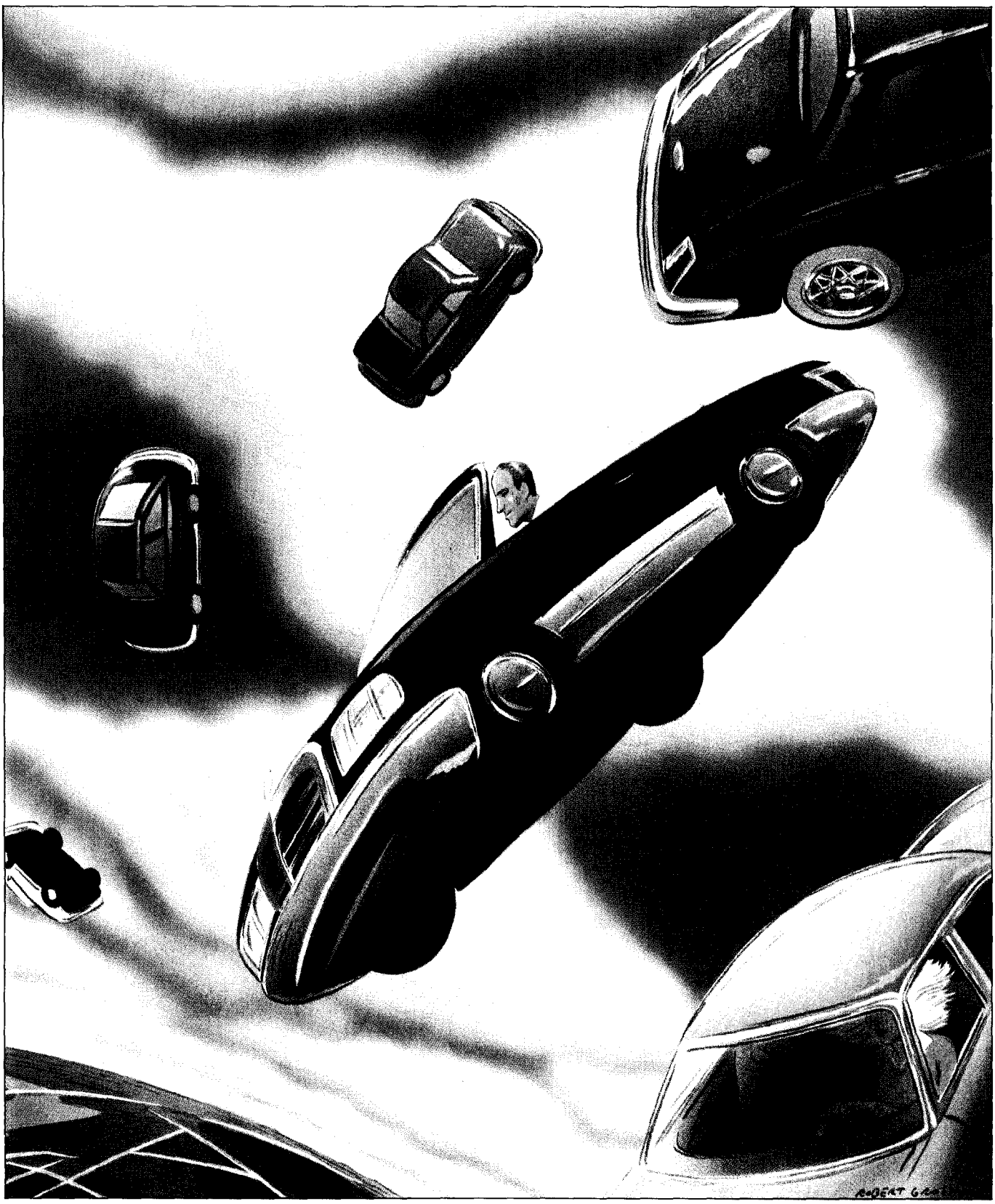
SILLY SPORTS

BY ROBERT GROSSMAN



SKY-DRIVING Not many people would think it was fun to drive a late-model auto out of a cargo plane at 10,000 feet, but in Southern California there are a few. In the competition version of sky-driving pictured here drivers vie for a single empty parking space at a shopping mall below. Parachutes packed in the trunk and deployed at the last minute make the sport a lot safer than it looks.

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We think and behave differently for biological and psychological reasons, not just cultural ones

SOME DIFFERENCES BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN

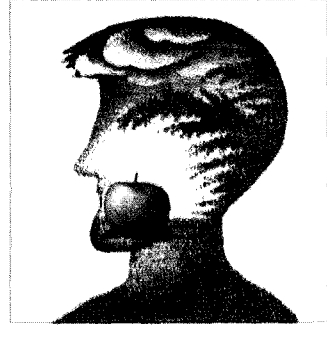
I. THE PASSIONATE QUEST

BY ETHEL S. PERSON

EACH SEX HAS THE SAME CAPACITY TO experience the pleasures and pains of romantic love. Women and men describe being in love in similar terms. This is surely as we would expect, since the deep impulses that give rise to love and the capacity to synthesize those impulses derive from our human nature; the potential for exaltation, transcendence, and transformation is not fundamentally altered by the accident of gender. In love we are more alike than different. Still, there are some important differences between women's and men's experiences of romantic love, particularly in the incidence of the different distortions to which love is prone.

The tapestry of an individual's love chronicles, his need for love, capacity for it, and specific vulnerabilities, is always woven of a complex mixture of social and psychological imperatives, penchants, and possibilities. Many of these are contingent on gender, and gender issues in turn have social and psychological, as well as biological, components. Although men and women face the same existential problems in life—death, aloneness, insufficiency, imperfection—they attempt to solve these problems in different ways and utilize love differently. Why? First, because there is a strong cultural component to love, and there are different cultural imperatives for the sexes. Second, the psychological development of each sex preordains different central problems and different strategies for resolving them. And finally, the ongoing cultural context locks in the pre-existing tendencies toward difference.

Because they are socialized in different ways, men and women tend to have different passionate quests—the passionate quest being that which constitutes the central psychological theme of a person's life. This passionate quest supplies the context for one's pursuit of self-realization, adventure, excitement, and, ultimately, transformation and even transcendence. The passionate quest is always a romance in the larger meaning of the word, but it is not always a quest for romantic love per se.



For women the passionate quest has usually been interpersonal, and has generally involved romantic love; for men it has more often been heroic, the pursuit of achievement or power. One might say that men tend to favor power over love and that women tend to achieve power through love. Socialization seems to be one of the factors that create the different dreams through which each sex shapes its narrative life.

A second, equally powerful source for these different modes of achieving self-realization resides in a child's earliest psychological development. The members of both sexes must struggle to organize a gender identity—by which I mean that each of us constructs a way of being in the world that is either feminine or masculine. Every person seeks to consolidate an inner psychological identity—one based by and large on an identification with the same-sex parent. (Sex of assignment, that "diagnosis" at birth of being either a boy or a girl, is so important that the individual most often identifies accordingly—even those "intersexed" individuals in whom sex of assignment is at variance with biological sex.)

For a girl, whose earliest identifications are with her mother—generally the primary caretaker—the task is in some ways more straightforward than it is for a boy. Most women feel the pull to duplicate the maternal identity by falling in love, pair-bonding, and literally becoming mothers. Love is experienced as part of the girl's destiny, the cornerstone of her feminine identity, and she learns firsthand how to achieve this destiny, growing up, as she does, by the side of her mother. The skills she seeks are psychological, the goal mutuality, the paradigm the nurturant mother. The major challenge to the primacy of romantic love in the female psyche has generally been maternal love, not a professional or work identity.

Just as the girl must establish a feminine identity, so too must the boy establish a masculine identity—at some point by disavowing his ties to the female world. In primitive societies initiation tests and ceremonies prepare for and signal the boy's ac-

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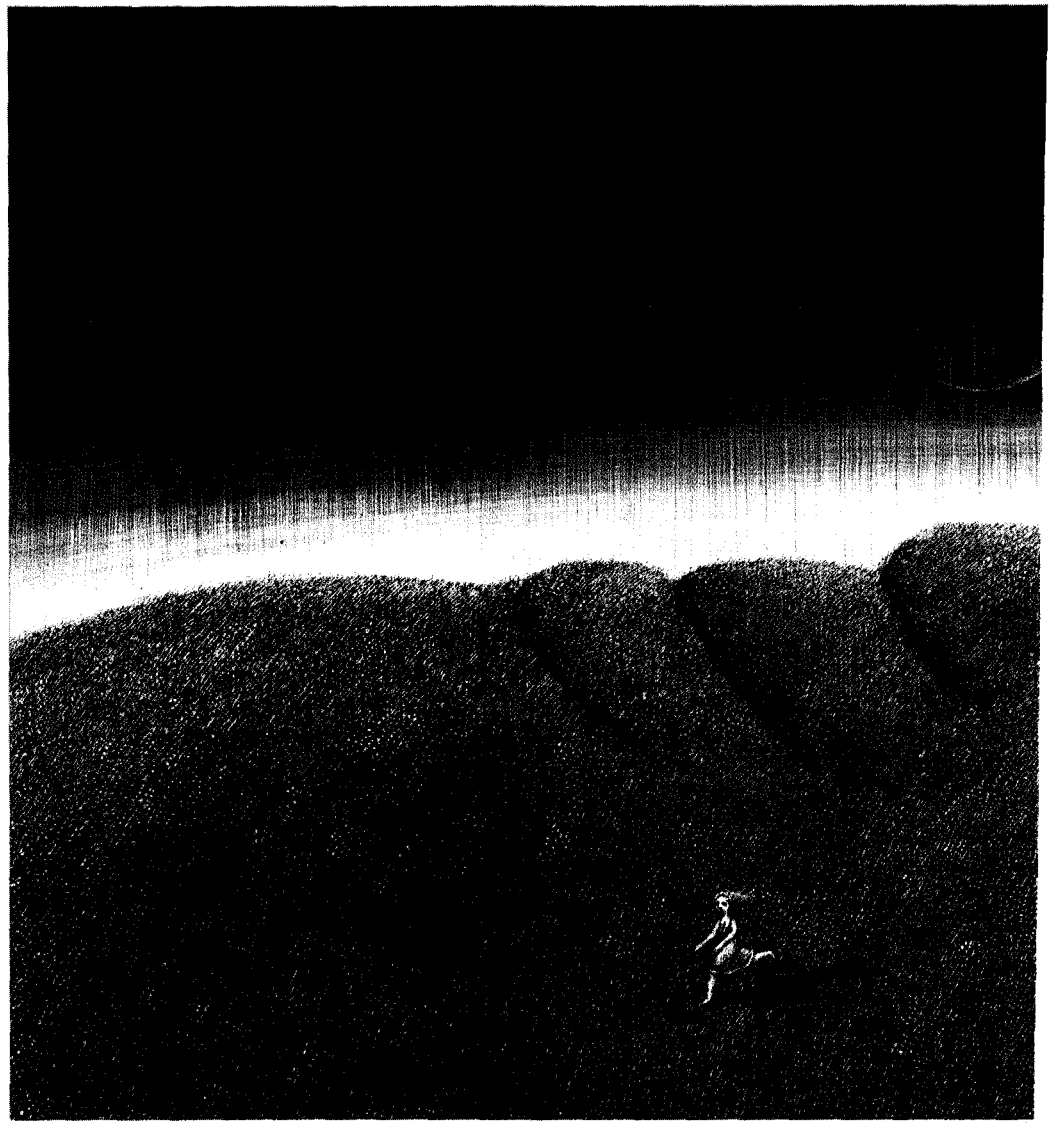
cession to manhood; in more developed societies the boy enters the adult-male world chiefly through economic independence. Historically, this has often meant following in his father's footsteps—that is, taking the same kind of job, apprenticing to the same trade. Thus, in a sense, the boy's achievement of a "penile equivalence" with his father is marked by his assumption of the father's economic role, a line of continuity that reassures the son of his masculine identity at the same time that it equips him financially to repeat the parental pattern. For the male, then, love is not usually of the utmost importance in consolidating his identity. Generally, he must first seek affirmation of his masculinity through autonomous exploits. And such exploits continue to have priority, taking precedence over romantic love. (For the male, in contrast to the female, romantic love generally conflicts less with parental love than with the necessity for establishing his gender identity.)

One fundamental psychological difference between the sexes, then, appears to arise out of the fact that girls are raised by caretakers of the same sex, and boys aren't. Thus women, by virtue of having been nurtured by the same-sex parent, may achieve a feminine identity more easily than men achieve a masculine one. Not just the mother-infant pairing but the Oedipal triangle as well is different for the two sexes. These differences not only shape the content of the sexes' different passionate quests but also determine the discrepant psychological skills necessary for the journey, and are fundamental to the conscious and unconscious fantasies about the demons and guardian spirits who will be encountered along the way.



Women Search for Intimacy

AS ALREADY SUGGESTED, LIFE'S CENTRAL ROMANCE for many women appears to be the quest for an ideal love relationship. The rewards of this feminine quest are elegantly stated by Rachel Brownstein in her book *Becoming a Heroine*:

> The marriage plot most novels depend on is about finding validation of one's uniqueness . . . by being singled out among all other women by a man. The man's love is proof of the girl's value, and payment for it. Her search for perfect love through an incoherent, hostile wilderness of days is the plot that endows the aimless (life) with aim.

Brownstein, like many others, emphasizes the crucial distinction between the female search for feminine identity through intimacy and the male search for masculine identity through achievement.

It is in the problems a woman encounters in her amorous quest that the history of her psychological development is most clearly reflected. These problems can be seen in their purest form in romance novels—that enormously popular genre whose enduring appeal reveals the female appetite for romantic love. As shown in Janice A. Radway's study of the romance novel, the central plot generally revolves around the ability of a beautiful young woman to alter the cold and indifferent stance of the slightly menacing, withdrawn hero. The plots of these books, like those of fairy tales, recapitulate both the cultural directive that

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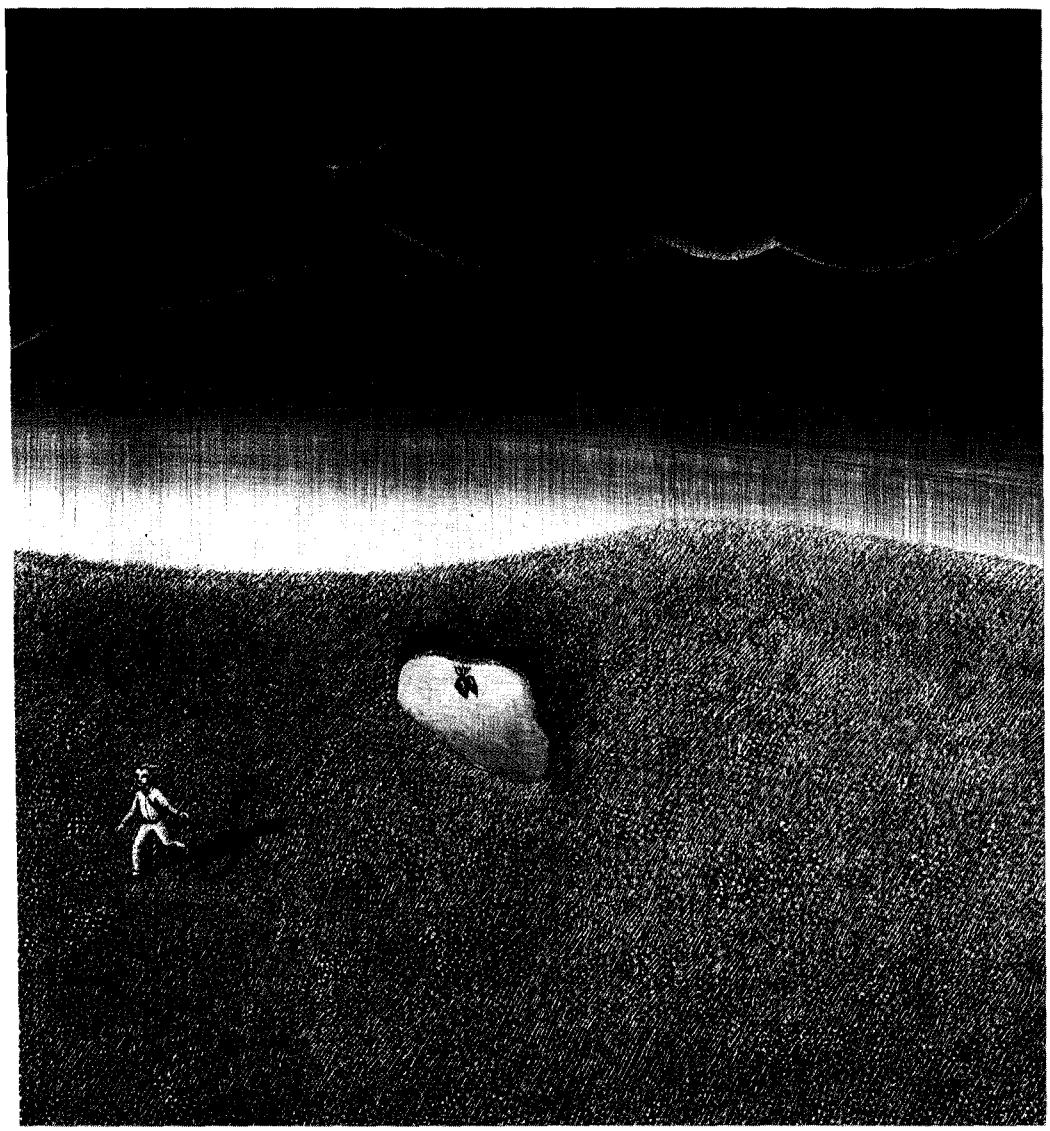
women seek romance and the major psychological barriers they must face before bringing that quest to a successful conclusion.

Radway describes the typical heroine as feisty, independent, and spirited—this, paradoxically, despite her ultimate goal of surrendering her autonomy to the powerful hero, of losing herself in a romantic union. The man who is sought is distinguished by his extremely masculine characteristics (a stallion of a man, like Rhett Butler in *Gone With the Wind*); this preference is striking because it seems almost to preclude fulfillment of those desires for tender nurturance that are part of the central longings in love. In fact the natures of these two archetypes—fiery, independent heroine and powerful, aloof, even frightening hero—point to the same need: to separate the conscious experience of romantic love from its infantile origins. Apparently, for any of us, female or male, to identify with a romantic story, we must be reassured that the nurturance sought is of a different order from that offered by maternal love.



Fairy tales as well as romance novels are very revealing on the subject of the intersection of the pre-Oedipal and Oedipal struggles in female life. Bruno Bettelheim, in his classic study *The Uses of Enchantment*, points out the difference between girls' and boys' Oedipal problems as revealed in fairy tales.

> What blocks the oedipal girl's uninterrupted blissful existence with Father is an older, ill-intentioned female (i.e. Mother). But since the little girl also wants very much to continue enjoying Mother's loving care, there is also a benevolent female in the past or background of the fairy tale, whose happy memory is kept intact, although she has become inoperative.

In other words, the girl splits her image of the mother into the good (pre-Oedipal) mother and the wicked stepmother. (Bettelheim notes how seldom fairy tales with a male protagonist and a wicked stepmother deal with Oedipal problems.) The girl's internal demons find symbolic expression in many fairy tales that focus on courtship and marriage. Such fairy tales depict the heroine as bound to the past, sometimes by means of an evil perpetrated on her by one or the other of her parents (or parent surrogates—witches, enchantresses, step-parents), until set free by love. Rapunzel is locked away in a tower by a wicked enchantress and awaits rescue by the prince. Cinderella, too, is in the clutches of her past, bound in service to her wicked stepmother. In these stories the girl's actual father, like her mother, is ineffectual (his ineffectuality has the advantage of providing a defense against any residual incestuous longings), and so her rescue must await the prince.

In real life, too, we are bound to and by our past, generally through the internalized images of our parents, which continue to exert an influence on our lives. Only when an internal psychological separation is finally achieved can the Oedipal constraints be symbolically overcome and love prevail. But whereas romance novels and fairy tales generally have happy endings, in real life even many relatively healthy women continue to suffer from unresolved aspects of Oedipal (and pre-Oedipal) conflicts.

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Some women, as many observers have remarked, prefer nonsexual caresses and verbal reassurances of love and commitment to sexual ones. While this may perhaps reflect some biological difference between the sexes, it also suggests that such women have not fully escaped the threat posed by their own internalizations of nay-saying Oedipal mothers. Sexual inhibition may be the price some women pay for the shortcut they take by establishing selfhood through a headlong rush into romance, rather than through autonomous achievement and an integration of identifications with good and strong women into their own identity.

Moreover, in their refusal to confront the specter of female competition some women may be left with the nagging fear that another woman will intervene and steal away the beloved. Even women who are firmly ensconced in a love relationship often fear or anticipate its end without any external reason for doing so.

Women's preoccupation with pair-bonding and the fear of its disruption can perhaps best be understood in the context of specific features of the female Oedipal constellation. The fact that the girl relinquishes her first love object—her mother—in favor of her father has several important ramifications. First of all, in giving up her mother for her father she is giving up a love object whose feeling for her was unconditional and automatic, in favor of one whose love she must act to win. Moreover, she realizes that her mother, now her erotic rival, remains her major source of dependent gratification—a situation that intensifies her fears of retaliation. The fear of losing the dependence object (the mother) leads to a dread of loss of love and consequently of sustenance, a fear that is displaced from mother onto all subsequent love objects. This formulation of the problem emphasizes the girl's special vulnerability to the threats of the Oedipal period, when her rival is also still her much-needed caretaker—which might account for the prevalence of wicked stepmothers in fairy tales with female protagonists. But this formulation is in direct opposition to the classical one, in which the girl, already "castrated" and therefore having nothing to lose, is said to bypass Oedipal competition comparable to what the boy experiences. My interpretation is completely different from the classical one: competition is experienced differently, but, I believe, girls are *more* vulnerable to it, because their very sustenance is at risk.

To recapitulate: The girl's difficulty (fear of competition) at the threshold of the Oedipal period is reinforced by the consequences of her renunciation of her mother and simultaneous turn to her father. She feels that she has abandoned her mother for an uncertain substitute, and she fears retaliation. Further, the renunciation of her mother is felt as a loss. One could say that all heterosexual women have experienced the loss of their first love object without the hope of ultimately replacing her with someone similar (unlike the situation for men). This early loss (and fear of retribution), along with the threat of the loss of the new love object, appears to be at the core of the female's pervasive dread of losing love. In some women the fear is activated not by any slight on the part of a husband or a lover but by an adulterous impulse of her own. This dynamic, of an adulterous impulse leading to the fear of losing love, occurs so regularly among women that it seems to recapitulate some earlier confusion: did the girl renounce her mother, or was she rejected by her? For women, the lifelong problem seems to be uncertainty about achieving and conserving a love relationship.

Men Seek Achievement

JUST AS WOMEN'S POPULAR FICTION APPEARS TO BE PREoccupied with romantic love, so men's appears to concentrate on the adventurous. Much of popular male fiction—which I have dubbed "herotica"—stresses the sexual, the heroic, and sometimes the cruel. (I would include here the work of writers such as Harold Robbins, Norman Mailer, and Eric van Lustbader.)

For men, the typical adventurous journey recounted in fairy tale and epic is a prelude to and an embodiment of the amorous quest; the male must establish his masculine identity *before* he is internally free to love. In the archetypal adventure the hero, alone, sets out somewhat innocently, unaware of the immense tests he will inevitably face. The hero, like the lover, is often looking for something lost—magic sword or Holy Grail (his full phallic strength, perhaps)—or he is bent on defeating an evil dragon or confronting other grave dangers (to self or country, king or maiden). The danger he faces is externalized. It is not Father who presents the problem but the dragon.

In real-life love, too, the lover encounters much that is strange, mysterious, even threatening and therefore exciting, on his journey. He, too, must test his mettle. In order to possess the Other, he must confront certain prohibitions and demons. But unlike the hero, whose demons are found in the external world, the lover's demons are frequently found to reside in his own unconscious. Just as the hero, confronted by external demons, draws on the magic of the sorcerer, so too the lover, whose demons are within, must fight using those internal resources that have been given him—positive identifications and the benevolent images of good parents—as a legacy of growing up.

Just as the heroine confronts and resolves certain basic psychological conflicts, so too does our hero. But the boy's inner psychological journey of separation, individuation, Oedipal thrust, and ultimate reunion is somewhat different from the girl's. The problem of obtaining nurturance does not appear to loom as large for men. And why should it? Women are socialized and psychologically groomed to give nurturance, men to receive it. The hero's problems have more to do with establishing his masculinity; with the potential threat of castration by another male, a father "competitor"; with devising strategies for defeating the father competitor and taking his place; and with the question of whether or not he is powerful enough to fulfill—fill up—a woman.

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Old McDonald had a. . .

. . . nightmare.

It's an American tragedy. Family farms are being driven out of business by huge factory farms. And that's not just bad for farmers.

This year in the United States over 800,000 people will suffer *salmonella* food poisoning due to antibiotics in farm animals. The poultry industry admits that over one-third of the chickens that reach the market are contaminated. Veal and other factory farm products have been shown to contain not only *salmonella,* but also a wide range of toxic drug residue.

Half of all the antibiotics sold in the U.S. are now fed to farm animals. This dangerous and irresponsible practice accounts for over $250 million each year for the big drug companies. Factory farms use antibiotics to speed growth and counter the disease-ridden conditions in which they confine farm animals.

Unlike the barnyard images evoked by childhood memories, millions of today's farm animals are forced to live in cages or crates barely larger than their own bodies. Unable to walk, or even turn around, the victims of factory farming exist in a relentless state of sickness and distress.

By depriving farm animals of exercise, fresh air, and wholesome food, factory farms are a breeding ground for disease. To keep the animals alive under such torturous conditions, they are *continually given drugs which are passed on to consumers.*

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YES! Factory farms must be stopped from misusing drugs, abusing farm animals, and destroying America's family farms. Enclosed is my tax-deductible contribution of:

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The nature of the male Oedipal conflict, and of the abiding male fears of competition and castration, are too well established to require more than brief note here. By and large, most psychoanalytic accounts of male development focus on the boy's struggle with his father, as do the heroic accounts of male adventure. But one must also take into account the primary impact of the mother-son relationship at different points in the boy's development. Too often the female has been portrayed more as a prize than as a protagonist in the developmental process.

Two very different images of women run through male fantasy life: woman as temptress, seductress, femme fatale, and woman as nurturer, comforter, eternal mother. In the first category are images of the sirens, of the Bride of Darkness and the Whore of Babylon, of Medusa, Delilah, Carmen, and Cleopatra. In the second category are the Muses, Lady Luck, Beatrice, the pure Virgin, and Lotte, whom Werther first sees distributing bread to children. In Frank R. Stockton's short story "The Lady or the Tiger?" the hero's life hinges on whether his beloved is a loving, self-sacrificing woman who will try to save him by relinquishing him to another woman, or a serpent-woman who will let him go to his death rather than let another woman have him.

How is it that the bountiful, nurturant mother of childhood is so often imaginatively transformed into the serpent-woman, the emblematic kiss of death? Or, alternatively, how is it that so few men seem able to find satisfaction with one woman only? Just as the girl may have problems with the Oedipal father, and not just the Oedipal mother, so too does the boy's erotic development show the traces of tension with *both* Oedipal parents. The history of the boy's development as regards his mother is fairly complex. Freud, Horney, and, more recently, some of the French theorists have suggested that the first blow to the boy's narcissism is his inability to secure his mother's exclusive love. In other words, the boy's fear of his father and the threat of castration are not the only factors in the boy's renunciation of his mother. He withdraws his emotional investment in her also because he does not have the genital equipment to compete with his father. His sense is that his mother rejects him because his penis is too small, that he is altogether an inadequate replacement for his father. In essence the boy, like the girl, must renounce his libidinal tie to his mother, though for different reasons.

In order to compensate for anxieties about their masculine adequacy, men resort to power remedies. I use the term *power* in the sense of a set of impulses intended not just to defeat male competitors but also to control women, so as to ensure the availability of the source of gratification without jeopardizing independence. The man's control of the woman becomes a device compensating him for his childhood sense of inadequacy and inferiority vis-à-vis both parents. Out of a need for revenge, the man reverses his infantile experience: he demands sexual and amorous fidelity while disavowing it himself.

The boy's original narcissistic wound is aggravated in adolescence by the hypersexuality of the adolescent male, whose female counterpart is generally not tormented by a comparable hormonal surge. The typical male adolescent experience is one of perpetual sexual arousal without an adequate outlet. This recapitulates the intensely non-gratifying situation of the Oedipal period and reawakens his feelings of inferiority vis-à-vis other men. Throughout life he can never be certain of a woman's sexual desire; it is not so evident as his erection. This sexual difference intensifies his doubts about the woman's feelings for him, giving him another reason to try to control her, body and soul.

The male's fear of (and anger at) the female stems from several developmental levels: fear of the pre-Oedipal mother of infancy, who both abandons and engulfs; of the phallic-narcissistic mother, who both confirms and denigrates masculinity; of the Oedipal mother, who cannot be fulfilled, who falsely seduces, rejects, and prefers the father. Out of these fears arises the male propensity to divorce romantic longing from sexual longing. Alternatively, some men protect themselves, either through overt domination of the beloved or through recourse to split-object triangles (concurrent involvements with two women).

By and large, women escape into love, whereas men fear being made vulnerable by love. Women establish their feminine identity through loving, whereas men must be sure of their masculine identification before they can fall in love. Consequently, women often distort love in the direction of submission, men in the direction of dominance—though these distortions are not invariably gender-linked, individual psychology taking priority over cultural directives.

One of the most prominent differences between the sexes as regards love is that their capacity for it—and vulnerability to it—may well peak at different periods in the life cycle, a difference in timetables that is the result both of socialization and of discrepant object relations. Although the two sexes experience first love at about the same time, in adolescence or young adulthood, the subsequent pattern is often different. Men may be more vulnerable to the sorrows of first love, an experience that can be such a blow that it causes some men to withdraw from any subsequent emotional exposure, to avoid being hurt. In young adulthood women feel a great readiness and urgency to fall in love. Many young men, too, continue to be prone to love attacks, but other men may be willing to run the risks of romantic love again only in middle age or later. Inhibited in the search for love by fear of loss of either autonomy or power (or both), such men return to it only after repetitive conquests are finally perceived as empty, or the limits of achievement have been explored and have either confirmed masculine identity or found it wanting. While the appetite for romantic love does not always abate in women, some opt in later adult life to seek the rewards of different pursuits, in particular motherhood or work. For many, these years offer the first opportunity to pursue power, to seek a different kind of identity consolidation and transcendence in the work of the mind or the imagination. □

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II. SEX AND HORMONES

BY WINIFRED GALLAGHER

AMERICAN WOMEN SEEKING WHAT THEY HOPE WILL be a pharmaceutical fountain of youth besiege Barbara Sherwin with inquiries about her work. At McGill University, in Montreal, the psychologist studies the effects of sex hormones on women's behavior. Her subjects are healthy women who have recovered from gynecological surgery that has drastically curtailed their ability to make reproductive hormones; some have abruptly been rendered menopausal while still in their early thirties. Like many older women, they receive estrogen, a "female" sex hormone. But in a radical departure from standard medical practice, many of Sherwin's patients also get testosterone, a form of androgen, or "male" sex hormone.

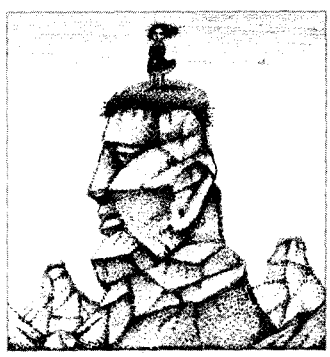
In short order these women report a surge of what doctors call well-being: their strength, their energy, and their spirits rise. So does their libido: the mental components of sex, such as desire and fantasy. In fact, the patients who get a drug that combines testosterone and estrogen feel very good indeed. The few complaints received have come from those who happen to find a friskier sex drive unsettling.

Sporadic, poorly controlled experiments done since the 1950s, often on very ill cancer patients, have suggested that there is a connection between testosterone and libido in women, as there is in men. But Sherwin's careful, large-scale, double-blind studies are the first impressive empirical demonstrations of it. If her controversial method of maintaining women's endocrinological balances is right, the medical care of America's postmenopausal women—who now number 30 million and are a fast-growing demographic group—is inadequate. Doctors routinely treat such hormone-related ailments of these women as osteoporosis and hot flashes, but little attention has been paid to the effects of hormonal deficiency on the mind.

In fact, Sherwin finds that her patients' most acute distress is of the sort often dismissed as being "all in the mind." She describes a typical patient, a bright, thirty-two-year-old career woman whose ovaries had been removed, thereby reducing her natural supply of testosterone by a third. After two years of conventional estrogen-replacement therapy, she came to Sherwin's office in tears, distraught because she'd lost her desire for her husband. Afraid that she no longer loved him, the patient had been "putting herself through the emotional wringer," Sherwin says. At a checkup six months after starting to take an estrogen-androgen preparation, the patient reported that her sexual appetite was restored.

As this anecdote suggests, our knowledge of behavior now derives not only from the "soft" social sciences but increasingly from the "hard" findings of biology as well. And recent research suggests that the effects of testosterone on female behavior may not be limited to sexuality. Sherwin's study of the hormone's impact on women is still under way. But some of her colleagues have reported that women with naturally high levels of testosterone are more career-oriented and less comfortable in traditional relationships with men, as well as lustier, than those with lower levels.

Even the first, anonymous practitioners of the contentious science of reproductive endocrinology, who castrated male slaves and animals to ensure their docility, inferred some sort of mysterious link between the gonads and behavior. Early in the twentieth century scientists puzzled out the connection between sex hormones and such characteristics as beards, deep voices, and sperm production in men, and menstruation and breast development in women, but it was not possible to measure the biochemical messengers precisely enough to do more than guess about their influences on behavior.



Twenty years ago the advent of radio-immunoassay, which can pinpoint hormones circulating in the blood down to the nanogram, or billionth of a gram, inspired a burst of behavioral research. Endocrinologists hastily proposed that high or low exposure to a hormone determined homosexuality, propensity to violence, mathematical ability, the intensity of characteristic male or female—or "gender-related"—behavior in general, and other complex phenomena long thought to be shaped primarily by social influences. Today's second generation of researchers is warier of regarding hormones as biological bosses of behavior. Over the past five years they've painstakingly correlated hormone data with observations on the conduct and environment of carefully selected subjects. Through this process they've tested the accuracy of earlier shoot-from-the-hip theories and developed sound insights about sex hormones that have important social as well as medical implications.

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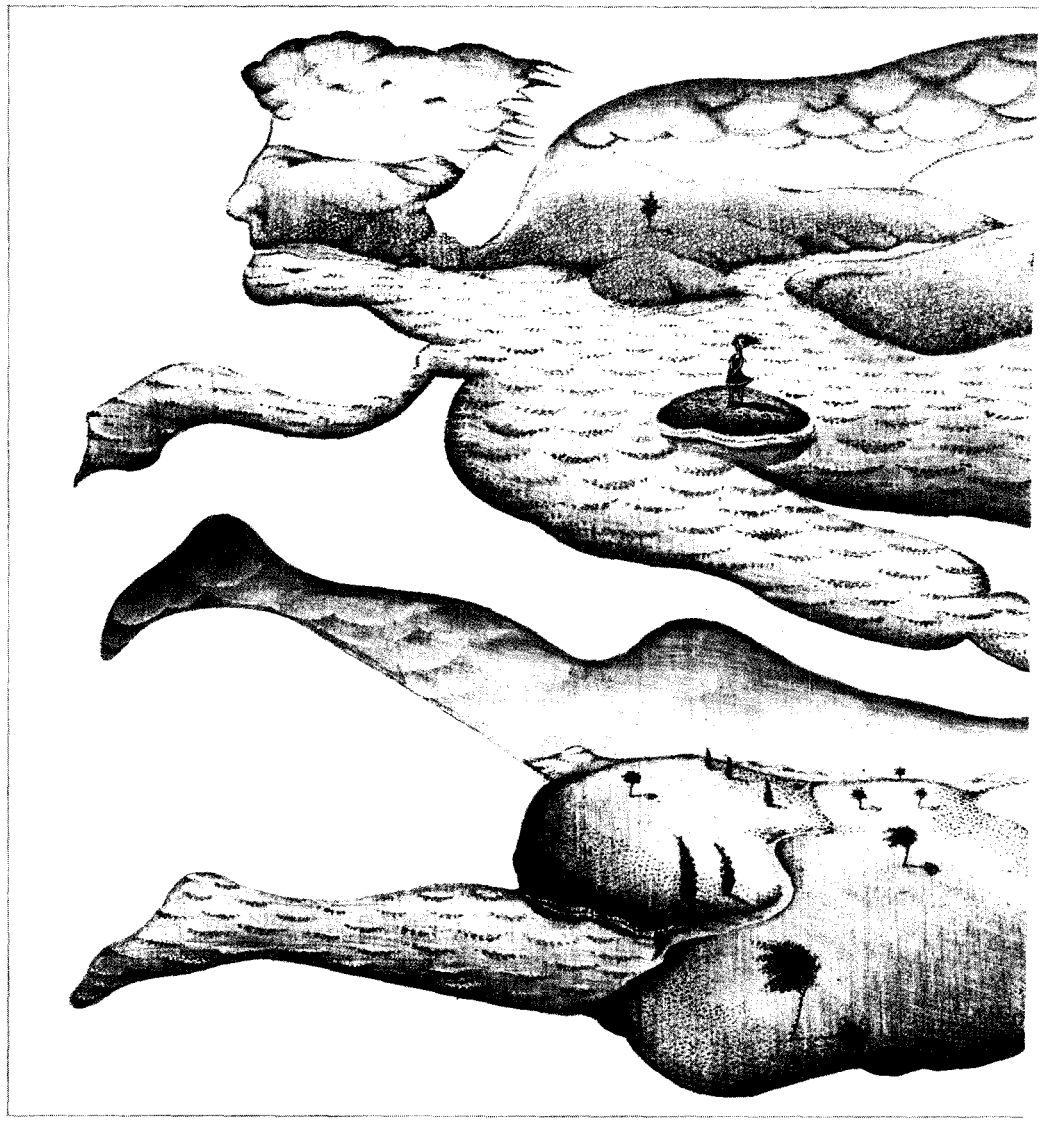
A Little Bent Before Birth

MEN AND WOMEN HAVE THE SAME HALF-DOZEN SEX hormones in common, but in different concentrations. For example, testosterone, the most important of the androgens in the human male, is made by males in their testes and adrenals and by females in their ovaries and adrenals. It's called a "male" hormone because boys are exposed to much more of it than girls, and men have about ten times as much of it as women. Of all the reproductive hormones, testosterone has the most profound effect on behavior. It works in two ways. During the first weeks of life a fetus, including its gonads, appears to be unisex. Between the eighth and twelfth weeks a fetus with male chromosomes begins to produce testosterone and other androgens, which "differentiate" its masculine genitals and, later, its brain; a fetus with female chromosomes, because it's exposed to much less androgen, continues to develop along feminine lines.



Testosterone works in the second way starting with the onset of puberty. Its level in the bloodstream rises, especially in boys, and turns on the various physiological and psychological phenomena, such as patterns of body hair and interest in sex, that the hormone programmed long before in the womb. Throughout adult life testosterone continues to be made and regulated through an interaction between the gonads and the brain, and is stored in the blood; it produces its effects by activating androgen receptor cells in both the genitals and the brain.

A person's prenatal hormonal experience appears to be an especially strong influence on later behavior. For ethical reasons, much of the information on the effects of developmental testosterone comes from animal research. A male rat will act like one only if he has gotten the right amount of androgen starting at the right time and for the right duration in the course of his development; if he hasn't, he'll act like a female, even if he looks like a normal male. A female rat that gets too much early androgen will act like a male. The ways of primates are less completely controlled by hormones than those of lower mammals, but, says Robert Goy, a professor of psychology at the University of Wisconsin and an authority on the effects of reproductive hormones on primates, the evidence that excessive prenatal exposure to androgen can produce male gender-role behavior in females is "indisputable." In short, the animal data show that the difference in the way prenatal exposure to androgen affects males and females is one of degree rather than kind.

However, even in rats, nurture as well as nature influences gender-related behavior. When Ingeborg Ward, a professor of psychology at Villanova University, subjects pregnant rats to high levels of stress, their male fetuses are deprived of developmental testosterone; later, most of these "stressed sons" show marked female sexual responses. However, the degree to which their conduct is atypical depends largely on the stressed sons' socialization. Those raised with normal males or with other stressed sons showed much more female mating behavior than those raised with females. She says, "Gender-related behavior depends on how much androgen is floating around at what

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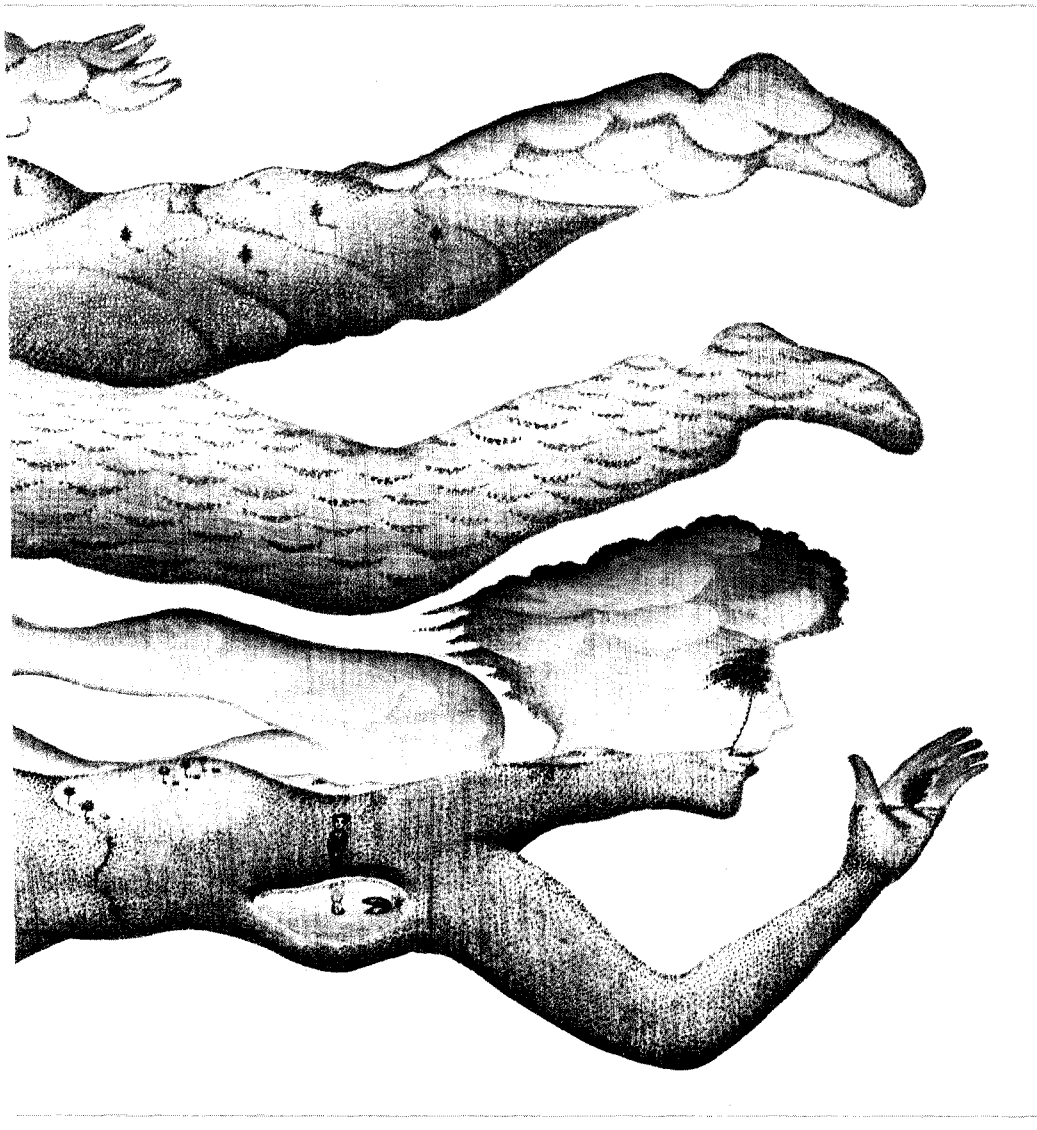
particular time in development, and on prepubertal social factors."

Certain developmental disorders have given researchers insights into apparently similar effects of developmental androgen on people. If a chromosomal male fetus suffers from androgen-insensitivity syndrome, which deprives him of exposure to prenatal testosterone, he'll grow up to look physically like a woman and to act like one. Girls affected by congenital adrenal hyperplasia (CAH), which causes the fetus to be bombarded with excessive amounts of androgen from its own adrenal cortex, are masculinized anatomically and in their behavior.



"The effect of hormones on early development is really very much a matter of what you add to the basic female model," says John Bancroft, a behavioral endocrinologist at the Medical Resource Council's reproductive-biology unit, in Edinburgh, Scotland. "Like anatomy, basic behavior is feminine. If you add androgen, it gets more masculine, and if you take it away, you get the opposite effect."

Bancroft agrees that the smarter the species, the more social influences prevail over endocrinological ones. He also notes that human behavior tends to be "sex-shared"—that is, exhibited by boys and girls, and men and women, though in different degrees. Nevertheless, he says, "there are behaviors likelier to occur in boys than in girls, and they are partly attributable to the effects of hormones. Testosterone is influencing not just male sexual behavior but male behavior—things like dominance and aggression. The two are not separate."

Testosterone's best-documented contribution to behavior has to do with libido, the cranial software of sex, and the hormone is known to have little effect on the adult genital hardware; for example, it plays no role in orgasm or in most wakeful erections. Most men have far more than they need to ensure a robust sex drive. However, "a man without enough testosterone is simply not interested in having sex," Bancroft says. "If he's not uptight about that, he can probably still get erections. The trouble is, men who aren't interested in sex do tend to get uptight about it."

So-called inhibited sexual desire is now one of the nation's commonest sexual problems. In many instances the difficulty is psychological. However, testosterone deficiency or a high level of "female" hormones like prolactin and progesterone can stifle male sex drive and lead to impotence. In such cases libido can be restored a few days after hormonal therapy begins. However, as long as a man has between three and twelve nanograms of testosterone per milliliter of blood, having more will not increase his interest in sex: the practice, fairly common among doctors, of giving supplements to men with normal levels in hopes of boosting libido is a pointless exercise.

The principle behind the treatment of low libido caused by testosterone imbalance is reversed to help those with a very different problem. Progesterone blunts male libido so effectively that so-called chemical castration (which is reversible) is offered to some rapists and other sex offenders in several states as an alternative to jail. While not everyone agrees—notably some feminists—John Money, the director of the psychohormonal research unit at the Johns

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Hopkins School of Medicine, maintains that serious illness drives rapists to their often-repetitive criminal deeds. "Hormonal therapy is a great relief to these sick men," he says. "It reduces their hormones to prepubertal levels, so they have a chance to get their heads straight in counseling."

"Take My Wife Off That Stuff"

THE STRAIGHTFORWARD RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN testosterone and male libido is now well understood. In contrast, information on the female libido has been so thin and conflicting that well into the twentieth century many medical texts flatly stated that women—at least nice ones—had none. The long-standing mystery surrounding women's sexual appetite helps explain the excitement stirred in endocrinological circles by Barbara Sherwin's work. Although social forces like repression surely influence women's sex drive, Sherwin has shown that biological factors strongly affect it as well. Her data imply that while testosterone is not essential for a woman's sexual receptivity, it makes her more attracted, not just attractive, to her partner—a lively libidinous state called proceptivity.

Over ten years Sherwin has manipulated the hormone levels of about 250 surgically postmenopausal patients at Jewish General Hospital, in Montreal. Her healthy subjects, most of them in stable heterosexual relationships, have recovered from total hysterectomy and oophorectomy (removal of the ovaries)—the female equivalent of castration—done for medical reasons other than cancer. After comparing data on their pre- and post-operative sexuality, Sherwin finds that the frequency and intensity of sexual arousal, desire, and fantasy are much higher in subjects who receive testosterone alone or combined with estrogen than in control subjects who get placebos or estrogen alone. In fact, the libidos of women who get testosterone exceed their own pre-operative ranges.

Not surprisingly, the rates of intercourse and orgasm in women taking testosterone rose as well, Sherwin reported last year in the journal *Psychosomatic Medicine*. The hormone's effect is so marked that a few patients who live alone have stopped taking the drug, because, Sherwin says mildly, "they find the heightened awareness of their sexuality unwelcome." Several husbands have found the drug's effect unwelcome too. "We've had some calls saying, 'Take my wife off that stuff,' " she says.

Estrogen-androgen preparations of the kind used by Sherwin were developed about twenty-five years ago to treat menopausal symptoms. Sherwin thinks that the testosterone was added not to boost libido but because of reports that women who took the hormone felt stronger and better. Because its formula was concocted before radio-immunoassay had been developed, the drug's testosterone content was crudely arrived at and raised the recipient's level to a peak of 2.5 nanograms per milliliter of blood, as compared with the average woman's range of 0.2 to 1.2 nanograms. (Sherwin thinks that a lower dosage would be just as effective.) Sherwin prefers an injectable form of the preparation to an oral one, because it is metabolized more easily, produces fewer side effects, and influences behavior in a way that more closely mimics the fluctuations of a natural menstrual cycle.

Both oral and injectable hormone-replacement medicines containing lower doses of testosterone are available in the United States, but they're seldom prescribed. Many women and their doctors are unaware of testosterone's role in female sexuality. Others remain frightened by a cancer scare of the 1970s, in which estrogen-replacement therapy was linked with an increased risk of uterine malignancy. (More recent information suggests that when progesterone is given along with estrogen, the danger of uterine cancer actually drops.) Many doctors are afraid of the legal consequences of prescribing testosterone for women before doing so is established as standard treatment; some fear malpractice suits should the hormone "virilize" their patients—an anxiety that's unwarranted when appropriately low dosages are given. Sherwin thinks another factor is involved: "When I speak to groups of doctors, they often have the attitude of 'So what if a woman doesn't have any libido?'"

The relationship between libido and testosterone is much harder to isolate in women with natural hormone levels than in men or in Sherwin's castrated female patients. Different women have different levels of testosterone that do exert proportionally different behavioral effects (as different levels in men, beyond a certain threshold, do not). And women's testosterone levels fluctuate dramatically throughout the month. The level of the hormone is highest at ovulation, the time of maximum fertility, which seems logical. However, most women have the highest incidence of sex with a partner either immediately before or after ovulation, with high-androgen women typically choosing the latter.

One explanation for the gap between the peaking of

SIXTY

Spring hills, dark contraries:
a glade in a fall valley,
its one flower steeped with sun.

The there and here of her.
The soft where.
The sweet closeness when.

From dreams awake to turn to her.
Remembering, remembering.
And now again. Again.

—Philip Booth

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hormonal and sexual activity could be a time lag similar to the one that occurs when a testosterone-deficient man gets a supplemental shot: it might simply take a few days for the hormone to kick in. There may also be social factors involved. Some of Sherwin's subjects report a surge in libido but no corresponding increase in the frequency of intercourse, which Sherwin attributes to the fact that "often, for a variety of reasons, a woman is more inclined to delay acting on her urges, and it's not always so easy for her to affect the couple's sex life." Bancroft thinks the peaks and troughs in a woman's lustiness may have an evolutionary rationale: "Women don't need to increase their average fertility rate, and their bond with their mates might be stronger and the sexual relationship more interesting if they're more aroused at some times than at others."

Vulnerable Men, High-T Women

SEPARATING THE INFLUENCE OF TESTOSTERONE FROM that of the environment on the nonsexual behaviors of men and women is one of the most contentious issues in science. "Parts of the male and female human brains are structurally different because of different prenatal experiences, and there are some established differences in male and female human behavior," says David Crews, a professor of zoology and psychology at the University of Texas at Austin. "But do the former cause the latter? That's the sixty-four-thousand-dollar question, and we can't answer it until we know more about what different parts of the brain do."

Many researchers maintain that until neuroscience can definitively answer Crews's question, the best gauge of testosterone's influences on behavior is the intensity of "rough and tumble" play in juveniles. Among almost all mammals, this active, aggressive form of play is more marked in males than females.

June Reinisch, a psychobiologist who is the director of the Kinsey Institute at Indiana University, has studied gender-related behavior in boys and girls for seventeen years. She has found that girls generally excel in verbal and social skills, while boys are usually more aggressive and independent—rough-and-tumble-prone. Confronted with a hypothetical situation of encountering, say, a mugging, girls are more likely than boys to choose going for aid and boys more likely than girls to help the victim fight back.

Reinisch has made careful studies of boys and girls whose mothers took certain drugs during pregnancy: either androgenizing drugs like synthetic progestins, taken in the belief that they could prevent miscarriages, or antiandrogenizing ones like DES. Using their siblings as controls, she has found that girls who were highly androgenized in the womb test far more like boys than like other girls in aggressiveness, and boys deprived of adequate androgen test more like girls.

Like her colleagues, Reinisch rejects the notion of rigid, universal biological determinism of behavior. A tendency toward assertiveness in males doesn't rule out gentle males or aggressive women, she says, and she notes that differences between individuals are potentially greater than differences between groups. But it is important nonetheless to identify the general tendencies and their origins. Reinisch says, "The male and female brains are different structurally, and probably chemically, and that means that male and female behaviors are going to be different—overlapping, but different. In certain cognitive and perceptual areas, men and women live in slightly different universes. That being the case, for example, we might find that there's another way to teach math to girls that works better for them than the 'boy way.'"

Within the cognitive area, the subject of the fiercest debate over the relative strength of the forces of nature and nurture is the purported superiority of boys in math and in the visualization of objects in space. One side maintains that a sexist society discourages girls from excellence in "hard" disciplines like math and architecture. The other holds that a boy's greater exposure to testosterone during his fetal development alters his brain in a way that heightens his mathematical and spatial ability. It is unlikely that this issue will be resolved soon, but some intriguing observations have emerged from the controversy.

Boys have a much higher incidence of developmental anomalies than girls, including left-handedness, nearsightedness, and predispositions toward allergies, migraines, dyslexia, and stuttering. In a recent study of gifted children Camilla Benbow, an educational psychologist at Iowa State University, found that math geniuses, among whom there are thirteen boys for each girl, tend also to be left-handed, myopic, and allergic. Abnormal sexual syndromes, or perversions, are almost exclusively male phenomena. Because more hormonal variables are involved in the maturation of the male brain—males are exposed to more testosterone for longer periods—it is possible that boys' higher rates of developmental oddities may result from the greater potential for error in their neuro-endocrinological development.

Jean Bertrand and Maguelone Forest, pediatric endocrinologists in Lyons, France, suggest that the differentiation of the male brain may even continue during early infancy. The team discovered that at birth a boy's androgen level is high—almost half that of a man's. After a few days it drops to a low level similar to a girl's. But about two weeks later it soars up to the high newborn level for another two to three months, presumably further maturing and masculinizing the infant's brain.

Researchers anticipate that the effects of circulating hormones on adult behavior will be better understood within the next decade. To date there is no conclusive evidence that adult levels of either testosterone or estrogen affect the intensity of "masculine" behavior in men, as long as the levels are within the normal ranges. However, several studies suggest that increased circulating testosterone can influence women's personalities.

"I know I have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king . . . and think

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foul scorn that . . . any prince of Europe . . . should dare to invade the borders of my realm," said Elizabeth I of England, awaiting the Spanish Armada in 1588. Patricia Schreiner-Engel, a psychologist and endocrine researcher at the Mount Sinai Hospital School of Medicine, in New York, and John Bancroft have done separate studies that permit the suggestion that the feisty, amorous yet unmarried Virgin Queen might have been responding to a high level of testosterone.

Schreiner-Engle correlated the hormone levels and rates of sexual arousal in thirty healthy young women through a full menstrual cycle. She found that while the sexual responsiveness of women with lower levels of the hormone remained relatively consistent, that of women with high testosterone levels varied dramatically during each cycle and peaked just before and just after menstruation. She also discovered that although the "high-T" women were the most sexually responsive, they were the least satisfied with their sexuality.

There were marked nonsexual personality differences between the two groups as well. "All of the high-T women were very career-oriented and doing lots of interesting things. They were very demanding, involved patients, who asked lots of questions. They also had much more trouble with their relationships with men—most of the low-T women lived with men, but only two women from the high-T group did," Schreiner-Engel says. "The low-T women, who had good relationships with men, tended to have lower-level careers and to be very easy patients who asked few questions." Schreiner-Engel stresses that potent social factors that influence women's behavior can dominate biological drives. "However," she adds, "testosterone does seem to play a significant role in personality, probably in assertiveness."

A Basic Natural Pattern

JOHN BANCROFT LIKES TO PUT THE EFFECTS OF SEX hormones on human behavior in an evolutionary framework. This perspective, he feels, prevents some of the species' biological tendencies from being interpreted as individual eccentricities. For example, he points out that like most sexually dimorphic species (that is, species in which the physical differences between the sexes go beyond purely sexual characteristics), human beings tend to be polygynous.

Looking at the big picture is also useful when thinking about possible reasons for the differences between the behavior of males and of females. Women, like other female primates, are influenced by hormones at different times in different ways—to attract or reject males. On the other hand, as in other male primates, the level of androgen in men ensures that they're generally at the ready for any sexual opportunity that comes their way. This difference in hormonally related readiness means that, in effect, females control when and with whom mating occurs.

The long-standing notion that woman's libido is weaker, or at least more various, than man's has managed to weather the sexual and feminist revolutions. In a split-screen scene in the film *Annie Hall*, Woody Allen and Diane Keaton discuss with their respective psychiatrists the frequency of sex in their relationship: "Almost never. Only three times a week," Allen says. "Constantly. At least three times a week," Keaton says. Bancroft estimates that as many as a third of women don't feel desire that's strong enough to induce them to initiate sex. Although he stresses that social influences on female sexuality are very powerful, he thinks a good bit of this variation in sex drive among women, as well as the variation between men and women, has a genetic basis. "Most men have high libido because men who don't are less likely to pass on their genes—and when they do pass them on, pass on a weak sex drive," he says. "Women, however, need not be desirous in order to have sex or reproduce maximally. Therefore, they're likelier [than men] to pass on low sex drive to their offspring."

Women with high levels of testosterone tend to be more libidinous and sexually responsive than those with lower levels. Although men with higher levels of the hormone are not necessarily lustier, says Bancroft, "some men are biologically sexier than others. The genetically determined sensitivity of androgen receptors in their target organs, especially the brain, is responsible. Psychological factors like learning are *not* the only determinants of sexual responsiveness, as many assert."

June Reinisch also looks to mankind's earliest days for a perspective on the effects of hormones, particularly on differences in male and female behavior. She theorizes that early man needed aggressiveness and better eyesight and spatial skills to defend, hunt, and build. Similarly, early woman needed social savvy and better senses of taste, touch, hearing, and smell for food gathering and preparation and the care of the young. "People think a father is less likely to wake up at night when a baby cries because he's not as involved as a mother," she says, "but women may be biologically better equipped to hear the wails."

For most of history the subtle, potent effects of sex hormones were attributed to magic spells and love philters made from powdered rhino horn and the like. Now that endocrinologists have the wherewithal to probe the enigmatic juices that doctors once called "humors" and "sympathies," they'll continue to supply valuable insights into why men and women are the way they are. "We're just learning how to talk sensibly and efficiently about sex and the differences between the sexes," Bancroft says. "You have to dig for the biological bits, because without that perspective, people can get sold on the idea that their behavior—especially their sexual behavior—is based on only all the social stuff that's so important, instead of also reflecting a basic natural pattern. And that can lead to unrealistic expectations about what sort of behavior is feasible." □

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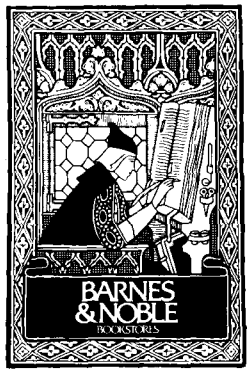

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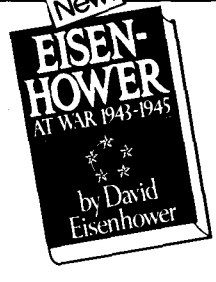

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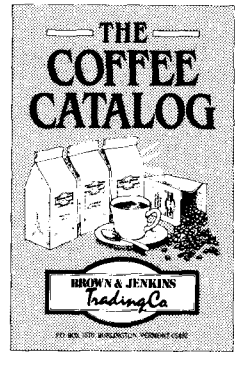

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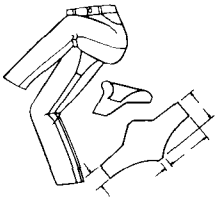

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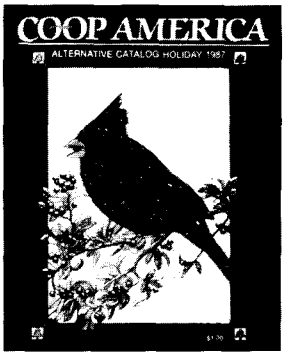

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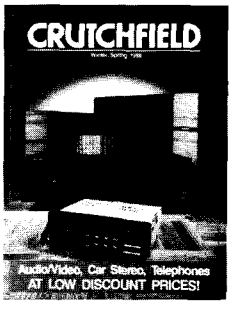

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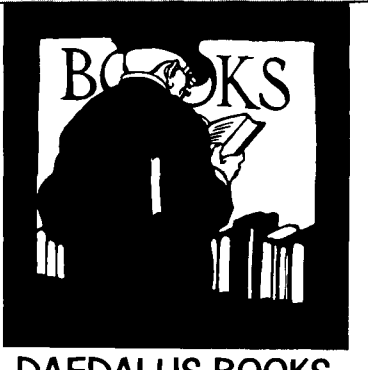

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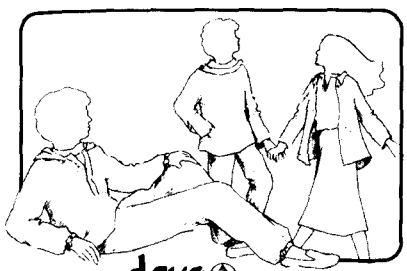

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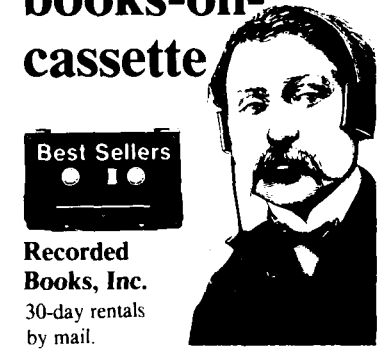

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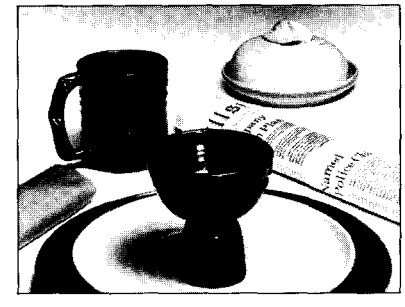

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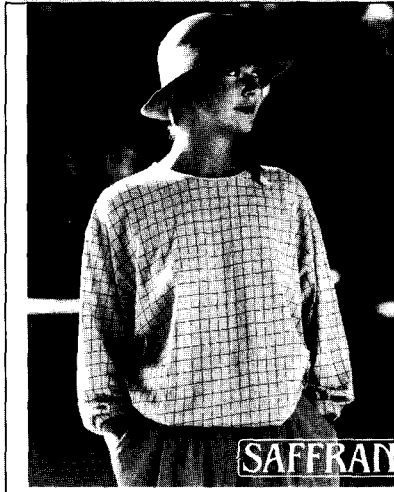

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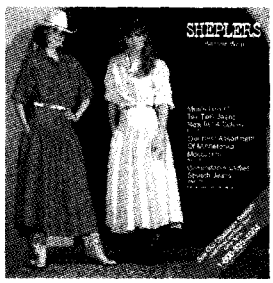

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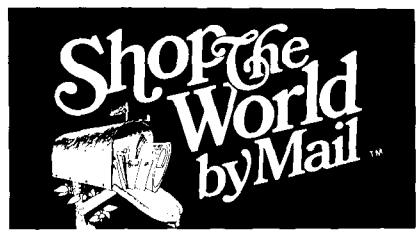

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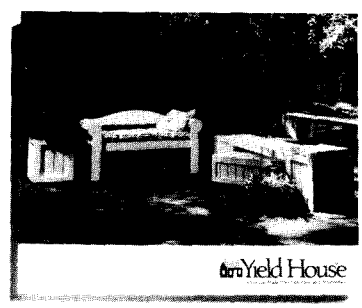

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FOOD

MAKING STOCK

Nothing takes the place of homemade stock, darn it

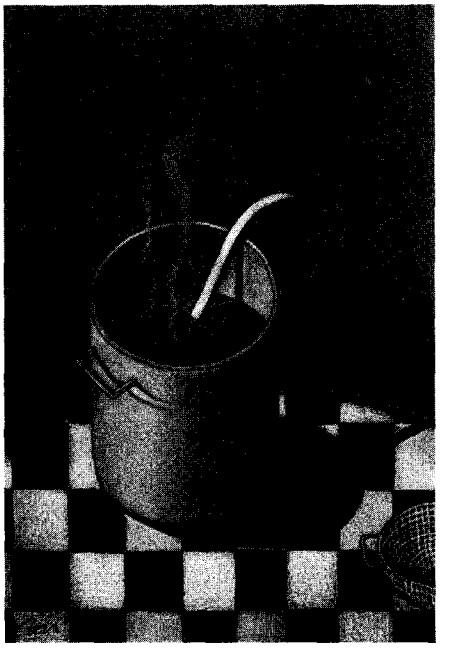
BY CORBY KUMMER

IT'S HARD TO explain why I derive such a sense of security from knowing that I have a big bottle of stock in the refrigerator. Stocks are the very *fond de cuisine*—the foundation of all French cooking—without which a proper sauce is unthinkable. I never make sauces more elaborate than revved-up pan drippings, and I don't plan to start. But I do like things to taste good. Stocks can be invaluable substitutes for or enhancements of pan drippings, and soups are the category of food I hold dearest. With stock waiting, I know that I can have a great meal using whatever I find at the market.

Stock is not as nutritious as your grandmother would have you think. It provides few vitamins unless it contains lightly cooked vegetables, and you can get an equivalent amount of protein and minerals from a packet of gelatin dissolved in water, though the protein is inferior. But it is uniquely satisfying, as any grandmother would agree. Even the sedate encyclopedia *Larousse Gastronomique* says that stock "has an action, so far still shrouded in mystery, similar to that of coffee and chocolate, which, from the moment it is ingested, creates the sensation of well-being." This mysterious action makes logical stock's place at the end of Chinese meals and its use in some restaurants as a stomach-settler between courses, where sorbet is usually offered as a palate-cleanser.

Consommé was once the measure of a chef. A large kitchen had several kinds of stock, some brown (made with browned bones and vegetables), some white (made with unbrowned), some poultry and veal, some beef, some game, some fish, some vegetable. The stock was tailored to the dish whose sauce it would make. "Stock" is the translation of *bouillon* and refers to water boiled for a long time with bones and meat to extract gelatin and flavor, often with vegetables added for more flavor. A consommé is stock that is simmered with chopped meat, vegetables, and egg white. The protein in the egg white and meat attracts any particles clouding the stock, most of them protein and most of them flavorful, and is skimmed off to leave a clear liquid; the meat and vegetables added with the bland egg white serve to replace lost flavor and enhance the stock.

Even if you're as uninterested in sauce-making as I am, to have a good soup you need good stock, and the only way to get it is to make it. Canned chicken soup and beef consommé, which nearly everyone



relies on when a recipe calls for stock, are almost always too salty. Some canned soup is unpleasantly metallic. None has the gelatin that gives thick soups body and sheen; although manufacturers don't reveal how they make chicken soup, it appears that most rely on skin and meat for flavor and don't bother with bones for gelatin. A panel assembled by Jenifer Harvey Lang for her book *Tastings* found the flavor of four canned chicken soups (Swanson, Campbell's, Manischewitz, and College Inn) and Knorr-Swiss chicken-stock cubes acceptable, but they are really best used as flavor-rechargers in a pinch. Stock cubes are especially salty and offer no body at all. (The erudite and curmudgeonly John Thorne promises another view of stock in his newsletter *Simple Cooking*, which is always worth heeding; a year's subscription costs $12, at P.O. Box 622, Castine, Maine 04421.) I don't propose to ban canned soup and cubes, considering how often I resort to them to flavor the liquid in an emergency stock or a fast vegetable soup. But I don't need to in winter, when the thought of spending a few hours making a rich stock is inviting. Now might be the time to find out how much better soups taste with homemade stock.

NOT JUST ANYTHING can go into stock. "In the matter of stock it is above all necessary to have a sufficient quantity of the finest materials at one's disposal," Auguste Escoffier wrote at the turn of the century in his *Guide Culinaire*. "The master or mistress of a house who stints in this respect thereby deliberately forfeits his or her right to make any remark whatsoever to the chef concerning his work." Elizabeth David, in *French Provincial Cooking*, called the instructions of Mrs. Beeton to Victorian Englishwomen that everything should go into a stockpot "the absolute negation of the principles of good cooking." Many unexpected things, however, can go in. Don't be squeamish about sweeping bones from the plates of guests into a stockpot. Infectious bacterial and viral agents will be killed in the simmering or boiling of stock. Restaurants, you might be relieved to hear, buy bones for their stock, if only to ensure a regular supply.

The stock that I would suggest starting with is an all-purpose white poultry and veal stock that will serve admirably as a background for most soups and can even serve for most sauces. Fish and vegetable stocks belong to other phyla. Fish stocks are messier to assemble but quicker to cook. Vegetable stocks are harder to make into a rich, muted background, but you can find ingenious recipes for very good ones in the *Greens Cook Book*, by Deborah Madison with Edward Espe Brown.

The bones to rescue as soon as the guests leave, then, are chicken, turkey, game birds including Cornish hens, and veal (cooked meat won't contribute much flavor, so throw it out). Pork bones give stock a flavor that is too strong and sweet to use as a background, but you

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might like it—many Chinese restaurants use a chicken-pork stock, for example. Ham bones are too salty, but for certain soups (split-pea, for instance) make wonderful stocks. Duck bones can also upstage other ingredients in an all-purpose stock. Lamb drowns out everything, although if you like sauce-making, a lamb stock is invaluable for sauce for lamb. Whenever you buy chicken breasts or veal scallopine, ask for the bones and trimmings. You're paying for them anyway, and after accumulating them in a bag in the freezer for a time, you'll be ready to make a stock.

If you're buying bones, the best are veal shin and knuckle (knee). Veal bones release much more gelatin than beef bones, as they are not yet mineralized, and eight times the gelatin that meat does. Chicken backs and necks are the most common waste bones, and if you're lucky they will be very meaty. A few giblets add flavor, but too many will make a stock bitter and high-tasting, so one or two sets will suffice for two quarts of stock. Never add the liver, which will make stock disastrously bitter. Beef marrow bones, frequently called for in recipes for white stock, can add flavor and, to a lesser extent, gelatin. One or two will suffice.

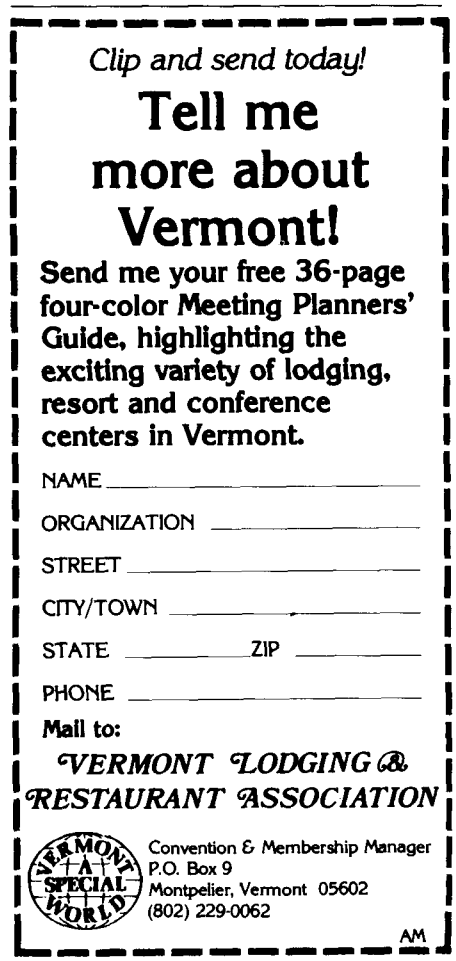
All bones should be split, to expose marrow and hasten the release of gelatin. If your butcher is too busy to oblige, whack them with a cleaver. This process can be far more therapeutic than kneading bread, as it is overtly violent. Even big veal bones can be split surprisingly easily, as long as you start swinging the cleaver high above you; often the bone travels back with the knife on the upswing, which is fine. Turn the bones over and hack from the other direction to finish difficult cuts. Clear the room before you start, and don't walk in the kitchen without shoes until you've swept or vacuumed, because splinters nearly as sharp as glass shards fly from the board and lodge in far corners. Chicken and turkey bones are better behaved but still provide a satisfying challenge.

Bones don't contribute much flavor, as I found when I made a stock out of just bones. It tasted terrible—weak and bony—and didn't improve much when I simmered a slew of vegetables in it. Meat gives flavor, and the older the meat the better. It's certainly not impossible to make a good stock from young fryer chickens, which are what you'll find in supermarkets. Fowl, which is tough and stringy if cooked any way other than simmering, is far better but hard to find. If you can buy parts separately, try for backs and settle for wings and thighs. A better compromise is fresh turkey parts, which are cheap and give very good flavor.

Much as I love chicken stock, a stock or soup tastes more rounded if it has a bit of veal in it. Veal is "at once succulent and anonymous," in the words of Richard Olney, whose wonderful *French Menu Cookbook* was recently re-issued. "Its flavor is soft, deep, and voluptuous without being marked by the eccentricity of individual character; it is the perfect vehicle for other flavors, lending body and support without altering or obscuring their primitive qualities." Cheap cuts of veal are shank, rib tips, and neck, but they're not always easy to come by; veal shoulder is relatively cheap and most butchers can provide it.

Last winter I went out and bought a stockpot after surviving for too long with a six-quart pot. It's four gallons, the smallest size that I could find in a restaurant-supply store, and it's made of stainless steel—aluminum pots quickly discolor from chemical reactions and can leave off-tastes in food. I don't use this pot for anything besides stock, and it was expensive, so I won't say that you can't go on living without one, but it makes large quantities of stock (more than two quarts) practical. Any pot used for stock should be higher than it is wide, to minimize the liquid required to cover ingredients, and to slow evaporation. The quantities I'll give, for two quarts of stock, will fit into a six-quart pot, which I assume everyone has, for pasta: four pounds of meaty poultry bones and giblets, one veal knuckle or one pound of veal shin bones, two pounds of chicken parts, and one pound of veal. These are, of course, approximate, and are offered as an idea of proportions.

Wash all the bones and meat. If you have found more veal bones, which give off much more scum than chicken bones, and you have room to use them, it is worth blanching them first by covering them with water, bringing it to a boil for three minutes, and draining the bones. Much of the scum will rise to the surface, making subsequent skimming easier. (A brown stock starts with these bones browned with a bit of fat in a hot oven for between forty minutes and two hours. I think that this browning makes the flavor generic—you



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taste the browning, not the individual meats—and results too often in a burnt taste. You can darken the color later by blackening an onion over a gas flame and adding it to the stock.) Cover the bones with three quarts of cold water and bring it to a simmer. The water should cover the bones with about an inch and a half or two inches of headroom, and there should be the same space between the surface and the top of the pot.

The almost invariable directions are to start skimming and to keep skimming. The goal of skimming is to make the stock transparent and pretty. The scum is albumin, a kind of protein, and it's good for you. If the scum that rises to the surface in the first fifteen to thirty minutes is left unskimmed, it will coagulate in the stock and cloud it. This is no tragedy unless you plan to serve a clear soup. Reading Italian recipe books, I became curious about the possibility of paying less attention than I had previously done to skimming stock. Ada Boni and Fernanda Gosetti, grande dames both, say that only the gray ring around the inside of the pot need be removed. After experimenting, I think that you don't have to do much skimming; the unpleasant gray-brown of the scum does seem to collect and dry on the sides of the pot, from which it is easily wiped away with a wet paper towel, and the rest of the foam is re-incorporated into the stock. Skimming is in any case an irritating chore that I am happy to dispense with whenever possible.

A clear stock is admittedly preferable for any soup without cream or pureed vegetables, though, and keeping a stock clear isn't much more complicated than skimming for the first fifteen to thirty minutes of simmering, which I find bearable when necessary. Use a sieved skimmer or a slotted spoon to remove only the foam, or a ladle if you mean to remove as much fat as possible before the stock is chilled. The stock will be strained at the end, and the white foam that comes to the surface after the initial skimming will go back into the stock with little effect on the clarity. Skimming is made easier by adding a bit of cold water, which encourages protein to coagulate and rise to the surface, and makes fat congeal.

Although fat is easily removed after the stock chills and hardens, it can also be removed with a spoon or ladle during cooking. A frequently given reason for skimming is that fat will otherwise be irrevocably trapped in the stock, and won't rise to the surface even when chilled. Harold McGee, the author of the invaluable *On Food and Cooking*, finds this implausible, as there is not enough protein of the kind that is attracted to fat in a stock to bind with a significant amount of it. I made two stocks using identical ingredients, skimming one with a mesh skimmer, which removed scum but little fat, and simmering it lightly, and leaving the other unskimmed and boiling it hard. The boiled stock was cloudy, but I recovered nearly half again as much fat from it. Even if the skimming did remove more fat than I thought, the unskimmed stock was actually less fatty when degreased and reheated than the skimmed stock. Don't withhold fat from the stockpot to make degreasing easier (unless it is lamb or beef fat, whose taste is too strong)—it is a prime carrier of flavor, and you really can remove it later.

Another iron rule of stock-making is never to boil hard, also aimed at preventing the scum and fat from being reincorporated into the stock. Once you have skimmed a stock for the first fifteen to thirty minutes, however, boiling shouldn't cloud it. Boiling will increase not only the extraction of flavor and gelatin but also evaporation—you'll have to add water more frequently—and the loss of aroma molecules. The price of speed, then, can be a loss of flavor. If you wish to leave the stock unattended for a while, keep it at a slow simmer.

After the first half hour you can add vegetables and seasonings if you wish. I say this offhandedly, because as much as I love the taste of vegetables in a stock, I have come around to the views of Escoffier, recently echoed forcefully in Barbara Kafka's *Food for Friends*, that vegetables have no place in stock—they have a place in the soup or the sauce made from it. Stock doesn't have to taste like soup, and you might not choose to taste every one of the vegetables and seasonings traditional for stock in the soup or sauce you decide to make. Most persuasive for me, stock doesn't keep for nearly as long when vegetables are added. The flavors can intensify unpleasantly if you reduce the stock. This problem is worse with salt; stocks are never salted.

If you do want to flavor the stock now, the traditional vegetables would be, for the quantities given of bones and water, a large celery stick, one large or two small carrots (more will make the stock too sweet), one or two leeks, with all of the green tops, two peeled and halved onions, each stuck with one clove, a very ripe tomato if you like, and mushroom parings if you have them. Any member of the cabbage family, such as broccoli or cauliflower, will be too powerful; turnips will be too bitter. A small parsnip can substitute for parsley root, a standard European addition to stock that is generally unavailable here. The traditional spices are six whole white peppercorns (whole because cracked pepper can make a stock bitter, and white because it's a white stock), a small bay leaf, three or four sprigs of parsley, and a pinch of dried thyme. Dill cooked for more than a few minutes will make the stock bitter. If you are skimming carefully, add all this after the first half hour or you'll skim out half of it. (Don't bother to wrap the herbs in cheesecloth, as many books instruct—everything will be strained out at the end.) The vegetables themselves, especially the leek tops, tomato skins, and mushroom parings, attract scum to the surface and should be lifted out first after the stock is cooked.

Wondering whether the good vegetable flavor I so much like could be obtained only by long cooking, I conducted a second experiment, making one stock in the traditional way, simmering the vegetables, with the meat and bones, for three and a half hours, and another using a method that Peter Kump, of Peter Kump's New York Cooking School, developed in his cooking classes: chop the vegetables into roughly half-inch dice, drop them and the seasonings into the stock, cover the pot, and let the vegetables simmer for the last twenty minutes of cooking. Several food experts couldn't tell the difference in flavor between the two, and neither could I. This method also produces edible vegetables. If you decide that your idea of an all-purpose stock includes vegetables, this is how I recommend adding them, and you can do it either at the end of the first cooking or when you're ready to use the stock.

It's hard to put a time on stock. One way to time it is by doing all the household chores you've postponed for months. Veal bones need at least four or five hours to release a significant amount of gelatin. You can have the maximum gelatin and flavor if you follow Escoffier's directions to boil the bones first for twelve hours (even four to six will help—or you can put them on to simmer the night before) and then add the meat and, if you like, vegetables. The dis-

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solving bones inevitably cloud the stock, though. The French often re-boil veal bones after making a stock. Jacques Pepin, in his profusely illustrated *Art of Cooking*, which is the most important teaching cookbook published in many years, gives directions for the *remouillage*: boil the bones for twelve hours above the four for the stock. Pepin uses the secondary stock for thickening sauces or for starting new stocks. Chicken bones need only three or four hours altogether, so a good rule of thumb for a combination stock is four hours simmered or two to three hours boiled hard. Chicken stock can taste very good after one and a half hours of hard boiling, a standard Chinese technique, but it will be much more gelatinous and richly flavored if you give it longer. (With enough fresh meat and the furtive addition of canned stock or a stock cube, you can have usable stock in under an hour, especially if you first grind the meat in a food processor and chop the vegetables, preferably by hand; if you want the stock to jell, a packet of gelatin will do the trick.)

Strain the finished stock through a conical strainer or a colander lined with wet cheesecloth. Press on the solids firmly to release more liquid, but not urgently, if you want clear stock. If you have put in vegetables early in the cooking, they will have nearly no flavor, with the exception of the carrots, which will still be vaguely sweet. Young chicken is completely exhausted by being cooked in stock, but veal and fowl stand up better, especially if the stock was simmered rather than boiled, and you can shred the meat into a soup or chop it for a salad or grind it for a pasta filling.

The combination of protein and minerals in stock makes it a perfect breeding ground for all kinds of bacteria (laboratories frequently grow specimens in beef broth), so it should be cooled and refrigerated as soon as possible. This is easy in winter weather: put it by the window, and when it reaches room temperature, refrigerate it immediately. In warm weather you can put a jar or bowl containing the stock into a larger bowl or pot of cold water, and keep running cold water around it. Refrigerate the stock uncovered until cold; if covered, it can start to ferment and sour. Boiling stock before serving it will kill any bacteria that might have grown during slow cooling, but once the bacteria ferment there is no saving the soured stock. The cap of solidified fat at the top will preserve the stock, just as paraffin preserves jellies, so don't remove it until you need to use the stock. If you can't wait the eight hours before the fat solidifies, spoon off the fat that rises as the stock cools to room temperature and blot the surface with paper towels.

THE PROBLEM OF how to store this hard-won stock is vexing. Keeping it in the refrigerator not only takes up space but also requires frequent re-boiling after the fat is removed, lest it attract bacteria and turn sour. This is tedious and inconvenient. Stock keeps indefinitely in the freezer, and the ideal is to have many pint-sized freezer containers and a lot of freezer room (you can remove frozen stock from the containers and store the cubes in a bag).

I'm not going to suggest what everyone else does: reducing stock to *glace de viande*, or meat glaze, which is easily frozen in rubbery cubes. There is an undeniable thrill to boiling down stock so far that it changes color and becomes a viscous syrup that if tasted "seals your lips shut," in the words of the food authority Paula Wolfert; after all, the gelatin content is nearly as high as in glue, which was often made principally from calves' feet. Most articles on stock tell you that a bag of cubes of meat glaze, made in an ice-cube tray and popped out, is frozen gold, and that so equipped you can make any sauce. Certainly, meat glaze gives body (all that gluey gelatin) to a sauce, and depth, but when the stock is reduced so far, it begins to caramelize and takes on much the same flavor as if you had browned the bones at the outset. A beautifully pure veal glaze, however, can help many sauces, and one is available from Summerfield Farm, in Virginia, a producer of veal and lamb from animals raised by humane methods (SR4 Box 195A, Brightwood, Virginia 22715; the telephone is 703 948-3100).

The gold I want is the clarity and smoothness of a white stock, and I don't have much freezer room. I experimented in reducing a rich turkey stock and decided that past the halfway point it can't be successfully reconstituted. By the three-quarter stage it tastes like the jelly from a roast chicken, which can be delicious for a gravy or a sauce but is too strong for a soup. So I recommend reducing the stock to half and freezing it in several containers. Given a decent amount of freezer room, you can go for months before buying bones and spending another afternoon making stock. □

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POLLINI'S BEETHOVEN

Recordings that raise the issue of objectivism in performance

BY WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN

THERE IS A GOOD deal of hand-wringing among music critics these days over the rise of a so-called objectivist movement in musical performance. The two main villains, one gathers, are the conductor Pierre Boulez and the pianist Maurizio Pollini. It is alleged that the performances of Classical and Romantic masterpieces given by them and by their followers are cool, distant, and impersonal, overly intellectual and even rather mechanical—as compared with the idiomatic and personally expressive performances given by the great performers who flourished between the wars. This view seems vaguely connected in the minds of those who hold it with a general antipathy to the admittedly cerebral quality of much twentieth-century music. And it is perhaps this connection that explains the singling out of Boulez and Pollini. Both have performed a great deal of twentieth-century music, and Boulez is one of the most distinguished composers of the postwar years. Certainly it is difficult to see how anyone who had listened closely to the actual performances that the two men have given of Classical and Romantic works could have arrived at such a view.

There is perhaps some excuse in the case of Boulez, for he has steadfastly (and maddeningly) refused to make commercial recordings of the pre-modernist music he has performed most memorably: the symphonies of Beethoven, Schubert, and Mahler; the piano concertos of Mozart and Beethoven; Berlioz's large dramatic works. These can, alas, be heard only on tapes of broadcast concerts. And now Boulez says that he will perform only twentieth-century music.

But Pollini is a different case altogether. The current Deutsche Grammophon compact-disc catalogue contains his superb performances of the Mozart Concertos K. 459 and 488 (413 793-2); the five Beethoven concertos (419 793-2); the two Brahms concertos (419 470-2 and 419 471-2); the Chopin Études (413 794-2), Polonaises Nos. 1–7 (413 795-2), Preludes (413 796-2), and Sonatas Nos. 2 and 3 (415 346-2); and the Schumann *Études symphoniques* (410 916-2) and F-sharp Minor Sonata and *Fantaisie* (423 134-2).

Some of Pollini's performances of twentieth-century music are also available on compact disc: the Bartók Concertos Nos. 1 and 2 (415 371-2), and Stravinsky's Three Pieces From *Petrushka*, Prokofiev's Sonata No. 7, Webern's Variations, and Boulez's Sonata No. 2 (all on 419 202-2). Pollini's deep interest in twentieth-century music has not led him to play earlier music coldly or mechanically, as his critics sometimes imply. On the contrary, his sure, intuitive grasp of the earlier masters has enabled him to bring to twentieth-century music a freedom and expressiveness missing from most other pianists' performances. Even if the objectivist movement were a reality rather than a mere journalists' fantasy, Pollini would seem a strange figure to place at its head.

PERHAPS THE BEST way to get an idea of what Pollini is really like is to listen to his most important and ambitious recordings, the ones he made for Deutsche Grammophon in 1975–1977 of the last five Beethoven sonatas: Opp. 101, 106 ("*Hammerklavier*"), 109, 110, and 111. These too have recently been issued on compact disc (419 199-2). The late Artur Schnabel is often said to have been a precursor of the objectivist movement, and Pollini's performances of these great works are indeed similar in many ways to Schnabel's classic recorded performances of the 1930s. But this again does not mean that Pollini's performances are at all cold or impersonal. Schnabel's Beethoven sonatas, like his Beethoven concertos, which I wrote about recently in these pages, were distinguished by their fusion of direct, powerful personal expression and an overarching sense of intellectual rigor and command of form. They demonstrated, as clearly as any recordings ever made, that in musical performance emotion and intellect are not opposed—as popular myth would have it—and that it is only through appropriate emotional expression that the structure of a musical work can be fully articulated. Pollini's recordings of the last sonatas, the only ones so far that are a match for Schnabel's, demonstrate the same thing.

Even a listener who did not know these works could not fail to be arrested by the raw, elemental power with which Pollini plays the declamatory slow introduction to the first movement of Op. 111, or to be carried along by the inexorable forward movement and the heavy, brooding intensity of the Allegro that follows. Nor could such a listener fail to be awed by the unearthly stillness with which Pollini plays the heartbreakingly simple little arietta that opens the same work's second (and concluding) movement, and by the way in which, in the variations that follow, he gradually loosens the rhythm and increases the emotional intensity through the climactic Variation 3. Pollini then withdraws inward for the mysterious Variation 4, in which low, themeless murmuring alternates with disembodied pecking high in the treble, and then gradually rises, through a long series of trills, to the most sublimely transcendent of all Beethoven's endings. If "objectivity" means merely the absence of distracting personal mannerisms, then this is indeed objective playing. The music seems almost to play itself. But it has throughout the stamp of a powerful and complex personality. Whether the personality is Pollini's or Beethoven's or that of the work itself is undecidable and of no interest—that is precisely the point. Nobody but Pollini could have played the work just this way, and yet at no point is our attention directed to his existence apart from that of the music.

Schnabel plays Op. 111 with equal mastery, and effects a similar fusion of music and performer, and yet his performance is quite different from Pollini's. In the first movement he is impulsive and excitable where Pollini is steady, pushing toward the climaxes where Pollini is content to hold back and simply let them happen. (And Schnabel is also occasionally a little sloppy where Pollini is technically secure.) In the second movement Schnabel plays the first three variations more gracefully and pliantly, and when the music moves up high in Variation 4, he again pushes forward

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where Pollini again holds steady. Though the two conclusions are similar, Schnabel's is more effusive and ecstatic, Pollini's more massive and nobly restrained. Both performances are great ones, and there is little or nothing to choose between them.

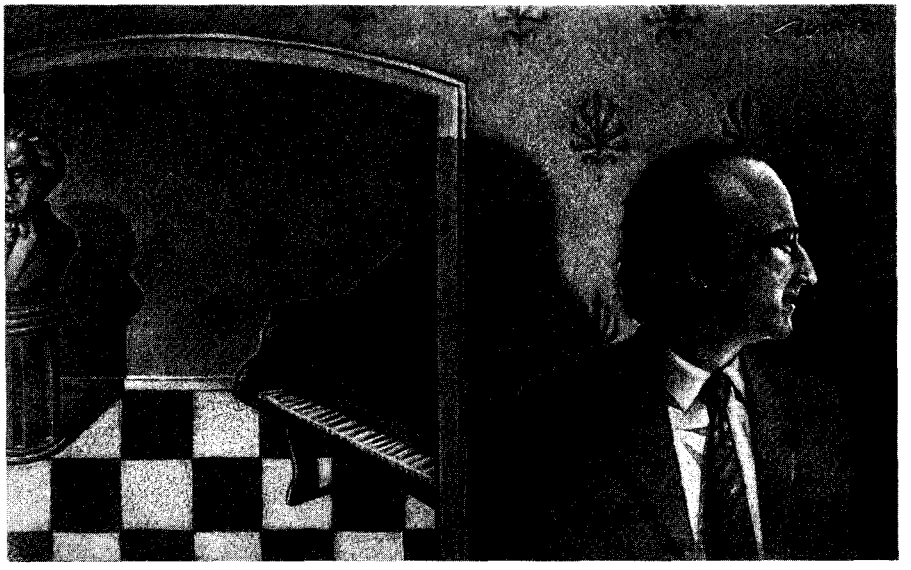
This comparison holds roughly true for most of the movements in the two performances of these five sonatas. Schnabel and Pollini are virtually identical in the brief, scherzo-like second movements of Opp. 106, 109, and 110. But in the second movement of Op. 110 Pollini's initial tempo is a little slower than Schnabel's, the total effect more massive. At the Trio, when the music moves from F minor into D-flat major, Schnabel's running right-hand eighth notes are fleeter than Pollini's, his phrases more compressed.

In the larger movements these differences are, understandably, more pronounced. The first movement of Op. 101, the least known of these works, begins casually and conversationally—*in medias res*, as it were—and is marked by an easy swing, gently lulling syncopations, and occasional *forte* eruptions. Schnabel is again more impulsive, taking more time with the pauses and heightening the drama, where Pollini is more thoughtful and meditative, creating an almost seamless flow. And as Schnabel approaches the end of the finale of Op. 109, another of Beethoven's great variation movements, he lets himself be carried away by the increasingly florid right-hand arpeggios, which Pollini keeps tense and measured, holding the tempo steady. Either way affords an effective preparation for the moving restatement of the simple, chorale-like theme.

Pollini's greater strictness and steadiness usually give his performances an air of sustained, intense seriousness of purpose. But sometimes they have a different effect. Op. 101 is the only one of these works that has a conventional sonata-form finale, a powerful and witty movement in which we sense, as so often in Beethoven, his long-standing debt to his old teacher, Haydn. With Schnabel the wit is bright, sparkling, urbane; Pollini, at a slightly more relaxed tempo, makes it amusingly heavy and countrified, rather tongue-in-cheek.

Sometimes the differences between Pollini and Schnabel work in the other direction. Schnabel plays the opening movement of Op. 109 in a warm, relaxed, quasi-improvisatory fashion, whereas Pollini is crisp, urgent, quietly passionate. And in the opening movement of Op. 110 Schnabel is serenely meditative while Pollini is full of restrained ardor.

There are only two movements in which I find Pollini perhaps less effective than Schnabel. The second movement of Op. 101 is a march, heroic but filled with violent contrasts of tempo and dynamics and with slightly jarring dissonances that give the heroism an edge of desperation. Schnabel, again compressing and telescoping phrases, heightens these contrasts while Pollini smooths them out somewhat, serving the heroism straight. At first Schnabel's performance sounds eccentric and excessive, but one can argue that the eccentricity and excess are there in the music and that he is only bringing them out. Pollini's performance is powerful, spirited, and completely convincing on its own terms. But listening to it after listening to Schnabel's, one cannot help feeling that something is missing.



I think this is also true in the more debatable case of the immense first movement of the "*Hammerklavier*." Schnabel plays it at what seems a crazily fast tempo—which causes technical problems—and with obsessive, pounding insistence. Pollini slows the tempo and produces a majestic, perfectly controlled performance. But Schnabel's tempo is based on Beethoven's own metronome marking, and when one considers other aspects of the music—the obsessive concentration on figures composed of thirds, for example—one might want to argue that, just as with the second movement of Op. 101, Schnabel is bringing out something that is genuinely there. Pollini's playing of the work's other two big movements, the long and eloquent slow movement and the strenuous concluding fugue, is perfectly satisfying, and if one had not heard Schnabel play the first movement, one would accept Pollini's playing of it without objection. Yet again something is perhaps lacking. To miss the occasional craziness of late Beethoven is to miss something of the man.

But these are very minor criticisms, tentatively advanced. In these performances Pollini has met and overcome, at the highest level of musical insight and technical mastery, one of the supreme challenges to the virtuoso pianist. One could scarcely ask for more. (For those who care to make the comparison with Schnabel, his late Beethoven sonatas are at present available only in the imported EMI LP set RLS-758, which may be obtained from Allegro Imports, 2317 N.E. Fifteenth Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97212. But all his Beethoven sonatas are scheduled for release on compact disc by EMI sometime this year.)

I might add that several other excellent pianists of Pollini's generation have also been unfairly labeled objectivist. One is Vladimir Ashkenazy, whose late Beethoven sonatas, less superbly shaped and controlled than Pollini's but still very fine, can be heard on the London compact-disc set 417 150-2. Others are Murray Perahia, Andras Schiff, and Richard Goode. With such performers in our midst, there seems little danger that the standard solo-piano repertory will be reduced to a mere mechanized reshuffling of emotionless notes. □

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by Hedrick Smith.
Random House, $22.50.

THERE IS AN Official America, a place apart from the America where most of us live. Official America is the community in which our Presidents and members of Congress go to do the work of the Republic. It is located primarily in Washington, D.C., and in diverse satellite and feeder institutions around the country and way stations throughout the world. It includes most veteran elected officials and those who, once defeated, have stayed on in Washington. It also includes senior appointees of Administrations past and those who yearn to be appointed to Administrations yet to be. In its corridors are to be found political operators, most of whom have little interest in policy, as well as policy analysts, who have little taste for politics and view elections as the enemy of sound policy. Reporters, commentators, soothsayers, professional sources, those who are influential, and those who make their living appearing to be so—no survey of Official America would be complete without a mention of them.

Official America thinks differently from most Americans. It thinks in the abstract; most Americans want to know how a thing works in practice. It calculates costs and benefits with all the exactitude of applied mathematics; most Americans know that the decisive elements of choice—values—elude measurement. It has the Enlightenment's confidence in the rationality of decision-makers, even at moments of severe crisis; most Americans deal every day with Murphy's Law. Official America lacks a sense of self-awareness, and therefore takes its habits of mind as the only natural modes of thinking. Self-contained and self-absorbed, Official America generates its own special sense of what is important, real, and true. It has its own forms of power, which consist largely of specialized expertise, possession of the means of implementing policy, and a grip on the national news media. Official America competes with the people of America for the direction of our government. When it receives newly elected officials into its company, it commonly treats them the way a perverse parent might, either embracing them seductively or abusing them with derision.

In *The Power Game*, Hedrick Smith gives us a sense of Official America's composition, values, and self-importance when he describes one of its "high tribal rites"—the Gridiron Club's annual banquet, in Washington, D.C. He reports that it "brings together six hundred of the most powerful, best-known people in America," including "the anchors of television, the publishers and other princes of the print press." Each spring Official America celebrates itself and exercises certain of its distinctive forms of power by lampooning its notable personages in skits at this untelevised and largely unreported dinner. Smith tells us, for example, that in 1982 Nancy Reagan used the evening "to fix her rich-girl image." She appeared in a getup of "outlandish" old clothes to the tune of "Second Hand Rose." Smith believes that the "inner core of the Washington community" whom she wowed that night was so "crucial" an audience that her performance became the "pivotal moment in her press coverage," even though the "world beyond the beltway never knew what had propelled Nancy Reagan's image turnaround."

The Power Game is not only about Official America; it is also, unwittingly, a richly revealing artifact of it. Smith assumes, as does the culture he describes, that "Washington is where the nation's destiny is set." His book both reports and reflects the "incomparable titillation" this culture gets from "doing the public's business." Smith is, after all, one of those "princes of the print press." For twenty-five years he has had a "fifty-yard-line seat at the power game" as a star journalist with *The New York Times*. He has been the *Times*'s Washington bureau chief and is now its influential chief Washington correspondent. His celebrity alone will put *The Power Game* on many coffee tables; it has the look of the big book (over 700 pages) for which Washington people have been waiting.

Smith can be a first-rate reporter, especially of events he or his sources have directly observed. Traditionally, our best insights into the exercise of public power have come from novelists like Stendhal, C. P. Snow, Robert Penn Warren, and Ward Just, whose scenes of mortals grappling with power are so vivid that we can directly assess its meaning for ourselves. *The Power Game* works best when Smith presents such novelistic episodes without comment.

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He does this, for example, in his account of a phone call in April, 1983, between Ronald Reagan and Pete Domenici, of New Mexico, the conservative Republican chairman of the Senate Budget Committee. This story has *Plot:* two powerful networks of the President's allies had been in a protracted struggle over how much the defense budget should grow. *Characterization:* Domenici and his ally, Howard Baker, the Senate majority leader, were patient, then desperate, as they tried for weeks to get Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger to agree to a compromise around which Republicans could unify. Weinberger and his ally, William Clark, Reagan's national-security adviser, were resolute, then willful, as they refused to deal. *Scene:* just as the Budget Committee was about to vote, Weinberger and Clark unexpectedly showed up at the Oval Office to urge Reagan to call Domenici and "get the Republican troops in line." The President reached the chairman "in a small hallway phone booth" near the committee room, where he was "bracing for the pressure" and "sweating from the tension." *Dialogue:* Clark to Reagan, "Order him. . . . You're the commander in chief." Reagan to Domenici, "You can't do that [vote for a figure lower than Weinberger's]. Let's talk." Domenici to Reagan, "There is no give on your side. . . . There's just no more time." *Climax:* "Furious," the President "slammed down the phone so hard that it bounced out of the cradle." His aides left "almost without a word." Domenici, "shaking," joined his committee to vote for the lower figure. And *Consequence:* when Reagan picked up the phone, his historic flood of dollars to defense crested; when he slammed it down, the defense buildup of the 1980s came to an end.

THE POWER GAME has too few such vivid scenes. Smith's accounts of the events of the Reagan years lack the full flavor his reporting could give them, because he uses them mostly as illustrations of general propositions about Washington behavior, rather than as integral parts of a narrative history. Instead Smith concentrates on two abstract aspects of power in contemporary Official America—its nature, and the "power games" officials use to exercise it. Unfortunately, both inquiries lack depth, clarity, authority, and political sophistication. Both seem beyond Smith's natural analytic range.

Smith apparently conducted the first of his inquiries—into the nature and folkways of power—primarily by asking his powerful sources in Official America, "What is power?" He lists some of the characteristics essential to a powerful person which they suggested—visibility, knowledge, credibility, likability, prickliness, and access to the highest circles, for example. He also describes some folkways of the powerful. They suffer from workaholism, an "ache for applause and recognition," and "collective vanity," for example.

Smith reports these findings undigested. He makes no effort to examine the relationship among the different characteristics, so we get little sense of how they work in practice when they are, for example, in conflict. His lists of what the greats told him about power have a breathless tone of innocent discovery, even though some of the propositions are as old as politics. Smith's quest to find the nature of power reminds one of the lad who once asked Louis Armstrong, "What is jazz?" and was told, "If you have to ask, you'll never know."

Smith's second inquiry looks at ten or so power games—ways in which power is exercised in Washington. For example, the New Lobbying Game, as he calls it, rallies grass-roots influence for tactical goals in Washington. The White House tries to focus the public debate for its purposes by means of the Agenda Game and to present the President on television according to the rules of the Image Game.

Smith does some of his best reporting in *The Power Game* in describing how these techniques work. The Incumbency Game comes alive when we see forty rank-and-file House Democrats lined up in a basement room of the Capitol after Reagan's 1986 State of the Union address to feed their comments on it via satellite to their home TV stations. The hardball elements of the Coalition Game become real when we hear Democratic Congressman Dan Mica, of Florida, marvel at the White House's ability to get his former campaign manager and a liberal Democratic mayor in his district to pressure him to vote for the Reagan budget in 1981.

Still, Smith's conception of these games, like his inquiry into the nature of power, lacks a sure street sense of how politics works. Like Official America, he overestimates the importance of the power games, which, however well played, are not the roots of power in America. They are ways to use power derived elsewhere. Those in Official America who are the players of such games must still conform to the realities of popular preference and can exercise their influence only within the boundaries the public sets. Smith gets so caught up in his power games that he tends to lose sight of the rules of democratic accountability: you can't sell the public a bill of goods it isn't ready to buy; you can't play the game unless you get elected, out there, in the rude democracy beyond the Beltway; and the political art necessary to winning office goes beyond mechanics.

Smith is fascinated, for example, with the Incumbency Game, by which sitting legislators use the high-tech marvels of campaign technology to ensure their reelection. All these techniques—and the money to pay for them—were available to incumbent Republican senators in 1986, but many of them lost. Looking back on the loss of the Senate, one Republican strategist recognized what Smith and most of Official America does not: "[The Republican senators who lost] tried to make up for their failings with video feeds. You can't take a mediocre operation and do a video feed a day and have it make up for a lackluster performance as a senator."

Smith's overestimation of Official America's power is also apparent in one of the stories he tells about the Image Game. Richard Wirthlin, a pollster who works for the White House, learned through sampling voter opinion that there was broad support for a version of educational reform that would comport with the President's philosophy—more discipline in the classroom, a return to the basics, and teacher accountability. Reagan voiced the public's concern on these issues, to his political profit. Smith implies that the White House manipulated the public in a dark triumph of the Image Game. But a veritable Merlin of imagery could not have made the issue of standards in education work for Reagan unless the public was in sympathy with his convictions.

AGAIN AND AGAIN, *The Power Game* reflects the limitations of the world it sets out to describe. Like most of those in Official America, Smith has a sense of history that begins about the time he came to Washington; hence he sees congressional assertiveness in foreign policy as a recent development. Recent? Tell it

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to James Madison, who was pushed to war by the "war hawks" in Congress in 1812; to Woodrow Wilson, who saw his dream of a League of Nations founder on an adamant reef named Henry Cabot Lodge; or to Franklin Roosevelt, whose internationalism was severely constrained by the Neutrality Acts worked through Congress by isolationists like Senators Borah and Nye.

Like Official America, Smith is self-centered; he lacks generosity toward people in his own game, journalism. He will cite the work of the odd political scientist, but he ignores the rich journalistic work of such colleagues as Martin Schram, whose *Great American Video Game* is a classic study of the political uses of television; Sidney Blumenthal, whose *Permanent Campaign* introduced an important concept to the armory of political analysis; Strobe Talbott, whose *Deadly Gambits*, a history of nuclear diplomacy during the first Reagan Administration, would have supplied the background to shore up Smith's uncertain account of the same material; and Garry Wills, whose *Reagan's America* would have provided Smith with some of the historical perspective his book lacks.

Like Official America, *The Power Game* sees public officials as the sum of their roles in this or that game rather than as human beings. Smith quotes Sondra Gotlieb, the wife of the Canadian ambassador, who is something of an adept at Washington power games and a writer of toothless satire about them: "We invite *jobs*, not people as individuals, to parties." Too often, typically, Smith also resists seeing the person behind the job. It's as if he imagines that what drives the power game is the clash of titles, not the passions and convictions of real men and women. For example, when Senator David Durenberger, of Minnesota, opened his soul to Smith about some of the intimate hazards of life in Official America, it left no trace on Smith's thinking. Durenberger told Smith:

> When you're trying to put together fifty-one votes, you have to make it appear that you're not a vulnerable person. And yet a loving relationship, a friendship, is in making yourself vulnerable. . . . I began opening up to a few guys and I found them parched for such contact.

The Power Game is full of public figures whose character and circumstance invite the use of Durenberger's insights. But we never return to any of them—not anywhere in Smith's long book.

Finally, like Official America, Smith is so fascinated by power games that he loses sight of the fact that these games should be neither ends in themselves nor means to civic celebrity. The ends of power are public purposes. Power without purpose, power exercised as a game, is not only corrupting; it won't work as a matter of practical politics. Given his absorption with pure—that is, empty—power, it is not surprising that his sense of how Washington really works is so shallow. This is most apparent in his treatment of David Stockman. Stockman is present throughout *The Power Game* as a key figure, the apparent embodiment of Smith's idea of the ultimate power-gamesman. We're told that Stockman turned down a Cabinet position to become Reagan's first director of the Office of Management and Budget, because he was "enormously ambitious for real power" and knew that that office was "the policy switchboard of the executive branch." He understood the importance of speed in setting a new President's agenda, so he immediately pushed a plan to reduce the size of the federal budget before opposition in the Cabinet or Congress could form. "Knowledge was [Stockman's] power base." He "dazzled Washington" with his masterly defense of the budget. He was "like a child prodigy chess champion playing fifty matches at once. . . ." His success was also due to "his timing, his conviction, his roadmap." And when in late 1981 he confessed to William Greider in *The Atlantic* that he had "cooked the books," Stockman even invented a way "to insure" that the story's "substance would be ignored." He topped it "with an even juicier story: his own public self-humiliation."

And yet Stockman's consummate gamesman self-destructed. He came to Washington with a vision of a fiscally responsible federal government. Yet he presided over, was indeed the chief architect of, the opposite of his own dream—a government that more than doubled its deficit during his tenure. Why? Because he became so caught up in the bluffs and ploys and deceits of the power game that he lost his sense of direction. The game was all.

Smith fails to consider, as Stendhal would have, whether there might be some underlying connection between the conceptions of power that Washington taught young Stockman to pursue, his obsession with the power games he learned, and the tragic ways in which he exercised power. Nor does Smith reflect, as Senator Durenberger might have, on how the ethic of avoiding the appearance of vulnerability might have helped breed Stockman's distinctive mixture of self-righteousness, denial of responsibility, and need to make public confession. Smith interviewed Stockman in early 1986, as he was about to leave for his new million-dollar-a-year job in a New York investment house. They talked in Stockman's nearly empty home in suburban Washington—a metaphor for something, perhaps. □

WHAT POPPA KNEW

BY JACK BEATTY

MARIO CUOMO
by Robert McElvaine.
Scribners, $19.95.

WHEN HE FIRST went to school, he could barely speak English; that was not the language of choice in the apartment above the grocery store in Queens where he was (literally) born and raised. Andrea Cuomo, his father, learned from kind neighbors the names of the products he stocked; Immaculata, his mother, never went to school, either in southern Italy, where she spent her girlhood, or in America, where she arrived, as Andrea's bride, in 1927. At her citizenship hearing, which she put off for about forty years, the judge asked her how many stars there were in the U.S. flag. She said she didn't know, but could she ask the judge a question? She could. It was: How many hands of bananas are on a stalk? "When he admitted that he didn't know," Robert McElvaine writes in this anecdote-ripe biography, "she proudly said, 'Well, *I* do.' Her citizenship was promptly granted."

You can't help sharing her pride: this is the meaning of America, you feel in reading McElvaine's account of Mario Cuomo's boyhood. It's there in the hours Andrea Cuomo put in. Up at 3:00 A.M. to get produce at the market, he opened the store at six to catch the construction workers on the way to work, and kept it open till at least 11:00 P.M. Seven days a week. It's there in the values Mario learned in that home. "Simple goodness" about sums them up: Obey the law. Be truthful. Fool around with no

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one but your wife. Study as hard as I work (why else am I working?). Think of others. "He never did anything for himself, period," Mario says of his father. The meaning of America is there too in the history of the son's shifting emotions toward his parents: ashamed of their English, he never invited them to activities at school; today the shame has given way to a guilt-tinged awe for what they—indeed, the whole immigrant generation—endured. "I can't help wondering what Poppa would have said if I had told him I was tired," the weary candidate for governor remonstrates with himself in his diary, knowing full well what Poppa would say. It's there in the overachieving scholar-athlete—*summa cum laude* in college and first in his class in law school, the star basketball player, the minor-league baseball player who caught Branch Rickey's eye and who changed Mario to "Matt" to make himself less exotic to fans of Triple-A ball in Georgia. It's there in the young lawyer who was given all the impossible cases and won them. It's there, finally, in the *Rocky*-esque politician who failed to win four straight elections before, at age forty-six, he was elected New York's lieutenant governor. With Walt Whitman, Mario Cuomo can truly say, I contain multitudes.

That resonant life story furnishes Cuomo with his overarching political myth, his vision of America as a family in which burdens are shared equitably and all pull together for the common good: Poppa stocking the shelves, Momma behind the cash register, brother Frank cutting the meat, sister Marie arranging the window display, and little Mario studying—yes, and perhaps even then seeing in that Queens store the pattern of a nation's greatness. Cynics may laugh at this vision. Where's competition, the impeller of all our progress, in it? Where's individualism? How do you get rich in an America formed on the template of that family store? But the weight of Western political thought, which from Plato on finds in the well-regulated family a metaphor for the state, is all with Cuomo.

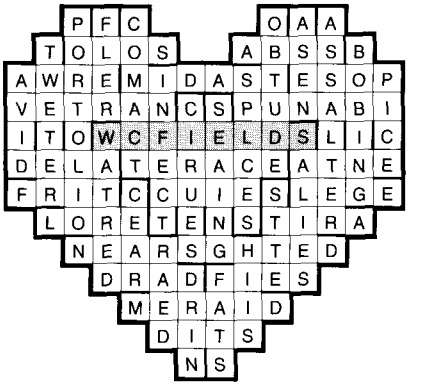
Robert McElvaine, a professor of history at Millsaps College, in Mississippi, is all with Cuomo too; *Mario Cuomo* is a campaign biography that, at this writing, awaits its campaign. "This is the book that will get Cuomo elected President," McElvaine's agent has said. I hope he's right. Though Cuomo can be "vindictive," though he has a weakness for fo-

Answers to the February Puzzles

"ALL HEART"

"I am free of all prejudice. I hate everybody equally." —W. C. Fields

Clues. 1. NEARSIGHTED (anag.) 2. D-RAIN 3. MERMAID (anag.) 4. PORTFOLIO (hidden rev.) 5. TERRACE (anag.) 6. M(IDEAS)T 7. D(R)EAD 8. AT-ONE 9. HI-FIS (anag.) 10. STATE (double def.) 11. SEALING (anag.) 12. S-ALLIES 13. COMPACT (anag.) 14. CUR(I)E 15. T(W)EETER 16. PUN-JAB-I 17. ASSAULTER (anag.) 18. L-EDGE 19. LOIRE (anag.) 20. F-ACTS 21. PIECE (homoph.) 22. SP(L)ICES 23. AS-HEN 24. TIARA (hidden) 25. ESTOP (anag.) 26. W-ATE-RED 27. O-L-EOS 28. F-IVES 29. V-ETE-RAN 30. OBTRUDE (anag.) 31. RAYED (homoph.) 32. BOB-BING 33. A(VOI)D 34. CEDAR (homoph.) 35. F-LYE-R 36. DIETS (anag.) 37. C-IRQUES (*c* + anag.) 38. FRU(I)T (*turf* rev.) 39. A-WAR-E 40. DELLA (hidden) 41. INFLECT (anag.) 42. A-BY-SS



ACROSTIC NO. 31

"Leonardo. . . . invented his own shorthand . . . combined and divided words according to a system of his own, and employed no punctuation. . . . Further to mystify posterity, he wrote . . . characters backwards and with his left hand, so . . . reading them requires a mirror."

—Daniel (J.) Boorstin, (*The*) *Discoverers*

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rensic sophistry, though his pride in both his mind and his soul are hubristic, though he is touchy with the press and takes criticism personally in a way that could be ruinous in a President, I agree with McElvaine's conclusion that he is

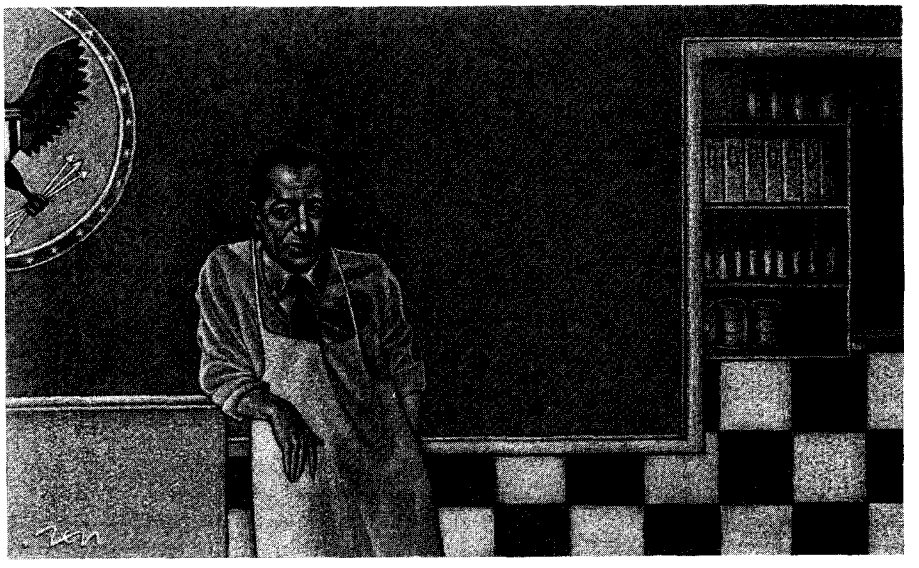
> a man who is more aware of his faults than most of us are of ours, who has great compassion rooted in deeply religious belief, who possesses extraordinary talent and intellect, and whose abilities seem almost perfectly to match what America needs at this point in its history.

Earlier in the book, McElvaine observes that

> Cuomo is the first American politician since . . . Robert F. Kennedy who seems capable of bringing together a coalition similar to that of the New Deal—one composed of middle-class whites (including ethnics), blacks, Hispanics, organized labor, and liberal intellectuals. The reason for this potential in Cuomo, ironically, is that he is in fact so *different* from the Roosevelts and Kennedys, and indeed from most people who call themselves liberals today.
>
> It is not going too far to say that no one like Mario Cuomo has ever before approached the pinnacle of American politics. Like the Roosevelts and the Kennedys, he is a champion of "the people." Unlike them, he began life as *one of* the people.
>
> . . . He became a liberal because of his deep religious commitment, his understanding of Teilhard de Chardin and Pope John XXIII, and his own experience. It is because of this unusual course that Cuomo is in a nearly unique position to bridge the vast gulf that opened in the late 1960s between liberal intellectuals and the "common people" they professed to champion. In the simplest terms, Cuomo can heal that breach because he is *both* a "common person" and a liberal intellectual.

This is all unexceptionable, and explains Cuomo's attraction for so many Democrats. But would *Mario Cuomo* persuade a skeptical reader that Cuomo is "what America needs at this point in its history"? Perhaps, but barely. In the first place, *Mario Cuomo* reads in places like what it must be: a book produced in a hurry. Last fall McElvaine was in the lists with *The End of the Conservative Era: Liberalism After Reagan* and here he is with a 400-page biography less than a year later. Second, in his zeal to make the case for Cuomo, he sometimes lays it on fulsomely: "He believes he is on a mission to improve politics and government. If he can do that it just may be that he is holier than most of us," reads one not atypical effusion.

Third, although Cuomo was evidently generous with his time, McElvaine is not one to put it to the best use by asking the great man challenging questions. Nor is McElvaine the sort of fellow who would wonder aloud how a man who told his fiancée that there would be no contraception jeopardizing their immortal souls and who, during his 1974 campaign for lieutenant governor of New York, "came out against the sale of contraceptives"—how a man with these settled views on birth control could now find himself firmly in the pro-choice camp on the far more morally vexed issue of abortion. Was it just "careful theological reasoning," as McElvaine says? Or did political calculation play a role, the pro-choice position being a litmus test for Democrats? It was surely a bit of both, but McElvaine is too pious to see it that way.



From an excess of that same piety he gives the back of his hand to psycho-history. His book would have been more convincing if he hadn't. One wants to know—or at least to hear a spectrum of conjecture on—why a man as smart as Cuomo lets the press get under his skin. McElvaine says he's just sensitive about charges, which first surfaced in 1986, that his son Andrew, a lawyer, was guilty of ethical improprieties in representing firms before various state boards; and McElvaine implies that Cuomo's "press wars," as he calls them, are now behind him. But if he did not admire Cuomo so extravagantly, he would no more be satisfied with that answer than the skeptical reader will be.

So *Mario Cuomo*, like its subject, has faults. Still, for any of the roughly 79 million people who saw Cuomo deliver the keynote speech at the 1984 Democratic convention, in San Francisco, and are curious to know what went into the making of his eloquence, McElvaine's book will be hard to put down. If this volcanic election cycle ends with Cuomo elected President (and the talk of a deadlocked convention's nominating him refuses to die), *Mario Cuomo* will rightly be compared to James MacGregor Burns's 1960 volume *John Kennedy: A Political Profile* as a biography that set the terms for all subsequent discussion of its subject and that is as fair as anything written in the glow of affection can be. Its sections on Cuomo as a "Catholic" ("Mario is the only Italian male I've ever met who was a virgin when he got married," his friend Fabian Palombino says), as a "Competitor" (he will cough loudly to disturb your pool shot, his brother says), as a "Conciliator" (he first came to public attention by mediating tangled disputes over urban renewal and integration between ethnic Queens neighborhoods and City Hall), as a politician and a governor, make up a rich portrait of a public man who is deeper and more interesting than anyone else either on the scene today or in green memory.

WHAT DOES McElvaine tell us about Cuomo that we cannot learn from his two published diaries or from other sources? The most astonishing revela-

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tion, given Cuomo's philosophy, is that "like his father, Mario Cuomo has talked more about family than he has spent time with his family." Mario Cuomo was so busy making it as a lawyer that he was reduced to spending "quality time" with his kids. Nor was he only working when he should have been helping his wife, Matilda, raise their five children: sometimes he was sitting in a bar in Brooklyn, "unwinding" with the boys.

For readers aware of Cuomo's spiritual and intellectual force, another revelation will be his readiness to use physical force: beneath the "feminine" rhetoric about sharing and caring, Cuomo is a tough city guy. The story of how, in his year of minor-league ball, he belted a catcher who passed a peremptory judgment on Italians is well known. But McElvaine has found a pack of new stories. While Cuomo was campaigning for mayor of New York in 1977, to cite one, a man at a meeting in Brooklyn called him a liar. Cuomo grabbed him by the shirtfront with both hands and propelled him through the swinging doors of the hall. In that same campaign he angrily complained to New York Governor Hugh Carey about Carey's having broken his promise to support him. When Carey, taking none of it, started to get out of his chair, Cuomo shouted, "Sit down, Hughie, or I'll knock you right on your ass!" Such stories are political gold. The Democrats have a huge problem appealing to white males, far more of whom can identify with (and envy) Cuomo's physical competence than have ever heard the name Teilhard de Chardin. These fight scenes are Cuomo's PT-109.

Can he navigate it to the White House? Sitting in Albany while the other Democratic candidates slog through the primaries, he's going about it in a strange way. He does give McElvaine one clue about why he chose not to run in 1988: he thinks Reagan may be Coolidge, not Hoover. That would cast Bush or Dole as Hoover, a Republican succeeding a Republican, and cast Cuomo himself in the role of FDR, the New York governor who rode into office on the economic disaster left by the Republicans. This 1932 scenario would play out, destiny and economics always permitting, in 1992, when Cuomo would be in his third term as New York's chief executive. (FDR had only one term.)

The 1992 scenario breaks down, however, when you consider that FDR's base in 1932 was the South. The South is today the Republicans' base in presidential politics; Ronald Reagan carried 71 percent of the votes of southern whites in 1984. To move from that generic Democratic problem to Cuomo's special problem, the South is not thickly populated with descendants of the New Immigration of the early twentieth century. Nor would Cuomo's Catholicism be a plus there. McElvaine thinks that Cuomo has the gift of generalizing his experience as an outsider—the Italian kid being rejected by the WASP world of the Wall Street law firms—in a way that will speak to the cognate feelings of other outsiders, even southerners. But that remains to be seen. There's a cautionary note for Cuomo in what happened to the New York governor he most closely resembles: the first presidential candidate thrown up by the New Immigration, Alfred E. Smith. He lost to Hoover in 1928 in no small part because the South could not brook his too-audible ethnic and regional associations.

Against these negatives—both the contingent and the enduring—must be ranged the unrivaled positives of Cuomo's experience (he's one of the country's best governors, according to *U.S. News & World Report*), his authenticity, or "realness," his wit and intellect, and his eloquence. The dominant crisis of politics today, the alienation of poor and lower-middle-class Americans from political participation, is largely a crisis of political speech. The issues of the day—the deficit, the foreign-trade imbalance, SDI—are dauntingly technical. They seem to lack all kinship to the moral principles that animated political debate in the sixties. In increasing numbers people don't vote, because they don't grasp the relevance of the issues to their lives, pickled as the issues are in the elite jargon of policy entrepreneurs, who are just as happy to have the people shut out, uncomprehending and quiescent. To get more of the public back into the public realm, the issues have first to be translated into what Wordsworth called "the real language of men." They have to be reclaimed for sense by metaphor. That is Ronald Reagan's greatest gift, as it is the gift of Mario Cuomo, who admires most in Lincoln what many of us admire most in him: "his language—the magnificent way he communicated profound truths with simple images, simple words."

Until the gap between Reagan's confident metaphors and the facts widened to a chasm, you could make a case that

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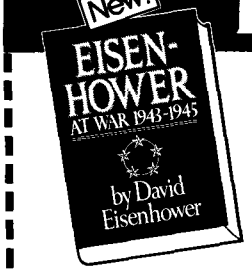

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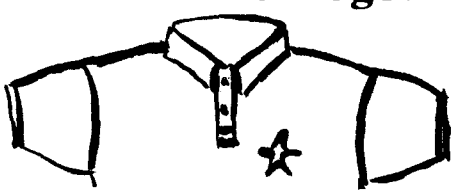

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Reagan was the right President for an era of self-doubt. Now we are clearly in a new era; yesterday's malaise has given way to real economic trouble, because of the President's default of leadership in his second term. Shared sacrifice is now the order of the day. So is an assertion of national unity in the face of foreign economic competition. It has taken the Japanese example to bear out the wisdom of what Mario learned peering over the flour sacks, watching his father and mother build a business on their sweat, forge a family from their sacrifice. Great men see further, to paraphrase Isaac Newton, because they stand on the shoulders of giants. Mario Matthew Cuomo awaits his chance to be a great man, but the giants are already there in place beneath him. □

BRIEF REVIEWS

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN: The Jewish Confederate *by Eli N. Evans. The Free Press, $24.95.* Benjamin's career was, quite simply, amazing. Born to poor Jewish immigrants in Charleston, South Carolina, he was sent to Yale by a generous friend of the family. He left the college soon and abruptly under a cloud that has never been explained. His next stop was New Orleans, where he married the daughter of Catholic Creole aristocrats. After eleven years and one child, the wife departed to Paris. Benjamin prospered as a lawyer, worked his way up through the labyrinth of Louisiana politics, and in 1852 arrived in the United States Senate, where his eloquence was much respected. He followed his state into the Confederacy and became Jefferson Davis's confidant and administrative factotum, serving as Secretary of War, Secretary of State, and Attorney General. After Appomattox he escaped in disguise to England, where he made a second, highly successful career at the bar. He died in 1884, leaving behind a reputation for great intelligence, superhuman industry, social charm—and not a scrap of paper to assist a biographer. He can be approached only through those who knew him, and many of his observers found him enigmatic. This situation has led Mr. Evans, who is himself a Jew and a southerner, to attribute to Benjamin emotions and attitudes that derive from his own experience and cannot be supported by any record. It is an annoying flaw in an otherwise good biography.

MAKE WAY! *by Monika Franzen and Nancy Ethiel. Chicago Review Press, $9.95.* In the early days of the women's-rights movement most, perhaps all, cartoonists were men, and most, one suspects, still are. This collection of cartoons therefore reveals with malicious clarity the progression of fears aroused in males by the prospect of female independence. First, they feared that they would have to mind the baby. Second, they feared that they would lose sexual mastery. Third, they feared that they would lose their jobs. Mother, mistress, and money, in that order, were what they feared to lose, and that is where things appear to stand at present. What will the gentlemen scare themselves with next?

BINSTEAD'S SAFARI *by Rachel Ingalls. Simon & Schuster, $15.95 and $6.95.* Ms. Ingalls's novel concerns a self-important anthropologist who reluctantly takes his neglected wife on a field trip to Africa. Once out of the academic mire, dreary little wifey develops, to her husband's bewilderment, into a social lioness, charming casual acquaintances, native bearers, white hunters, and, alarmingly, lions. Ms. Ingalls has tried hard to lay the ghost of Francis Macomber, but the situation persists in raising echoes of Hemingway, and echoes of Hemingway seldom do an author any good.

SCOTLAND THROUGH THE AGES *by Michael Jenner. Viking, $24.95.* This book, handsomely illustrated with lochs and brochs and castles and crofts, is basically a serious traveler's guide to Scotland, with a text that covers the country's development from the formation of its oldest rocks some 2.5 billion years ago to its latest architecture. That time span means that the author cannot give much space to any single topic and is often more provocative than informative. Possibly that was his intention, for his work can certainly be useful as the foundation in planning a Scottish tour.

THE BOOK AND THE BROTHERHOOD *by Iris Murdoch. Viking, $19.95.* Ms. Murdoch's principal characters, bound together by friendships formed in undergraduate days at Oxford, are middle-aged, intelligent, well placed, and have no clear reason for suffering. They nevertheless torment themselves and each other with suspicions, guilts, infidelities, and interminable twittering introspections. Most of their troubles hark back to Oxford. As young and optimistic liberals they formed a pact—which they have come to regret—to support a contemporary named Crimond, a fiercely radical political theorist thought to be too brilliant to waste his time earning a living. Crimond is supposedly writing a book that will be a second, and superior, *Das Kapital.* Crimond is a false god, or at least not the god his friends had in mind. By the time his malign influence wears off, Ms. Murdoch has treated the reader to a soap opera with philosophical trimmings. Like all proper soap operas, it does not lack action.

SHRAPNEL IN THE HEART *by Laura Palmer. Random House, $17.95.* Washington's Vietnam Memorial, so unlike the traditional generalized war memorial in its listing of the individual dead, has attracted responses from friends and relatives of the fallen. People have left letters, poems, gifts, even a teddy bear, alongside the names of their lost beloved. Ms. Palmer has made a selection of the literary tributes and added, in a number of cases, interviews with those who wrote them. There is an extraordinary and deeply moving eloquence in these expressions of grief. This is a book that should be read, but it is slow going. It is difficult to read through a steady mist of tears.

CHANEL *by Jean Leymarie. Skira, Rizzoli, $95.00.* Coco Chanel knew, was influenced by, influenced in turn, and generously supported many of the artists of her time. It is this aspect of her career on which Mr. Leymarie has concentrated his study, although of course he has not neglected her achievements as a couturiere nor the interaction of dress and society throughout European history. His profusely illustrated book is an unusual and exceptionally interesting contribution to the literature of fashion.

THE MAN WHO INVENTED SATURDAY MORNING AND OTHER ADVENTURES IN AMERICAN ENTERPRISE *by David Owen. Villard, $16.95.* Many of the essays in this volume first appeared in *The Atlantic.*

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

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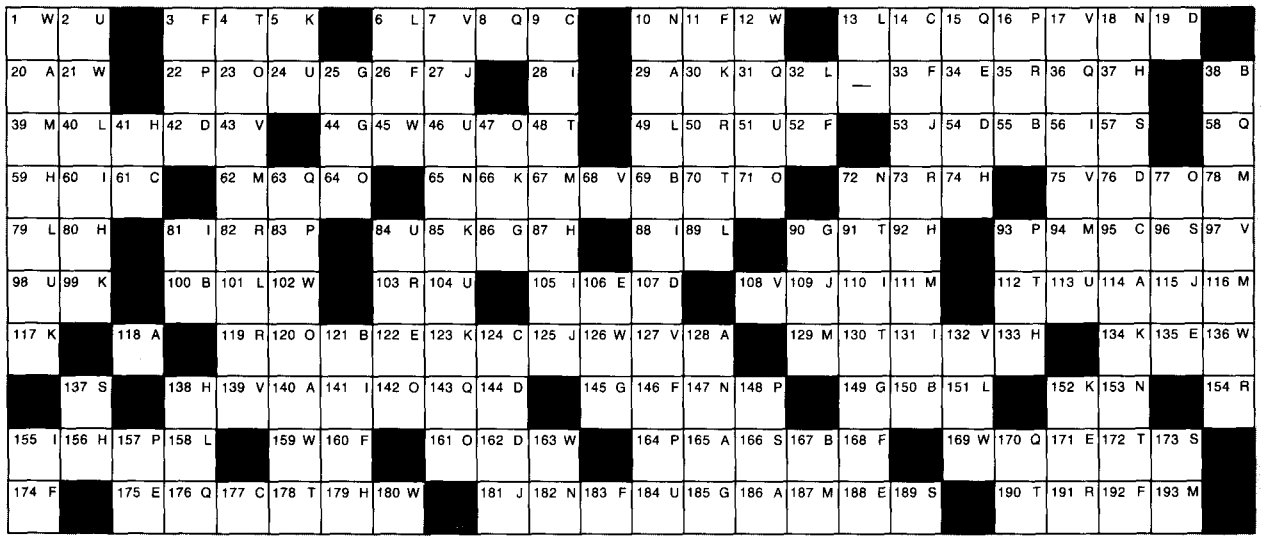
ACROSTIC NO. 32

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 31 appears on page 97.

A. Vine of which leis are made (2 wds.) 186 118 140 128 114 29 20 165

B. Townsman 150 38 167 55 100 69 121

C. "Penny journalism" czar 61 95 14 177 124 9

D. Display of information 54 107 76 19 162 42 144

E. Acclamatory cry 106 34 175 171 122 188 135

F. Persian poet and mathematician (2 wds.) 11 33 174 192 52 26 146 3 168 183 160

G. Smart aleck (2 wds.) 145 90 86 185 25 44 149

H. Game played with plastic disks 87 59 74 133 37 80 138 156 179 41 92

I. Long-running Broadway musical (2 wds.) 88 155 110 28 141 56 131 60 105 81

J. Even choice (hyph.) 27 125 115 181 109 53

K. Canonized bishop of Hippo 30 5 99 85 134 152 66 117 123

L. "Rosin-belly" or "wood tick" 79 151 13 49 32 89 6 101 40 158

M. Plaything with a topknot (2 wds.) 111 193 129 94 39 187 78 116 67 62

N. Artistic composite 65 153 147 182 72 10 18

O. 1984's Pulitzer Prize–winning novel 120 77 23 161 64 47 71 142

P. With Q., Hitchcock classic of 1959 (3 wds.) 157 93 16 148 164 22 83

Q. See P. 143 63 15 176 170 58 36 8 31

R. Capital of Alberta 191 35 119 50 73 154 103 82

S. Keyboard instrument 173 166 137 96 57 189

T. Theodoric the Great, for one 4 112 172 48 130 70 178 91 190

U. Evoked boredom in (2 wds.) 184 24 84 98 113 46 51 2 104

V. Hi-fi enthusiast 127 7 108 97 139 43 75 17 132 68

W. Basic details (hyph.) 45 159 12 169 102 180 21 1 163 126 136

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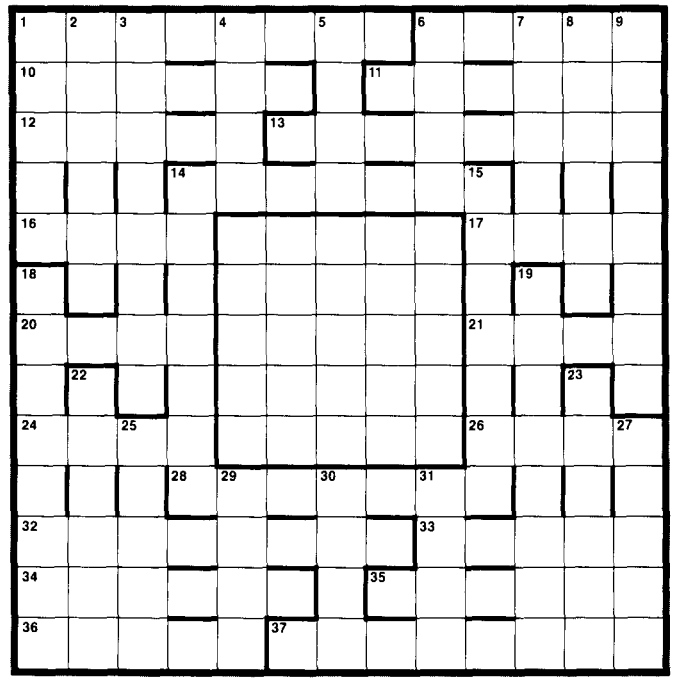
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

WORD SQUARE

This puzzle is a double-layered affair. The outer portion of the diagram contains words clued and entered normally. The inner portion is a word square, in which the five Across entries are the same as the five Downs. Cryptic clues to these five words (listed a–e in no special order) are formed by designated entries from the outer diagram. In all, answers include four proper nouns.

The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 97.



ACROSS

1. Turn into woods behind, accepting drivers' warnings (8)
6. Mother in left-leaning feminist group, for one? (5)
10. Gripe about Long Island view (6)
11. Unorthodox monk engaging me to zip robe (6)
12. Heard Avis representative in window (5)
13. Took advice from hood about troubled teens (8)
14. Average Flemish town's tree (7)
16. Out-of-use ingredient for Chinese food (4)
17. What follows base hits (4)
20. Covering the first sixteen? (4)
21. Glib about Southern history (4)
24. Warbler trilled audibly (4)
26. Returned article aboard famous ship (4)
28. Entering vehicle, Torme had a bouquet (7)
32. Doctor Ross collecting water in Spanish cacti (8)
33. Start off poem with sentimental stuff, mostly in homey style? (5)
34. Eastern clan's chief fuel (6)
35. Show skin, gaining notice (6)
36. From behind, observes attack (5) (*two words*)
37. Units of length, each described by expressive curves (8) (*two words*)

DOWN

1. Almost wind up with nothing (5)
2. English camper goes in for passion (6)
3. Failure has to kiss female prune with switch (8) (*hyphenated*)
4. Quite heartless bank (4)
5. Start to tunnel with letter-opener outside prison (4)
6. Delays giving up ace cards (4)
7. Insect keeping north for part of the year (5)
8. Weak people in executive bureau will get a raise (6)
9. Toy dino's strange protuberance (8)
14. Piece of spinach stuck in matchmaker's teeth (7)
15. Regular payment of gratuity in mail (7)
18. An hour after midnight, public transportation is feet (8)
19. In a frenzy, in a calm—a lunatic (8)
22. Scoundrel getting into dessert is a thief of sorts (6)
23. Exchange letters with company in terrible need (6)
25. "Precisely," author pronounced (5)
27. Country's leader housed in Olympian estate (5)
29. Essential German novelist! (4)
30. Crush internal revolt that's arisen (4)
31. Turning produced dairy item (4)

WORD SQUARE

a. 5 Down + 1 Down + 30 Down
b. 6 Across + 20 Across + 24 Across
c. 23 Down + 33 Across + 10 Across
d. 25 Down + 21 Across + 22 Down
e. 35 Across + 7 Down

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, *published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use may eventually make its way into the dictionary. The information below represents the first stage of research, not the final product.*

kickboxing *noun*, the martial art and sport of attack and defense, practiced in a boxing ring twenty feet square, that combines many elements of karate and boxing. Also called *full-contact karate*: "[Former Maine] Gov. Joseph E. Brennan wants the state to regulate *kickboxing*, but followers of the sport said . . . that bureaucrats will only ruin it" (United Press International).

BACKGROUND: Kirik Jenness, who holds a black belt in karate and is a co-owner of the Karate Health Fitness Center in Amherst, Mass., explains that *kickboxing* is an American adaptation of a fighting style that originated in Burma and Thailand and that permits vicious groin kicks, elbowing, and kneeing, and that it first surfaced in the United States in January of 1970, under the sponsorship of Joe Lewis, a black belt in karate and a champion *kickboxer*. The sport failed to win any measure of popularity until September 14, 1974, when Tom Tannenbaum, the president of Universal Studios, staged a *kickboxing* spectacular on network television. Since then, according to Anthony Elmore, who is the Karate International Council of Kickboxing's world heavyweight champion, the sport has been on a "roller- coaster ride" of popularity. The most dangerous moves used in Thai and Burmese *kickboxing* are prohibited in the American version. *Kickboxers* also don padded gloves and padded footwear for the ring.

octoplex *noun*, a building with eight small movie theaters inside it: "'There will be duplexes, triplexes, quadruplexes and octoplexes. There will be no end of darkened closets in the basements of . . . buildings'" (Kent L. Barwick, the president of the Municipal Art Society, quoted in *The New York Times*).

BACKGROUND: Spurred perhaps by the success of *cinoplexes* in shopping malls and multiplex cinemas elsewhere, some builders have recently begun to convert large old buildings into multiple small cinemas in an effort to offer viewing audiences numerous choices within a single facility. The word *octoplex* has surfaced in print only recently. Here is a 1987 citation from a *Washington Post* article referring to Margaret Thatcher: "Was there an upheaval in the world's geo-politico-stylo hierarchy that put us in the position of having to listen to condescending pep-u-uppo talks from the leader of a country that doesn't even have one *octoplex* SuperCinema or Dinosaur Putt-Putt?"

sabermetrician *noun*, a statistician who uses computers, sophisticated statistical formulas, and enormous files of accrued data to measure the abilities of baseball players and teams and to predict the future performance of both: "*Sabermetricians* are also helping teams sharpen their offense, developing formulas that combine the best of batting average, on-base average, and slugging percentage . . . to provide—at last—an accurate measure of not just how hard a player hits but how well he contributes to his team's run production" (*Discover*).

BACKGROUND: *Sabermetrician*, which was coined by Bill James, the author of *The Bill James Baseball Abstract*, has been widely used for several years. Our citations for the word, which derives from the initials of the Society for American Baseball Research (a 6,000-member organization founded in 1971 to promote historical-statistical study of the game), include a 1983 article from *The Atlantic Monthly*. What is new is the emergence of the *sabermetrician*, once an amateur observer, in major-league dugouts and front offices. According to *Discover*, the teams using computers to assist in field decisions include the Texas Rangers, the Phillies, the Mets, the Yankees, and the White Sox. However, only about one quarter of the big-league teams seem to take *sabermetrics* seriously. Thomas Boswell, writing in the *Los Angeles Times* last year, laments what he believes to be a shift from the world of play to the world of cold number-crunching: "These days, lawyers run rotisserie-league teams and *sabermetricians* cross swords with 500-page tomes, debating the exegesis of comically obscure stats. How can the game be dragged back to the state of ramshackle disrepute where it belongs, thrives, and merits the love of children?"

winter-beater *noun*, an old, cheap, dilapidated car with a good engine and heating system that is used only during the winter months, the owner's regular car having been put into storage. Also called *beater*, *winter wreck*: "'Only certain cars qualify as *winter-beaters*. It has to be a piece of junk with a defroster and one hell of a heater. It has rust from the front bumper to the back and looks like a goat's been eating on it'" (Minnesota resident Kathy Ashby, quoted in the *Los Angeles Times*).

BACKGROUND: Michael Linn, a professor of English and linguistics at the University of Minnesota–Duluth, says that *winter-beater* is a "local regional expression" indigenous to the Minneapolis–St. Paul area. *Winter-beaters* are owned primarily by people who do not want to subject their luxury or classic cars to the 120,000 tons of salt that Minnesota, according to the *Times*, spreads on its roads during the winter. *Winter-beaters* typically sell for about $100 apiece; their owners often throw them away at the end of the season.

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL C. WITTE

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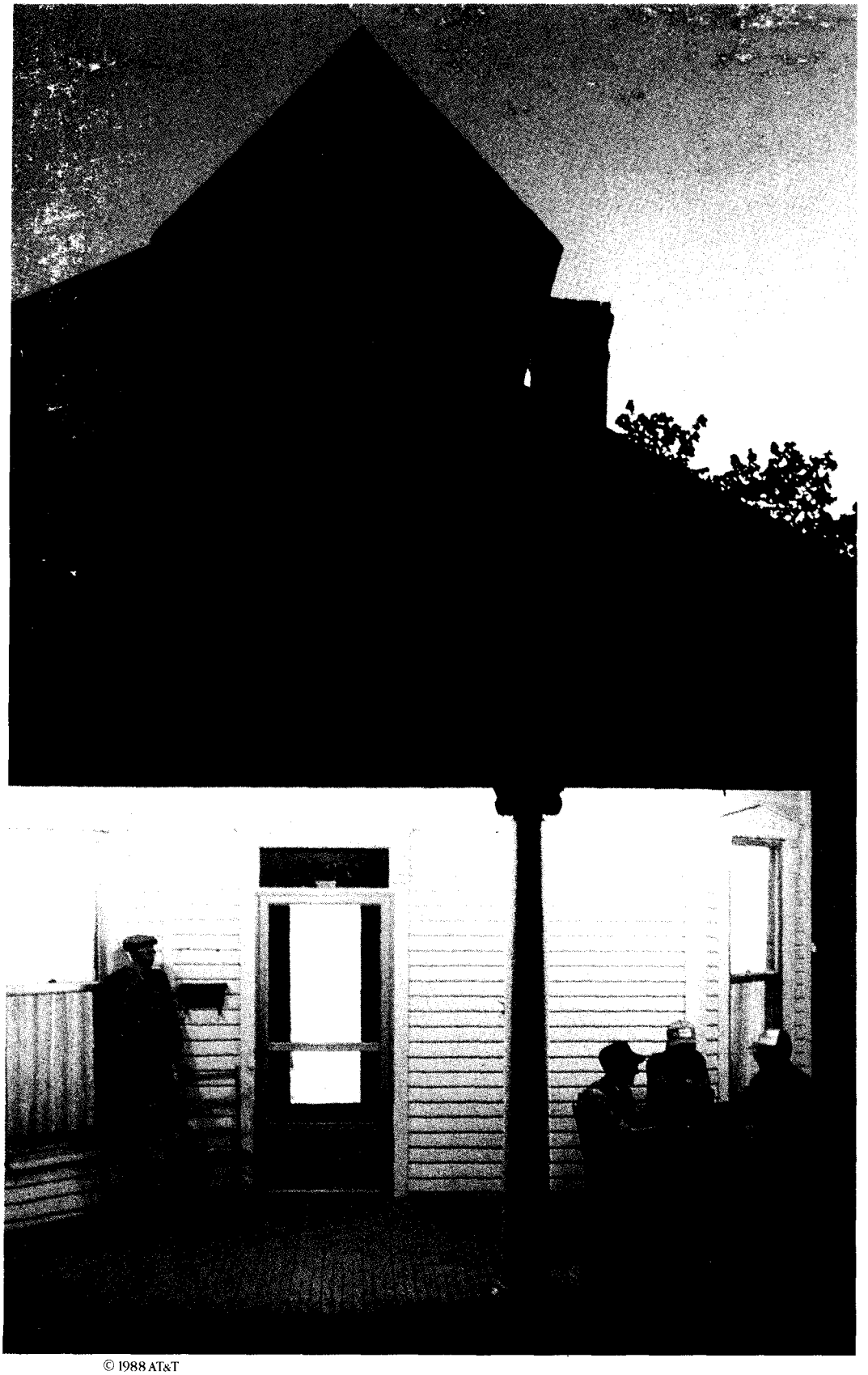
We still think there's a lot to be said for small talk.



You get more out of every long distance call on AT&T.

Whether you're just checking in with the folks back home, or checking up on a business deal, AT&T helps you make the most of every long distance call.

The unmatched capacity of the AT&T Worldwide Intelligent Network helps put your calls through twice as fast as any other company. And on the first try.

What's more, AT&T has lowered its long distance prices overall by more than 35% since 1984 (based on direct-dial, state-to-state calls).

So if you value every call, let AT&T's network and lower prices come through for you.

We're reaching further to bring your world closer.

AT&T
The right choice.

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